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Heywood

HEYWOOD'S

DRAMATIC WORKS.

BIBLIOTHECA
REGIA
MONACENSIS

THE DRAMATIC WORKS OF THOMAS HEYWOOD NOW FIRST COLLECTED WITH ILLUSTRATIVE NOTES AND A MEMOIR OF THE AUTHOR IN SIX VOLUMES

Aut prodeſſe ſolent, aut Delectare—

VOLUME THE THIRD

LONDON
JOHN PEARSON YORK STREET COVENT GARDEN
1874

BIBLIOTHECA
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MONACENSIS

THE

GOLDEN AGE:

OR

The liues of *Iupiter* and *Saturne*, with the deifying of the Heathen Gods.

As it hath beene ſundry times acted at the Red Bull, by the Queenes Maieſties Seruants.

Written by THOMAS HEYVVOOD.

Tam robvr. tam robor. in-colis Arbor Iovis. 1610.

LONDON,
Printed for *William Barrenger*, and are to be ſold at his Shop neare the great North-doore of *Pauls* 1611.

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To the Reader.

THIS Play comming accidentally to the Preſſe, and at length hauing notice thereof, I was loath (finding it mine owne) to ſee it thruſt naked into the world, to abide the fury of all weathers, without either Title for acknowledgement, or the formality of an Epiſtle for ornament. Therefore rather to keepe cuſtome, then any neceſſity, I haue fixt theſe few lines in the front of my Booke; neither to approue it, as taſtfull to euery palat, nor to diſgrace it, as able to reliſh none, onely to commit it freely to the generall cenſure of Readers, as it hath already paſt the approbation of Auditors. This is the *Golden Age*, the eldeſt brother of three Ages, that haue aduentured the Stage, but the onely yet, that hath beene iudged to the Preſſe. As this is receiued, ſo you ſhall find the reſt: either fearefull further to proceede, or encouraged boldly to follow.

Yours euer

T. H.

The Names of Perſons preſented *in the Play.*

Homer.

Saturne } two brothers.
Tytan. }
Two Lords of Creet.
Veſta mother of Saturne.
Sybilla wife to Saturne.
Lycaon Sonne to Tytan.
Califto daughter to Lycaon.
Iupiter. Iuno.
Mellifeus King of Epire.
Archas ſonne to Califto and Iupiter.
Diana. Atlanta.
Egeon. } ſonnes to Tytan.
Enceladus. }
Neptune } brothers to Iupiter.
Pluto. }
Acrifius King of Arges.
Danae daughter to Acrifius.
King Troos.
Ganimed.
A Lord of Arges.
Two Lords of Pelagia.
Foure Beldams.
Clowne. Nurſe.
Satyrs. Nimphs.

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The Golden Age,

With the liues of Iupiter *and*
Saturne.

Actus I. Scæna I.

Enter old HOMER.

THE Gods of *Greece*, whoſe deities I rais'd
Out of the earth, gaue them diuinity,
The attributes of Sacrifice and Prayer
Haue giuen old *Homer* leaue to view the world
And make his owne preſentment. I am he
That by my pen gaue heauen to *Iupiter*,
Made *Neptunes* Trident calme, the curled waues,
Gaue *Æolus* Lordſhip ore the warring winds;
Created blacke hair'd *Pluto* King of Ghoſts,
And regent ore the Kingdomes fixt below.
By me *Mars* warres, and fluent *Mercury*
Speakes from my tongue. I plac'd diuine *Apollo*
Within the Sunnes bright Chariot. I made *Venus*
Goddeſſe of Loue, and to her winged ſonne
Gaue ſeuerall arrowes, tipt with Gold and lead.
What hath not *Homer* done, to make his name
Liue to eternity? I was the man
That flouriſh'd in the worlds firſt infancy:

When it was yong, and knew not how to ſpeake,
I taught it ſpeech, and vnderſtanding both
Euen in the Cradle : Oh then ſuffer me,
You that are in the worlds decrepit Age,
When it is neere his vniuerſall graue,
To ſing an old ſong ; and in this Iron Age
Shew you the ſtate of the firſt golden world,
I was the Muſes Patron, learnings ſpring,
And you ſhall once more heare blinde *Homer* ſing.

Enter two Lords.

1. *Lord.* The old *Vranus*, ſonne of the Aire & Day
Is dead, and left behinde him two braue ſonnes,
Tytan and *Saturne.*
1. *Tytan* is the eldeſt,
And ſhould ſucceed by the true right of birth.
2. *Lord.* But *Saturn* hath the hearts of al the people,
The Kingdomes high applauſe, his mothers loue,
The leaſt of theſe are ſteppes vnto a crowne.
2. *Lor.* But how wil *Tytan* beare him in theſe troubles,
Being by nature proud and inſolent,
To ſee the yonger ſeated in his throne,
And he to whom the true right appertaines,
By birth, and law of Nations quite caſt off?
1. *Lord.* That either power or ſteele muſt arbitrate :
Cauſes beſt friended haue the beſt euent.
Here *Saturne* comes.

Enter Saturne *and* Veſta *with other attendants.*

Saturn. Behold what nature skanted me in yeares,
And time, below my brother ; your applauſe,
And general loue, fully ſupplies me with :

And make me to his crowne inheritable.
I chooſe it as my right by gift of heauen,
The peoples ſuffrage, the dead Kings bequeſt,
And your election, our faire mother Queene,
Againſt all theſe what can twelue moones of time,
Preuaile with *Tytan* to diſ-herite vs.

Veſta. The Cretan people, with ſhrill acclamations
Pronounce thee ſoueraigne ore their lands and liues,
Let *Tytan* ſtorme, and threaten ſtrange reuenge,
We are reſolu'd thy honour to maintaine.

1. *Lord.* *Tytan*, thy ruine ſhall attempt in vaine
Our hearts ad-here with *Veſtaes* our late Queene,
According to our ſoueraignes late bequeſt,
To kneele to *Saturne.*

Saturne. We accept your loues,
And we will ſtriue by merite to exceed you.
In iuſt requitall of theſe fauours done.

Veſta. Arme Lords, I heare the voyce
A noiſe of tumult within.
Of *Tytan* ſtorming at this ſtrange election.

Enter Tytan, Lycaon, *and others.*

Tytan. Deſcend proud vpſtart, trickt vp in ſtoln weeds
Deckt in vſurped ſtate, and borowed honours,
Reſigne them to their owner, that's to me.

Sat. *Tytan* keep off, I charge thee neere me not,
Leſt I thy bold preſumption ſeale with bloud.

Tytan. A Crown's worth tugging for, & I wil ha't
Though in purſute I dare my ominous Fate.

Licaon. Downe with the vſurper.

Veſta. *Saturne* here ſhall ſtand,
Immoueable ; vpheld by *Veſtaes* hand.

Tytan. Am I not eldeſt ?

Veſta. Ey but yong'ſt in braine.
Saturne the crowne hath ceas'd, and he ſhall reigne.

Tytan. Am I a baſtard, that my heritage
Is wreſted from me by a yonger birth?
Hath *Veſta* plaid th' adultereſſe with ſome ſtranger?
If I be eldeſt from *Vranus* loynes,
Your maiden Iſſue, why am I debar'd
The law of Nations? am I *Veſtaes* ſonne?
Why doth not *Veſta* then appeare a mother?
Was yonger *Saturne* bedded in your wombe,
Neerer your heart then I, that hee's affected
And I deſpis'd? If none of theſe, then grant me,
What Iuſtice wils, my intereſt in the Crowne:
Or if you make me out-caſt, if my Mother
Forget the loue ſhe owes, I ſhall abandon
The duty of a ſonne. If *Saturne* prooue
Vnnaturall, I'le be no more a brother,
But maugre all that haue my right withſtood,
Reuenge my wrongs, & make my way through bloud.

Sat. *Tytan* we both acknowledge thee a brother,
And *Veſtaes* ſonne, which wee'le expreſſe in loue.
But ſince for many vertues growing in me
That haue no life in you, the Queene, the Peeres,
And all the people, with lowd ſuffrages,
Haue ſhrild their Auees high aboue the clouds,
And ſtil'd me King, we ſhould forget their loues
Not to maintaine their ſtrange election.
Aduiſe you therefore, ſince this bold aduenture
Is much aboue your ſtrength, to arme your ſelfe,
In ſearch of future honours with our loue,
For what can *Tytan* do againſt a people?

Veſta. *Saturne* aduiſeth well, liſt to his conſell.

Tytan. If my owne land proue thus vnnaturall,
I'le purchaſe forraine aid.

1. *Lord.* Rather compound.

Sat. Let *Tytan* make demand of any thing
Sauing our Crowne, he ſhall enioy it feeely.

Veſta. *Tytan*, your brother offers royally,
Accept this loue.

Tytan. To looſe a Crowne includes
The loſſe of all things. What ſhould I demand?
Lycaon. This grant him *Saturne*, ſince thy inſinuation
Hath wrought him quite out of the Cretans hearts,
That *Tytans* warlike iſſue may ſucceed thee.
Tytan. *Lycaon* well aduis'd, he during life,
Shall reigne in peace, no interruption,
Shall paſſe from *Tytan* to diſturbe his reigne,
So to our Gyant race thou wilt aſſure
The crowne as due by right inheritance.
Saturne. To cut off all hoſtile effuſion
Of human bloud, which by our difference
Muſt needs be ſpilt vpon the barren earth,
Wee'le ſweare to this accord.
Tytan. Conditiond thus,
That to depriue all future enmity
In our ſucceeding Iſſue, thy male children
Thou in their Cradle ſtrangle.
Saturne. Kill my ſonnes?
Tytan. Or ſweare to this, or all our warlike race,
Diſperſt in ſeuerall Kingdomes Il'e aſſemble,
To conquer thee, and from thy ambitious head,
Teare that vſurped Crowne.
Saturne. *Tytan*, thy friendſhip
Wee'l buy with our own bloud, all our male children,
(If we hereafter ſhall haue any borne)
Shall periſh in their births, to this we ſweare,
As we are King and *Saturne.*
Tytan. I the like,
As I am *Tytan*, and *Vranus* ſonne:
This league confirm'd, all my Allyes I'le gather
Search forreigne clymes, in which Il'e plant my kin,
Scorning a ſeate here where I am diſpis'd,
To liue a ſubiect to a younger birth.
Nor bow to that which is my owne by due.
Saturne farewell, Il'e leaue thee to thy ſtate,
Whil'ſt I in forreigne Kingdomes ſearch my Fate.
Thinke on thy oath.

Saturne. Firſt ſtay with vs and feaſt,
Tytan this day ſhall be King *Saturns* gueſt.

Enter the Clowne *and a* Nurſe.

Clown. There is no dallying, you muſt come with all ſpeede,
For Madam *Sibilla* is growne a great woman.

Nurſ. That is without queſtion, for ſhe is now a Queene.

Clown. Nay, ſhe is greater then many Queenes are: for though you may thinke ſhe is with ancient folkes: yet I can aſſure you ſhe is with childe, you may imagine, beeing now but morning ſhee is new riſen, yet t'is thought that ere noone ſhe will bee brought a bed. I neuer heard ſhe was committed to priſon: yet t'is look't euery houre when ſhe ſhall be deliuered, and therefore Nurſe I was ſent to you in all haſte.

Nurſ. Is ſhe ſo neere her time?

Clown. Yes: and yet tis thought ſhee will notwithſtanding hold out, becauſe ſhe is groning.

Nurſ. Your reaſon?

Clowne. Becauſe you know the prouerbe: *A grunting horſe, and a groning wife neuer deceiue their Maiſter*: ſay, will you make haſte, Nurſe?

Nurſ. What's the beſt news abroad?

Clown. The beſt newes abrode is, that the Queene is likely to keepe at home: and is it not ſtrange, that halfe an houres being abroad ſhould make a woman haue a moneths minde to keepe in. But the worſt newes is, that if the King haue a young Prince, hee is tide to kill it by oath: but if his maieſty went drunke to bed, and got a gyrle, ſhe hath leaue to liue till ſhe dye, and dye when ſhe can liue no longer.

Nurſ. That couenant was the moſt vnnaturall
That euer father made: one louely boy
Hath felt the rigor of that ſtrict decree,
And if this ſecond likewiſe be a ſonne,

There is no way but death.

Clown. I can tell you more newes: the king hath ſent to the Oracle to know whether my Lady be with childe of a boy or a gyrle, and what their fortunes ſhall be: the Lord that went, is look't for euery day to returne with his anſwere: it is ſo Goſſipt in the Queenes chamber, I can tell you. O Nurſe wee haue the braueſt king, if thou kneweſt all.

Nurſ. Why I pray thee?

Clowne. Let his vertues ſpeake for himſelfe: he hath taught his people to ſow, to plow, to reape corne, and to skorne Akehornes with their heeles, to bake and to brue: we that were wont to drinke nothing but water, haue the braueſt liquor at Court as paſſeth. Beſides, he hath deuiſed a ſtrange engine, called a Bow and Arrow, that a man may hold in hand, and kill a wilde beaſt a great way off, and neuer come in danger of his clutches. I'le tell you a ſtrange thing Nurſe, laſt time the King went a hunting, he kild a beare, brought him home to be bak't and eaten: A Gentlewoman of the Court, that fed hungerly vpon this pye, had ſuch a rumbling and roaring in her guts, that her Intrails were all in a mutiny, and could not be appeaſed. No phiſicke would helpe her, what did the King but cauſed an excellent Maſtiffe to be knock't in the head, and dreſt, gaue it to the gentlewoman, of which when ſhe had well eaten, the fleſh of the Maſtiffe worried the beare in her belly, and euer ſince her guts haue left wambling. But come, come, I was ſent in haſt, the Queene muſt needs ſpeake with you. *Exeunt.*

Enter Saturne *with wedges of gold and ſiluer, models of ſhips, and buildings, bow and arrowes, &c. His Lords with him.*

Saturne. You ſhall no more be lodg'd beneath the trees,
Nor chamber vnderneath the ſpreading Okes:

Behold, I haue deuis'd you formes for tooles,
To ſquare out timber, and performe the Art
Of Architecture, yet vnknowne till now.
I'le draw you formes of Cities, Townes and Towers,
For vſe and ſtrength, behold the models here.
1 *Lord.* *Saturnes* inuentions are diuine, not humane,
A God-like ſpirit hath inſpir'd his reigne.
Saturne. See here a ſecond Arte of Husbandry,
To till the earth, to plow, to ſow, to plant,
Deuis'd by *Saturne*: here is gold refin'd
From Groſſer mettals, ſiluer, braſſe, and tinne,
With other minerals, extract from earth.
I likewiſe haue found out to make your brooks,
Riuers and ſeas by practiſe Nauigable.
Behold a forme to make your Craers and Barkes
To paſſe huge ſtreames in ſafety, dangerleſſe.
2. *Lord.* *Saturne* is a God.
Saturn. The laſt, not leaſt, this vſe of Archery,
The ſtringed bow, and nimble-fethered ſhaft:
By this you may command the flying fowle,
And reach her from on high: this ſerues for warre,
To ſtrike and wound thy foe-man from a farre.
What meanes this acclamation? *A lowd ſhout within.*
1. *Lord.* Tis thy people,
Deuineſt *Saturne* furniſht with theſe vſes,
(More then the Gods haue lent them) by thy meanes.
Proclaime to thee a laſting deity.
And would haue *Saturne* honoured as a God.
Saturn. Wee'l ſtudy future profits for their vſe,
And in our freſh inuentions proue diuine.
But Gods are neuer touch't with my ſuſpires,
Paſſions and throbs: their God-like Iſſue thriue,
Whilſt I vn-man-like muſt deſtroy my babes.
Oh my ſtrict oath to *Tytan*, which confounds
All my precedent honours: one ſweete babe,
My yongeſt Ops hath felt the bloudy knife,
And periſht in his ſwathing: And my Queene
Swels with another Infant in her wombe,

Ready to taſte like rigor. Is that Lord
Return'd from Delphos yet?

2. *Lord.* He is.

Saturn. Admit him: now what doth the Oracle
Speake by the Delphian Prieſt.

3. *Lord.* Thus mighty *Saturne.*
After our Ceremonious Rites perform'd,
And Sacrifice ended with reuerence,
A murmuring thunder hurried through the Temple.
When fell a pleaſant ſhower, whoſe ſiluer drops,
Fil'd all the Altar with a roſeate dew.
In this amazement, thus the Delphian God,
Spake from the Incenſt Altar: Lord of Creete,
Thus ſay to *Saturne: Sibill* his faire wife,
Is great with a yong Prince of Noble hopes,
That ſhall his fathers vertues much excell,
Ceaze on his Crowne, and driue him downe to Hell.

Sat. The Gods (if there be any boue our ſelfe)
Enuy our greatneſſe, and of one that ſeekes
To beare himſelfe boue man, makes me more wretched
Then the moſt ſlauiſh bruit. What ſhall my *Sibill*
Bring me a ſonne, that ſhall depoſe me then?
He ſhall not; I will croſſe the Deities,
I'le toombe th' uſurper in his Infant bloud,
I'le keepe my oath; Prince *Tytan* ſhall ſucceed,
Maugre the enuious Gods, the brat ſhall bleed.

1. *Lord.* Way for the dowager Queene.

Enter Veſta *ſad.*

Sat. How fares our mother?
How i'ſt with faire *Sibilla*, our deere Queene?

Veſta. Your Queenes deliuered.

Sat. Of ſome female birth,
You Deities I begge: make me oh Heauens,
No more inhumane in the tragicke ſlaughter
Of princely Infants, fill my decreed number
With Virgins, though in them I looſe my name
And kingdome, either make her barren euer

Or elſe all generatiue power and appetite
Depriue me : left my purple ſinne be ſtil'd
Many degrees boue murder. What's her birth ?
Veſta. Shee's the ſad mother of a ſecond ſonne.
Saturn. Be euer dumbe, let euerlaſting ſilence
Tong-tye the world, all humane voyce henceforth,
Turne to confus'd, and vndiſtinguiſht ſound,
Of barking Hounds, hoarſe beares, & howling wolues,
To ſtop all rumour that may fil the world
With *Saturnes* tyranies againſt his ſonnes.
Veſt. Ah, did but *Saturne* ſee yon ſmiling babe,
Hee'd giue it life, and breake ten thouſand oathes
Rather then ſuffer the ſweet infant dye,
His very looke would begge a quicke reprieue
Euen of the tyrant *Tytan*, ſaw the vnkle
With what a gracefull looke the Infant ſmiles,
Hee'd giue it life, although he purchas'd it
With loſſe of a great Kingdome.
Saturn. Then ſpare the lad : I did offend too much
To kill the firſt, tell *Sibill* be ſhall liue,
I'le be no more ſo monſtrous in my rigor,
Nor with the bloud of Princes buy my Crowne.
No more their Cradles ſhall be made their Tombes,
Nor their ſoft ſwathes become their winding ſheetes :
How can my ſubiects thinke Il'e ſpare their liues
That to my owne can be ſo tyranous ?
Tell *Sibill* he ſhall liue.
Veſt. *Veſta* will be that ioyfull meſſenger.
Saturn. Stay, let me firſt reward the Oracle,
It told me *Sibill* ſhould produce a ſonne,
That ſhould his Fathers vertues much excell,
Ceaſe on my Crowne, and driue me downe to Hell.
Muſt I then giue an Infant-traitor life,
To ſting me to the heart ? the brat ſhall bleed.
Veſta. Sweet ſonne.
1. *Lord.* Deere ſoueraigne.
Saturn. He that next replyes,
Mother or friend, by *Saturnes* fury dyes.
Away fetch me his heart, brimme me a bowle

With his warme bloud. *Tytan*, my vow Ile keep,
Life newly wakend, ſhall as newly ſleep.
Veſt. Worſe then a bruit, for bruits preſerue their own.
Worſe then the worſt of things is *Saturne* growne.
Saturn. Command the childe to death.
Veſt. Tyrant, I will.
Tygers would ſaue whom *Saturn* means to kill,
Sat. It is my ſonne whom I command to death,
A Prince that may ſucced me in my Throne,
And to poſterity reuiue my name.
Call *Veſta* backe, and bid her ſaue the Babe.
1. *Lord.* I'le do't my Lord.
Sat. Yet ſtay: the lad to kill
I ſaue my oath, and keep my kingdome ſtill.
Poſt after her, and charge them on their liues,
Send me the babes bloud in a cup of gold,
A preſent which I'le offer to the Gods.
Delay not, bee't our mother, nay our wife,
Forfeits her owne to ſaue the Infants life.
1. *Lord.* I ſhall informe them ſo.
Sat. Is this a deity,
To be more wretched then the worſt on earth,
To be depriu'd, that comfort of my iſſue,
Which euen the baſeſt of my land enioy:
Il'e henceforth for my rigor hate my ſelfe,
Pleaſures deſpiſe, and ioyes abandon quite.
The pureſt bloud that runnes within my veines,
I'le dull with thicke, and troubled melancholy,
Il'e warre with comfort, be at oddes with ſolace,
And league with nothing but diſtemprature.
Henceforth my vnkem'd lockes ſhall knot in curles,
Raſor nor any edge ſhall kiſſe my cheeke,
Vntil my chin appeare a wilderneſſe,
And make we wild in knowledge to the world.
Perpetuall care ſhall cabin in my heart,
My tyranny I'le puniſh in my ſelfe,
And ſaue the Gods that labour———

Saturns diſturbance to the world ſhall be,
That planet that infuſeth melancholy.

Enter Sibilla *lying in child-bed, with her child lying by her, and her Nurſe, &c.*

Sibilla. Is not our mother *Veſta* yet return'd,
That made herſelfe th'unwilling meſſenger,
To bring the king newes of his new-borne ſonne?
Nurſ. Madam, not yet.
Sibil. Mother, of all that euer mothers were
Moſt wretched: kiſſe thy ſweet babe ere he dye,
That hath life onely lent to ſuffer death.
Sweet Lad, I would thy father ſaw thee ſmile,
Thy beauty and thy pretty Infancy,
Would molifie his heart wer't hew'd from flint,
Or caru'd with Iron tooles from the corſicke rocke,
Thou laugheſt to thinke thou muſt be kild in ieſt.
Oh if thou needs muſt dye, I'le be thy murdreſſe,
And kill thee with my kiſſes (pretty knaue)
And canſt thou laugh to ſee thy mother weepe?
Or art thou in thy cheerefull ſmiles ſo free
In ſcorne of thy rude fathers tyranny?
Nurſ. Madam, the King hath ſlaine his firſt borne ſon,
Whom had hee ſeene aliue, hee'd not haue giuen
For ten ſuch Kingdomes as he now enioyes,
The death of ſuch a faire and hopefull child,
Is full as much as *Tytan* can demand.
Sib. He ſhall ſpare this ſweet babe, I'le ranſome thee
With my owne life, the knife that pierceth thee,
Will wound thy mothers ſide, and I ſhall feele
The leaſt ſharpe ſtroke from his offenſiue ſteele.
Nurſ. The mother Queen's return'd.

Enter Veſta.

Sib. How lookes ſhe Nurſe?
Let her not ſpeake, but yet a little longer

My hopes hold in ſuſpence : oh me moſt wretched,
I reade my Lords harſh anſwere in her eye,
Her very lookes tell me the boy muſt dye.
Say, muſt he ? muſt he ? kill me with that word,
Which will wound deeper then King *Saturnes*
ſword.
Veſta. The boy muſt dye.
Sib. Oh !
Nurſ. Looke to the Queene, ſhe faints.
Veſt. Oh let's not looſe the mother with her
infant,
The loſſe of one's too much.
Sibill. Oh wher's my childe ?
Ile hide thee in my bed, my boſome, breſt,
The murderer ſhall not finde my little ſonne,
Thou ſhalt not dye, be not afraid my boy.
Go tell the King hees mine as well as his,
And I'le not kill my part : one he hath ſlaine,
In which I had like intereſt : this I'le ſaue,
And euery ſecond ſonne keepe from the graue.

Enter the firſt Lord.

Veſta. Forbeare ſir, for this place is priuiledg'd,
And onely for free women.
1. *Lord.* Yet is the Kings command boue your
decree,
And I muſt play th'intruder gainſt my will.
The King vpon your liues hath charged you,
To ſee that infant Lad immediately
Receiue his death, he ſtayes for his warme bloud
To offer to the Gods. To thinke him ſlaine,
Sad partner of your ſorrowes I remaine.
Nurſ. Madam you heare the king doth threat our
liues
Let's kill him then.
Sib. Is he inexorable ?
Why ſhould not I proue as feuere a mother
As he a cruell father : ſince the King

Hath doom'd him, I the Queene will doo't my
ſelfe,
Giue me the fatall Engine of his wrath,
Il'e play the horrid murdreſſe for this once.
I'le kiſſe thee ere I kill thee: for my life,
The Lad ſo ſmiles, I cannot hold the knife.
Veſta. Then giue him me, I am his Grand-
mother,
And I will kill him gently: this ſad office
Belongs to me, as to the next of kin.
Sib. For heauens ſake when you kil him, hurt
him not.
Veſta. Come little knaue, prepare your naked
throat,
I haue not heart to giue thee many wounds,
My kindneſſe is to take thy life at once. (Now.)
Alacke my pretty Grand-child, ſmil'ſt thou ſtill?
I haue luſt to kiſſe, but haue no heart to kill.
Nurſ. You may be careleſſe of the kings com-
mand,
But it concernes me, and I loue my life
More then I do a ſucklings, giue him me,
I'le make him ſure, a ſharpe weapon lend,
I'le quickly bring the yongſter to his end.
Alacke my pretty knaue, 'twere more then ſin,
With a ſharpe knife to touch thy tender skin.
Oh Madame, hee's ſo full of Angell grace
I cannot ſtrike, he ſmiles ſo in my face.
Sib. I'le wink & ſtrike, come once more reach
him hither:
For dye he muſt, ſo *Saturne* hath decreed,
'Las for a world I would not ſee him bleed.
Veſta. Ne ſhall he do, but ſweare me ſecreſie,
The babe ſhall liue, and we be dangerleſſe.
Sib. O bleſſe me with ſuch happineſſe.
Veſta. Attend me.
The king of Epires daughters, two bright maids,
Owe me for many fauours the like loue,
Theſe I dare truſt, to them I'le ſend this babe

To be brought vp, but not as *Saturns* ſonne.
Do but prouide ſome truſty meſſenger,
My honour for his ſafety.

Sib. But by what meanes ſhall we delude the king.

Veſt. A yong Kids heart, ſwimming in reeking bloud
Wee'l ſend the King, and with ſuch forged griefe,
And counterfet ſorrow ſhadow it,
That this impoſture neuer ſhall be found.

Sib. O twice my mother you beſtow vpon me,
A double life thus to preſerue my boy.

Nurſe. Giue me the child, I'le finde a meſſenger,
Shall beare him ſafe to *Mellifeus* Court.

Veſta. The bloud and heart I'le preſently prouide,
T'appeaſe the rage of *Saturne.*

Sib. Firſt lets ſweare,
To keepe this ſecret from King *Saturnes* eare.

Veſta. We will, and if this plot paſſe vndiſcouer'd
By like deuiſe we will ſaue all your ſonnes.
About our taskes; you ſome choyce friend to finde,
I with my feigned teares the King to blinde.

Actus ſecundi, Scœna prima.

Enter HOMER.

Homer. WHat cannot womens wits? they wonders can
When they intend to blinde the eyes of man.
Oh lend me what old *Homer* wants, your eyes,
To ſee th'euent of what theſe Queenes deuiſe.

The doombe ſhew, ſound.

Enter the Nurſe *and* Clowne, *ſhee ſweares him to ſecreſie, and to him deliuers the child and a letter to the daughters of King* Melliſeus : *they part. Enter at one doore* Saturne *melancholy, with his Lords : at the other* Veſta, *&* *the* Nurſe, *who with counterfeit paſſion preſent the King a bleeding heart vpon a kniues point, and a bowle of bloud. The King departs one way in great ſorrow, the Ladies the other way in great ioy.*

This paſt ſo currant, that the third ſonne borne,
Cal'd *Neptune*, was by like deuiſe preſeru'd,
And ſent to Athens, where he liu'd vnknowne,
And had in time command vpon the ſeas.
Pluto the yongeſt was ſent to Tartary,
Where he in proceſſe a ſtrange City built
And cald it *Hell*, his ſubiects for their rapine,
Their ſpoils and theft, are Diuels tearm'd abrode.
Thus melancholy *Saturne* hath ſuruiuing
Three Noble ſonnes in ſeuerall confines plac'd
And yet himſelfe thinks ſonne-leſſe : one faire daughter
Hight *Iuno* is his ſole delight on earth.
Thinke kinde ſpectators ſeuenteene ſommers paſt,
Till theſe be growne to yeares, and *Iupiter*
Found in a caue by the great Epyre King,
(Where by his daughters he before was hid.)
Of him and of his fortunes we proceed,
My iournie's long, and I my eye-ſight want.
Courteous ſpectators, left blind *Homer* ſtray,
Lend me your hands to guide me on your way.

Enter Lycaon *with his Lords*, Iupiter *with other Lords of* Epyre.

Lycaon. After long warre, and tedious differences,
Betwixt King *Melliſeus* and our ſelfe,
What craue the Epyre Lords?
Iupiter. This King *Lycaon*,
Since truce and hoſtage hath tane vp theſe broiles,

And ended them in peacefull amity,
Since all the damadge by the Epyrians done,
Is on our part aboundantly made good:
We come *Lycaon* to demand the like
Of thee and of thy Kingdome, and for proofe,
That all our malice is extinct and dead,
We bring thy hoſtage backe, demanding ours.
Lycaon. Receiue him Lords, a Banquet inſtantly,
You ſhall this day braue Epyre feaſt with vs,
And to your boord your hoſtage ſhall be brought,
There to receiue him freely, meane time ſit,
And taſte the royall welcomes of our Court.
Iup. *Lycaon's* iuſt in keeping theſe conditions
So ſtrictly with a reconciled foe.
Lyc. But faire prince, tell me whence you are deriu'd,
I neuer heard King *Melliſeus* had
A Prince of your perfections?
Iupiter. This demand
Startles my bloud, being borne I know not where,
Yet that I am of gentry at the leaſt,
My Spirit prompts me, and my noble thoughts
Giue me approued warrant, being an infant
Two beauteous Ladyes found me in a caue,
Where from their voluntary charity,
Bees fed me with their hony, for that cauſe
The two bright Ladies cal'd me *Iupiter*,
And to their Father *Melliſeus* brought me,
My Foſter-father, who hath train'd my youth,
In feats of Armes, and military proweſſe,
And as an inſtance of his deereſt loue,
Hath honor'd me with this late Embaſſy.

A banquet brought in, with the limbes of a Man in the ſeruice.

Lyca. We are ſatisfi'd: Princes ſit round and feaſt,
You are this day *Lycaons* welcom'ſt gueſt.

Iup. This meat diſtaſts me, doth *Lycaon* feaſt vs
Like Caniballes ? feed vs with humane fleſh ?
Whence is this portent ?
Lycan. Feede Epyrians, eate,
Lycaon feaſts you with no common meate.
Iup. But wher's the Epyre Lord we left as hoſtage ?
Lyca. Behold him here, hee's at the table with you,
This is the Epyres head, and theſe his limbes,
Thinkes *Melliſeus* that *Lycaon* can
(Diſcended of the valiant *Tytanoys*)
Bury his hatred, and intoombe his ſpleene
Without reuenge ? bloud in theſe warres was ſhed,
And for that bloud your hoſtage loſt his head.
Iup. Beare wrong that liſt, & thoſe can brooke it beſt,
I was not borne to ſuffrance : thoughts mount hye,
A King hath wrong'd me, and a King ſhall dye.
Lycaon. Treaſon, treaſon.
Iup. Downe with the tyrant, and that hatefull crue,
And in their murdrous breaſts your blades imbrue.
Lycaon. Our guard.

A confuſed fray, an alarme. Iupiter *and the Epyriens beat off* Lycaon *and his followers.*

Iup. *Lycaon's* fled, make good the pallace gates,
And to th'amazed Citie beare theſe limbs,
So baſely by the tyrant maſſacred.
Happly his ſubiects by our words prepar'd
May ſhake their bondage off, and make this warre,
The happy meanes to rid a tyrant thence.
Beare in your left hands theſe diſ-membred limbes,
And in your right your ſwords, with which make way,
Courage braue Epyres, and a glorious day. *Exeunt.*

Alarm, Lycaon *makes head againe, and is beat off by* Iupiter *and the Epirians*, Iupiter *ceazeth the roome of* Lycaon.

Iup. *Lycaon's* once more fled, we by the helpe
Of theſe his people, haue confin'd him hence,
To whom belongs this Crowne ?
1. *Lord.* To *Iupiter*.
2. *Lor.* None ſhall protect our liues, but *Iupiter*.
All. A *Iupiter*, A *Iupiter*.
Iup. Nay we are farre from ſuch ambition, Lords,
Nor will we entertaine ſuch royalty.
1. *Lor.* Faire Prince, whom heauen hath ſent by miracle,
To ſaue vs from the bloudyeſt tyrannies,
That ere were practis'd by a mortall prince,
We tender thee our fortunes : oh vouchſafe
To be our Lord, our Gouernour, and King,
Since all thy people ioyntly haue agreed,
None of that tyrants iſſue ſhall ſucced.
All. A *Iupiter*, A *Iupiter*.
Iup. We not refuſe the bounty of the Heauens
Expreſt in theſe your voyces ; we accept
Your patronage, and 'gainſt *Lycaons* tyrannyes
Henceforth protect you : but our conqueſt yet
Is all vncertaine, ſecond vs deere ſubiects,
To aſſure our conqueſts ; firſt we muſt prouide
Our ſafty, ere attempt the helme to guide. *Exeunt.*

Alarme. *Enter* Caliſto.

Cal. What meane theſe horrid and theſe ſhrill alarmes
That fright the peacefull Court with hoſtle cryes ?
Feare and amazement hurry through each chamber ;
Th'affrighted Ladies light the darkeſt roomes
With their bright beauties : whence (ô whence ye *Gods*)

Are all yon grones, cryes, and inhumane ſownds
Of bloud and death: *Licaon*, where is he?
Why in this dire and ſad aſtoniſhment
Appeares not he to comfort my ſad feares,
And cheere me in this dull diſtemprature?

Enter in a hurrie with weapons drawne, Iupiter *and his ſouldiers.*

Iup. The Iron bar'd dores, & the ſuſpected vaults,
The Barricadoed gates, and euery roome,
That boaſted of his ſtrength, is forc'd to obey
To our free entrance: nothing can withſtand
Our oppoſite fury. Come, let's ranſacke further,
But ſtay, what ſtrange deiected beauty's this
That on the ſodaine hath ſurpris'd my heart,
And made me ſicke with paſſion?
Caliſto. Hence away.
When we command, who dares preſume to ſtay?
Iup. Bright Lady.
Cal. You afright me with your ſteele.
Iup. Theſe weapons Lady come to grace your beautie
And theſe my armes ſhall be your ſanctuary
From all offenſiue danger: cheere your ſorrow,
Let your bright beauty ſhoote out of this cloud,
To ſearch my heart, as it hath daz'd my eyes.
Are you a Queene enthron'd aboue the Elements,
Made of diuine compoſure, or of earth,
Which I can ſcarce beleeue?
Caliſt. I am my ſelfe.
Vnciuill ſtranger, you are much to rude,
Into my priuate chamber to intrude:
Go call the King my father.
Iup. Are you then
Lycaons daughter? (wonder without end,
That from a Fiend an Angell ſhould deſcend.)
Oh *Loue*, till now I neuer felt thy dart:
But now her painted eye hath pierc'd my heart.

Faire, can you loue?
Caliſto. To be alone I can.
Iup. Women, faire Queene, are nothing without men:
You are but cyphers, empty roomes to fill,
And till mens figures come, vncounted ſtill.
Shall I ſweet Lady, adde vnto your grace,
And but for number-ſake ſupply that place.
Cal. You'r one too many, and of all the reſt,
That beare mens figure, we can ſpare you beſt.
What are you ſir?
Iup. We are Pelaſge's King,
And theſe our ſubiects.
Caliſto. Theſe did of late belong
To King *Lycaon* (Oh iniurious wrong)
Iup. Oh ſute your pitty with your Angell-beauty,
And liue Pelaſge's Queene.
Caliſto. Giue me a funerall garland to lament,
That beſt becomes my wretched diſcontent.
Iup. The ſun-ſhine of my ſmiles and iocond loue,
Shall from your browes bright azure Elements,
Diſperſe all clouds: behold my crowne is yours,
My ſword, my conqueſt, I am of my ſelfe,
Nothing without your ſoft compaſſionate loue:
For proofe, aske what the heauen, earth, aire, or ſea
Can yeeld to men by power or oriſon,
And it is yours.
Cal. Sir, I ſhall proue your love.
Iup. Pray vſe me Lady.
Cal. You'l grant it me my Lord.
Iup. By all my honours, and by all the ſweets.
I hope for in your loues fruition,
Your wil's your owne.
Cal. You'l not reuoke your word?
Iup. Bee't to inueſt whom I did late degrade,
I'le doo't for you, bright and diuineſt maid.
Cal. This onely freedome to your captiue giue
That I a Nunne and profeſt maid may liue.

Iup. More cruell then the tyrant that begat thee,
Hadſt thou ask't loue, gold, ſeruice, Empiry,
This ſword had purchaſt for *Caliſto* all.
Oh moſt vnkinde, in all this vniuerſe,
Ther's but one iewell that I value hye,
And that (vnkinde) you will not let me buy:
To liue a maid, what iſt? 'tis to liue nothing:
'Tis like a couetous man to hoord vp treaſure,
Bar'd from your owne vſe, and from others pleaſure.
Oh thinke faire creature, that you had a mother,
One that bore you, that you might beare another:
Be you as ſhe was, of an Infant glad,
Since you from her, haue all things that ſhe had.
Should all affect the ſtrict life you deſire,
The world it ſelfe ſhould end when we expire.
Poſterity is all, heauens number fill,
Which by your helpe may be increaſed ſtill,
What is it when you looſe your mayden-head,
But make your beauty liue when you be dead
In your faire iſſue?

Cal. Tuſh, 'tis all in vaine,
Dian I am now a ſeruant of thy traine.

Iup. Her order is meere hereſie, her ſect
A ſchiſme, 'mongſt maids not worthy your reſpect.
Men were got to get; you borne others to beare.
Wrong not the world ſo much: (nay ſweet your eare)
This flower will wither, not being cropt in time,
Age is too late, then do not looſe your prime,
Sport whil'ſt you may, before your youth be paſt.
Looſe not this mowld that may ſuch faire ones caſt,
Leaue to the world your like for face and ſtature,
That the next age may praiſe your gifts of nature.
Caliſto if you ſtill grow thus preciſe,
In your ſtrict vow, ſucceeding beautie dies.

Cal. I claime your oath, all loue with men adue,
Dianae's Cloyſter I will next purſue. *Exit* Caliſto.

Iup. And there all beauty ſhall be kept in iaile,

Which with my ſword: Ey with my life I'd baile:
What's that *Diana*?

2. *Lor.* She is the daughter of an ancient King,
That ſwaid the Atticke ſcepter, who being tempted
By many ſuiters, firſt began this vow:
And leauing Court betooke her to the forreſts.
Her beauteous traine are virgins of beſt ranke,
Daughters of Kings, and Princes, all deuoted
To abandon men, and chuſe virginity.
All theſe being firſt to her ſtrict orders ſworne,
Acknowledge her their Queene and Empreſſe.

Iup. By all my hopes *Caliſto's* loue to gaine,
I'd wiſh my ſelfe one of *Dianae's* traine.

1. *Lord.* Concerning your ſtate buſineſſe.

Iupiter. Well remembred.
Poſts of theſe newes ſhall be to Epyre ſent,
Of vs, and of our new eſtabliſhment.
Next for *Caliſto*, (but of that no more.)
We muſt take firme poſſeſſion of this ſtate,
Our ſword hath wonne, *Licaon* loſt ſo late. *Exeunt.*

Enter with muſicke (*before* Diana) *ſixe Satires, after them all their Nimphs, garlands on their heads, and iauelings in their hands, their Bowes and Quiuers: the Satyrs ſing.*

Haile beauteous Dian, *Queene of ſhades,*
That dwels beneath theſe ſhadowie glades,
Miſtreſſe of all thoſe beauteous maids,
That are by her allowed.
Virginitie we all profeſſe,
Abiure the worldlie vaine exceſſe,
And will to Dyan *yeeld no leſſe*
Then we to her haue vowed.
The Shepheards, Satirs, Nimphs, and Fawnes,
For thee will trippe it ore the lawnes.

Come to the Forreſt let vs goe,
And trip it like the barren Doe,

The Fawnes and Satirs ſtill do ſo,
And freelie thus they may do.
The Fairies daunce, and Satirs ſing,
And on the graſſe tread manie a ring,
And to their caues their ven'ſon bring,
And we will do as they do.
The Shepheards, &c.

Our food is honie from the Bees,
And mellow fruits that drop from trees,
In chace we clime the high degrees
Of euerie ſteepie mountaine,
And when the wearie day is paſt,
We at the euening hie vs faſt,
And after this our field repaſt,
We drinke the pleaſant fountaine.
The Shepheards, &c.

Diana. Theſe ſports, our Fawnes, our Satyrs and our ſelues,
Make (faire *Caliſto*) for your entertaine:
Pan the great God of Shepheards, and the Nymphes
Of Meades and Fountaines, that inhabite here,
All giue you welcome, with their Rurall ſports,
Glad to behold a Princeſſe of your birth
A happy Citizen of theſe Meades and Groues.
Theſe Satyrs are our neighbours, and liue here,
With whom we haue confirm'd a friendly league
And dwell in peace. Here is no City-craft.
Here's no Court-flattery: ſimpleneſſe and ſooth
The harmleſſe Chace, and ſtrict Virginity
Is all our practiſe. You have read our orders,
And you haue ſworne to keepe them, faire *Caliſto.*
Speake, how eſteeme you them?

Caliſto. With reuerence.
Great Queene, I am ſequeſtred from the world,
Euen in my ſoule hate mans ſociety,
And all their luſts, ſuggeſtions, all Court-pleaſures,

And City-curioſities are vaine,
And with my finer temper ill agree,
That now haue vow'd ſacred verginity.
Dian. We will not of your ſorrowes make recitall
So lately ſuffred by the hand of chance.
We are from the world, and the blind Goddeſſe *Fortune*
We dare to do her worſt, as liuing here
Out of her reach : Vs, ſhe of force muſt ſpare,
They can looſe nothing, that for nothing care.
Cal. Madam, deuotion drew me to your ſeruice,
And I am now your hand-maid.
Dian. Wher's *Atlanta ?*
Atlanta. Madame.
Dian. Is there no princeſſe in our traine,
As yet vnmatch'd to be her Cabin-fellow,
And ſleepe by her ?
Atlanta. Madam, we all are cuppled
And twin'd in loue, and hardly is there any
That will be wonne to change her bed-fellow.
Dian. You muſt be ſingle till the next arriue,
She that is next admitted of our traine,
Muſt be her bed-companion, ſo tis lotted.
Come Fawns, and Nymphs, and Satyres, girt vs rownd
Whilſt we aſcend our ſtate, and here proclaime
A generall hunting in *Dianaes* name.

Enter Iupiter *like a Nimph, or a Virago.*

Iupiter. There I ſtrid too wide. That ſtep was too large for one that profeſſeth the ſtraight order : what a pittifull coyle ſhall I haue to counterfeit this woman, to liſpe (*forſooth*) to ſimper and ſet my face like a ſweet Gentlewomans made out of ginger-bread ? ſhall I venter or no ? My face I feare not : for my beard being in the nonage durſt neuer yet looke a Barber in

the face. And for my complexion, I haue knowne as browne Laſſes as my ſelfe haue gone for currant. And for my ſtature, I am not yet of that Giant ſize, but I may paſſe for a *bona Roba*, a *Rounceual*, a *Virago*, or a good manly Laſſe. If they ſhould put me to ſpinne, or to ſow, or any ſuch Gentlewomanlike exerciſe, how ſhould I excuſe my bringing vp? Tuſh, the hazzard is nothing, compared with the value of the gaine. Could I manadge this buſineſſe with Art, I ſhould come to a hundred pretty ſights in a yeare, as in the Sommer when we come to flea our ſmocks, &c. I hope *Diana* doth not vſe to ſearch her maides before ſhe entertaines them. But howſoeuer
Be my loſſe certaine, and my profit none,
Tis for *Caliſto's* loue, and I will on.

Diana. Wee'l chaſe the Stagge, and with our Bugles ſhrill,
The neighbouring Forreſts with lowd eccho's fill.

Iup. Is this a heauen terreſtriall that containes
So many earthly Angells? (O amazement)
Diana with theſe beauties circled round,
Pal'd in with theſe bright faces, beares more ſtate,
Then Gods haue lent them by the power of fate.
I am deſcrid.

Diana. Soft, what intruder's that?
Command her hither.

Iup. Haile diuineſt Queene,
I come to do thee ſeruice.

Diana. A manly Laſſe, a ſtout Virago,
Were all our traine proportion'd to thy ſize,
We need not feare mens ſubtill trecheries.
Thy birth and fortunes?

Iup. Madam, I deriue
My birth from noble and high parentage:
Report of your rare beauty with my loue
And zeale I ſtill beare to a virgins life,
Haue drawne me to your ſeruice.

Diana. Welcome Lady.
Her largeneſſe pleaſeth mee, if ſhee haue courage

Proportion'd with her limbs, ſhee ſhall be Champion
To all our wronged Ladies. You *Atlanta*,
Preſent her oath.

Her oath is given on Dianaes *bow.*

Atlan. Madam you muſt be true
To bright *Diana* and her Virgin crew.
Iup. To bright *Diana* and her traine I'l ſtand.
Diana. What can you do? (*aſide.*
Iup. More then the beſt here can.
Atlan. You ſhall vow chaſtity:
Iup. That's more then I can promiſe (*well proceed*)
Atlan. You neuer ſhall with hated men attone,
But ly with woman or elſe lodge alone.
Iup. Make my oath ſtrong, my proteſtation deep,
For this I vowe by all the Gods to keepe.
Atlan. With Ladies you ſhall onely ſport and play,
And in their fellowſhip ſpend night and day.
Iup. I ſhall.
Atlan. Conſort with them at boord and bed,
And ſweare no man ſhall haue your maiden-head.
Iup. By all the powers both earthly and diuine,
If ere I looſ't, a woman ſhall haue mine.
Diana. Now you're ours, you'r welcome, kiſſe our hand,
You promiſe well, wee like you, and will grace you,
And if with our election your's agree.
Caliſto here your bed-fellow ſhall be.
Iup. You Gods you will eternize me your choice:
Madam I ſeale, both with my ſoule and voyce.
Dian. Then hand each other and acquaint your ſelues,
And now let vs proceed in the purſuite,
Of our determin'd paſtimes, dedicate
To the entertainement of theſe beuteous maides.
Satyres and fawnes ring out your pleaſing quire,
This done, our Bugles ſhall to heauen aſpire. *Exeunt.*

Hornes winded, a great noiſe of hunting, Enter Diana, *all her Nimphes in the chaſe,* Iupiter *pulling* Caliſto *back.*

Diana. Follow, purſue, the Stag hath tooke the Mountaine,
Come let vs climbe the ſteepe clifts after him,
Let through the aire your nimble iauelinges ſing.
And our free ſpoyles home with the euening bring.
All. Follow, follow, follow.

Winde hornes, enter the Satyrs as in the chaſe.

Sat. The nimble Ladies haue out-ſtript vs quite,
Vnleſſe we ſpeede we ſhall not ſee him fall.
Wee are too ſlow in purſuite of our game;
Let's after tho; ſince they out-ſtrip our eyes,
Runne by their noates, that from their Bugles riſe.

Winde hornes. Enter Iupiter, *and* Caliſto.

Cal. Haſt gentle Lady, we ſhall looſe our traine,
And miſſe *Diana's* paſtime in the chaſe,
Hie then to ſtaine our Iauelings guilded points
In bloud of yon ſwiſt Stag, ſo hot purſu'de.
Will you keepe pace with mee?
Iup. I am tir'd already.
Nor haue I yet bene to theſe paſtimes breath'd,
Sweet ſhall wee here repoſe our ſelues a little?
Cal. And looſe the honour to be firſt at fall?
Iup. Feare not, you ſhall come time enough to fall.
Either you muſt be ſo vnkind to mee,
As leaue me to theſe deſerts ſolitary,
Or ſtay till I haue reſt, for I am breathles
And cannot hold it out, behold a place
Remote, an Arbor ſeated naturally,
Trim'd by the hand of nature for a bower,

Skreen'd by the ſhadowy leaues from the Suns eye.
Sweet will you ſit, or on the verdure lye?
Cal. Rather then leaue you, I will looſe the ſport.
Iup. I'le finde you paſtime, feare not, Oh my Angell,
Whether wilt thou tranſport me, grant me meaſure.
Of ioy before, I ſurfet on this pleaſure.
Cal. Come ſhal's lye downe a little?
Iup. Sooth I will.
I thirſt in ſeas and cannot quaffe my fill,
Behold before mee a rich Table ſpread,
And yet poore I am forc'd to ſtarue for bread:
We be alone, the Ladyes farre in chace,
And may I dye an Eunuch by my vowe,
If bright *Caliſto* you eſcape me now.
Sweet bed-fellow your hand, what haue I felt,
Vnleſſe blancht ſnow, of ſubſtance not to melt?
Cal. You gripe too hard.
Iup. Good ſooth I ſhall not reſt
Vntill my head be pillowed on thy breaſt.
Cal. Leane on me then.
Iup. So ſhall I wrong mine eyes,
To leaue your face to looke vpon the skyes.
Oh how I loue thee, come let's kiſſe and play.
Cal. How?
Iup. So a woman with a woman may.
Cal. I do not like this kiſſing.
Iup. Sweet ſit ſtill,
Lend me thy lippes, that I may taſte my fill.
Cal. You kiſſe too wantonly.
Iup. Thy boſom lend,
And by thy ſoft paps let my hand deſcend.
Cal. Nay fye what meane you?
Iup. Pre'thee let me toy,
I would the Gods would ſhape thee to a boy,
Or me into a man.

Cal. A man, how then ?
Iup. Nay ſweet lye ſtill, for we are farre from men,
Lye downe againe. Your foot I oft haue prais'd,
Ey and your legge : (nay let your skirt be rais'd)
I'le meaſure for the wager of a fall,
Who hath the greateſt great, or ſmalleſt ſmall.
Cal. You are too wanton, and your hand to free.
Iup. You need not bluſh to let a woman ſee.
Cal. My bareneſſe I haue hid from ſight of skyes,
Therefore may barre it any Ladyes eyes.
Iup. Me thinks you ſhould be fat, pray let me feele.
Cal. Oh God you tickle me.
Iup. Lend me your hand,
And freely taſte me, note how I will ſtand,
I am not tickliſh.
Cal. Lord how well you wooe.
Iup. We maids may wiſh much, but can nothing do.
Cal. I am weary of this toying.
Iup. Oh but I
In this Eliſium could both liue and dye.
I can forbeare no longer, though my rape
Be puniſht with my head, ſhe ſhall not ſcape.
Say ſweet I were a man.
Cal. Thus would I riſe,
And fill the Dales and mountaines with my cryes.
A man ! (Oh heauen) to gaine *Eliſiums* bliſſe,
I'de not be ſayd that I a man ſhould kiſſe.
Come, lets go wound the Stagge.
Iup. Stay ere you goe,
Here ſtands one ready that muſt ſtrike a doe.
And thou art ſhee, I am *Pelagias* King,
That thus haue ſingled thee, mine thou ſhalt be.
Cal. Gods, Angels, men, help all a maid to free.
Iup. Maugre them all th'art mine.

Caſ. To do me right,
Helpe fingers, feet, nailes, teeth, and all to fight.
Iup. Not they, nor all *Dianae's* Angell-traine,
Were they in ſight, this prize away ſhould gaine. *Exit.*
He carries her away in his armes.

Act. 3. Scœne 1.

Enter Homer.

Hom. Yong *Iupiter* doth force this beauteous maid,
And after would haue made her his bright Queene.
But diſcontent ſhe in the Forreſt ſtaid,
Loath of *Diana's* virgins to be ſeene.
Oft did he write, oft ſend, but all in vaine,
She neuer will returne to Court againe.
Eight moones are fild & wain'd when ſhe grows great
And yong *Ioues* iſſue in her wombe doth ſpring.
This day *Diana* doth her Nimphs intreat,
Vnto a ſolemne bathing, where they bring
Deflowr'd *Caliſto*, note how ſhe would hide
That which time found, and great *Diana* ſpide.

A dumbe ſhow. Enter Diana *and all her Nimphs to bathe them: ſhee makes them ſuruey the place. They vnlace themſelues, and vnloſe their buskins: only* Caliſto *refuſeth to make her ready.* Diana *ſends* Atlanta *to her, who perforce vnlacing her, finds her great belly, and ſhewes it to* Diana, *who turnes her out of her ſociety, and leaues her.* Caliſto *likewiſe in great ſorrow forſakes the place.*

Her crime thus found, ſhee's baniſht from their crew,
And in a caue ſhe childs a valiant ſonne,

Cal'd *Archas*, who doth noble deeds purſue,
And by *Ioues* gift *Pelagia's* ſeate hath wonne,
Which after by his worth, and glorious fame,
He hath tranſ-ſtil'd *Archadia* by his name.
But we returne to *Tytan*, who by ſpyes
Hath learn'd, that *Saturne* hath kept ſonnes aliue.
He now aſſembles all his ſtrange allyes,
And for the crowne of Creet intends to ſtriue.
Of their ſucceſſe, and fortunes we proceed,
Where *Tytans* ſonnes by youthfull *Ioue* muſt bleed.

Enter Tytan, Lycaon, Enceladus, Ægeon in Armes, drum, colours, and attendants.

Tytan. Now are we ſtrong, our giant Iſſue growne,
Our ſonnes in ſeuerall kingdomes we haue planted,
From whence they haue deriu'd vs braue ſupplyes,
From *Sicily*, and from th' *Ægean* ſea,
That of our ſonne *Ægeon* beares the name.
We haue aſſembled infinites of men,
To auenge vs on proud *Saturnes* periury.
Lycaon. What I haue ſaid to *Tytan*, I'le make good,
Tis rumour'd *Melliſeus* Foſter-child
He that expulſt me from *Pelagia's* Crowne,
And in my high tribunall ſits enthron'd,
Is *Saturnes* ſonne, and ſtiled *Iupiter*,
(Beſides my daughter by his luſt deflowred)
On vs the poore diſtreſſed Tytanoyes
He hath committed many out-rages.
Ægeo. All which wee'l puniſh on K. *Saturnes* head,
I that haue made th' *Ægean* confines ſhake,
And with my powerfull voyce affrighted Heauen.
From whoſe enraged eyes the darkned skyes
Haue borrowed luſtre, and Promethian fire,
Will fright from Creet the proud *Saturnian* troope,
And thouſand hack't and mangled ſouldiers bring
To intombe the glories of the Cretan King.
Encel. That muſt be left to great *Enceladus*,

The pride and glory of the *Tytans* hoaſt.
I that haue curl'd the billowes with a frowne,
And with a ſmile haue made the Ocean calme,
Spurn'd downe huge mountains with my armed foot,
And with my ſhoulders lift the vallies high,
Wil in the wrinkles of my ſtormy brow,
Bury the glories of the Cretan King,
And on his ſlaughtered bulke braine all his ſonnes.
Ægeon. And what ſhall I do then ?
Encel. Do thou ſtand ſtill,
Whil'ſt I the foes of *Tytan* paſh and kill.
Am I not eldeſt from great *Tytans* loynes,
The Saturniſts hereditarie ſcurdge ?
Leaue all theſe deeds of horror to my hand,
I like a Trophy ore their ſpoyles will ſtand.
Lica. Why breath we then ?
Encel. Come arme your ſinowy limbes,
With rage and fury fright pale pitty hence,
And drowne him in the ſweate your bodies ſtill.
With hoſtile induſtry, toſſe flaming brands
About your fleecy lockes, to threat their Cities
With death and deſolation, let your ſteele
Gliſtring againſt the ſunne, daze their bright eyes,
That with the dread of our aſtoniſhment
They may be ſunke in Lethe, and their graue
May be the darke vawlt, cal'd obliuions Caue.
Titan. Are our Embaſſadors to *Saturne* gone,
To let him know whence this our warre proceedes ?
Lica. Your meſſage hath by this ſtartled th'vſurper.
Encel. Set on them, waſte their confines as we march,
And let them taſt the rage of ſword and fire,
Th'Alarm's giuen, and hath by this arriu'd
Euen at the wals of *Creet*, the cittadell
Where the Cathedral'd *Saturne* is enthron'd.
Tytan. Warlicke *Ægeon* and *Enceladus*,
Noble *Lycaon* lend vs your aſſiſtance

To forradge as we march, plant deſolation
Through all this fertile ſoile, be this your cry ;
Reuendge on *Saturne* for his periury. *Exit.*

Enter Saturne *with haire and beard ouergrowne,* Sibilla, Iuno, *his Lords, drum, colours and ſouldiers.*

Sat. None ſpeake, let no harſh voyce preſume to iarr
In our diſtreſſed eare, I am all ſadneſſe,
All horrour and afrightment, ſince the ſlaughter
And tragick murder of my firſt borne *Ops*,
Continued in the vnnaturall maſſacre
Of three yong Princes : not a day hath paſt me
Without diſtaſt, no night but double darkned
With terrour and confuſed melancholy :
No houre but hath had care and diſcontent
Proportion'd to his minutes : not an inſtant
Without remorſe and anguiſh. Oh you crownes,
Why are you made, and mettald out of cares ?
I am ouergrowne with ſorrow, circumuolu'd
With multiplicity of diſtempratures,
And *Saturne* is a King of nothing elſe,
But woes, vexations, ſorrowes, and laments.
To adde to theſe the threatnings of red war,
As if the murther of my Princely babes
Were not enough to plague an vſurpation,
But they muſt adde the rage of ſword and fire,
To affright my people : theſe are miſeries,
Able to be compriſed in no dimenſion.
Iuno. My father ſhall not macerate himſelfe,
Ile dare to interrupt his paſſions,
Although I buy it deerely with his hate.
My Lord you are a King of a great people,
Your power ſufficient to repulſe a foe
Greater then *Tytan.* Though my brothers birthes
Be crown'd in bloud, yet am I ſtill reſeru'd

To be the hopefull comfort of your age.
Sat. My deareſt *Iuno*, beautifull remainder
Of *Saturnes* royall iſſue, but for thee
I had ere this with theſe my fingers torne
A graue out of the rockes, to haue entomb'd
The wretched carkaſſe of a caitife King:
And I will liue, be't but to make thee Queene
Of all the triumphes and the ſpoyles I winne.
Speake, what's the proiect of their inuaſion?
1. *Lord.* That the King of Creet,
Hath not (according to his vowes and oathes)
Slaine his male iſſue.
Sat. Haue I not their blouds
Already quaſt to angry *Nemeſis*?
Haue not theſe ruthleſſe and remorſſleſſe eyes,
(Vn-father-like) beheld their panting hearts
Swimming in bowles of bloud? Am I not ſonne-
leſſe?
Nay child-leſſe too, ſaue *Iuno* whom I loue:
And dare they then? Come, our continued ſorrow
Shall into ſcarlet indignation turne,
And my ſonnes bloud ſhall crowne their guilty heads
With purple vengeance. Valiant Lords, ſet on,
And meet them to their laſt deſtruction.
1. *Lord.* March forward.
Sat. Stay, becauſe wee'l ground our warres
On iuſtice: Fair *Sibilla*, on thy life,
I charge thee tell me, and diſſemble not,
By all the hopes in *Saturne* thou haſt ſtor'd,
Our nuptiall pleaſures, and affaires of loue,
As thou eſteem'ſt our grace, or vengeance fear'ſt,
Reſolue me truly. Haſt thou ſonnes aliue?
Sibilla kneeles.
Theſe teares, and that deiection on thy knee,
Accompanied with dumbneſſe, argue guilt.
Ariſe and ſpeake.
Sib. Let *Saturne* know, I am a Woman then,
And more, I am a Mother: would you haue me
A monſter, to exceed in cruelty

The ſauadgeſt of Sauadges? Beares, Tygers, Wolues,
All feed their yong: would *Saturne* haue his Queene
More fierce then theſe? Thinke you *Sibilla* dare
Murder her yong, whom cruell beaſts would ſpare?
Let me be held a mother, not a murdreſſe:
For *Saturne*, thou haſt liuing three braue ſonnes.
But where? rather then to reueale to thee,
That thou may'ſt ſend, their guiltleſſe bloud to ſpill,
Here eaſe my life, for them thou ſhalt not kill.

Sat. Amazement, warre, the threatning Oracle,
All muſter ſtrange perplexions 'bout my braine,
And robbe me of the true ability
Of my direct conceiuements. Doubt, and warre,
Tytans inuaſion, and my ielouſie,
Make me vnfit for anſwere.

1. *Lord.* Royall *Saturne*,
'Twas pitty in the Queene ſo to preſerue them.
Your ſtrictneſſe ſlew them, they are dead in you,
And in the pitty of your Queene ſuruiue.

Sat. Diuine aſſiſtance plunge me from theſe troubles,
Mortality here failes me, I am wrapt
In millions of confuſions.

Enter a Lord.

2. *Lord.* Arme, great *Saturne*,
Thy Cities burne: a generall maſſacre
Threatens thy people. The bigge Tytanoys
Plow vp thy Land with their inuaſiue ſteele.
A huge vn-numbred army is at hand,
To ſet vpon thy Campe.

Sat. All my diſturbances
Conuert to rage, and make my ſpleene as high
As is their topleſſe fury, to incounter
With equall force and vengeance. Go *Sibilla*,
Conuey my beauteous *Iuno* to the place
Of our beſt ſtrength, whil'ſt we contend in Armes
For this rich Cretan wreath: the battel done,

And they confin'd, wee'l treat of theſe affaires.
Perhaps our loue may with this breach diſpence,
But firſt to Armes, to beate th'intruders hence.

Exeunt.

Alarme. Enter Tytan, Lycaon, Enceladus, Egeon.

Tyt. *Saturne* giues backe, and 'gins to leaue the field.

Lica. Purſue him then vnto that place of ſtrength,
Which the proud Cretans hold impregnable.

Encel. This Gigomantichia be eternis'd
For our affright and terror: If they flye,
Toſſe rockkes, and toppes of Mountaines after them
To ſtumble them, or elſe entombe them quicke.

Ægeon. They haue already got into the towne,
And barricadoed 'gainſt vs their Iron gates.
What meanes then ſhall we finde to ſtartle them?

Ence. What, but to ſpurn down their offenciue mures?
To ſhake in two their Adamantine gates,
Their marble columnes by the ground ſylls teare,
And kicke their ruin'd walles as high as heauen?

Tyt. Purſue them to their gates, and 'bout their Citie
Plant a ſtrong ſiege. Now *Saturne* all my ſuffrances
Shall on thy head fall heauy, wee'l not ſpare
Old man or babe. The Tytans all things dare.

Exeunt.

Alarme. Enter Saturne, Sibilla, Iuno, with other Lords of Creet.

Sat. The heauens haue for our barbarous cruelty
Done in the murther of our firſt borne *Ops*,
Powr'd on our head this vengeance. Where, oh where
Shall we finde refcue?

Sib. Patience royall *Saturne.*
Sat. Bid Woolues be milde, and Tygers pittiful,
Command the Libian Lions abſtinence,
Teach me to mollifie the Corſicke rocke,
Or make the Mount Chymera paſſable.
What Monarch wrapt in my confuſions,
Can tell what patience meanes?
Iuno. Oh royall Father!
Sat. Oh either teach me reſcue from theſe troubles,
Or bid me euerlaſtingly, ey euer
Sinke in deſpaire and horror.
Syb. Oh my Lord,
You haue from your owne loines iſſue reſerued,
That may redeeme all theſe calamities.
Saturne. Iſſue from vs?
Syb. From *Saturne* and *Sybilla.*
That royall Prince King of *Pelagia,*
And famous *Melliſeus* foſter-child,
Whom all the world ſtiles by the noble name
Of *Iupiter*, hee is King *Saturnes* ſonne.
Satu. Thou haſt *Sybilla* kept that ſonne aliue
That onely can redeeme me from this thraldome,
Oh how ſhall we acquaint yong *Iupiter,*
With this his fathers hard ſucceſſe in Armes.
Syb. My care did euer theſe euents foreſee.
And I haue ſent to your ſuruiving ſonne,
To come vnto your reſcue; Then great *Saturne*
In your wiues pitty ſeeme to applaude the heauens,
That make me their relentfull miniſter,
In the repairing of your downe-caſt ſtate.
Satu. If royall *Iupiter* be *Saturnes* ſonne,
We ſhall be either reſcued or reueng'd,
And now I ſhall not dread thoſe *Tytanois,*
That threaten fire and ſteele.
Syb. Truſt your *Sybilla.*
Satu. Thou art my anchor, and the onely co-
lumne

That ſupports *Saturnes* glory, Oh my *Iupiter*,
On thee the baſis of my hopes I erect,
And in thy life King *Saturnes* fame ſuruiues.
Are meſſengers diſpatch'd to ſignifie
My ſonne of our diſtreſſe.
Sib. As farre as *Epire.*
Where as we vnderſtand, *Ioue* now remaines.
Satu. Then *Tytan*, and the proud *Enceladus*,
Hyperion and *Ægeon* with the reſt,
Of all the earth-bread race we wey you not,
Threaten your worſt, let all your eyes ſparke fire,
Your flaming noſtrils like *Auernus* ſmoake,
Your tongues ſpeak thunder, & your armed hands
Fling Triſulke lightning : Be you Gods aboue,
Or come you with infernall hatred arm'd,
We dread you not : we haue a ſonne ſuruiues,
Shall calme your tempeſts : beautious *Iuno* comfort,
And cheare *Sybilla*, if he vndertake
Our reſcue, we from danger are ſecure,
Wee in his valour all our liues aſſure. *Exeunt.*

A flouriſh. Enter Iupiter *and* Mellifeus *with attendants.*

Mell. Faire Prince, for leſſe by your deſertes and honour,
You cannot be : your fortunes and your birth
Are both vnknowne to me : my two faire daughters
As a ſwath'd infant brought you to my Court,
But whence, or of what parents you proceed
I am meerely ignorant.
Iup. Then am I nothing,
And till I know whence my deſcent hath bene,
Or from what houſe deriu'd, I am but aire,
And no eſſentiall ſubſtance of a man.

Enter Caliſto *purſu'd by her yong ſonne* Archas.

Cal. Help, help, for heauen ſake help, I am purſu'd,
And by my ſonne, that ſeemes to threate my life.
Iup. Stay that bold lad.
Cal. What's he? ſalfe *Iupiter*?
Iup. *Caliſto*, or I much deceiue my ſelfe.
Cal. Oh thou moſt falſe, moſt treacherous, and vnkind,
Behold *Caliſto* by her ſonne purſu'd,
Indeed thy ſonne: this little ſauadge youth
Hath liued 'mongſt Tygers, Lyons, Wolues, and Beares,
And ſince his birth partakes their cruelty.
Archas his name: ſince I *Diana* left,
And from her chaſt traine was diuorc't, this youth
I childed in a caue remote and ſilent.
His nurture was amongſt the ſauadges.
This day I by misfortune mou'd his ſpleene,
And he purſu'd me with reuenge and fury,
And had I not forſooke the ſhades and forreſts,
And fled for reſcue to theſe walled Townes,
He had ſlaine me in his fury: ſaue me then,
Let not the ſonne the mother ſacrifice
Before the fathers eye.
Iup. *Archas* my ſonne,
My yong ſon *Archas*, *Iupiters* firſt borne
Oh let me hugge thee, and a thouſand times
Embrace thee in myne armes. *Lycaons* grand-child
Caliſto's ſonne; Oh will you beauteous Lady
Forſake the forreſts and yet liue with vs?
Cal. No thou falſe man, for thy periurious luſts
I haue abandoned humaine ſubtelties:
There take thy ſonne, and vſe him like a Prince,
Being ſonne vnto a Princeſſe. Teach him Arts,
And honoured armes. For me: I haue abiur'd

All peopled Citties, and betooke my ſelfe
To ſolitary deſerts. *Ioue* adue.
Thou prouing falſe, no mortall can be true. *Exit.*
Arc. Since ſhe will needs be gone, be pleaſed then,
Weari'd with beaſts, I long to liue 'mongſt men.
Iup. Yet ſtay *Caliſto*, why wilt thou out-runne
Thy *Iupiter*? Shee gone, welcome my ſonne.
My deere ſonne *Archas*, whom if fortune ſmile,
I will create Lord of a greater ſtile.

Enter the Clowne with letters.

Clowne. Saue you ſir, is your name K. *Melliſeus*?
Melli. We are *Melliſeus*, and the *Epire* King.
Clowne. Then this letter is to you, but is there not one in your Court, cal'd (let me ſee) haue you here neuer a gibbit-maker?
Iup. Sirra, here's one cal'd *Iupiter*.
Clowne. Ey *Iupiter*, that's he that I would ſpeake with. Here's another letter to you, but ere you reade it, pray let me aske you one queſtion.
Iup. What's that?
Clowne. Whether you be a wiſe child or no?
Iup. Your reaſon?
Clowne. Becauſe I would know whether you know your own father but if you do not, hoping you are in good health, as your father ſcarce was, at the making hereof, Theſe are to certify you.
Iup. Newes of a father! neuer could ſuch tydings Haue glutted me with gladneſſe. *They reade.*
Clowne. For mine owne part, though I know not what belongs to the getting of children, yet I know how to father a child, & becauſe I would be loath to haue this Pariſh troubled with you, I bring you newes where you were borne. I was the man that laid you at this mans dore, & if you will not go home quietly, you ſhall be ſent from Conſtable to Conſtable, till you

come to the place where you were begot. Reade further and tell me more.

Melli. Is *Iupiter* then mighty *Saturns* fonne?

Iup. Am I the ſonne of *Saturne*, King of *Creet*?
My father baffled by the *Tytanoys?*
May all my toward hopes die in my birth,
Nor let me euer worthily inherite
The name of royalty, if by my valour
I proue me not diſcended royally.

Clowne. I was the man that tooke paines with you, 'twas I that brought you in the hand-basket.

Iup. Should I haue wiſht a father through the world,
It had bene *Saturne*, or a royall mother,
It had bene faire *Sybilla*, Queene of *Creet.*
Great *Epires* King, peruſe theſe tragicke lines,
And in thy wonted bounty grant ſupplies
To free my noble father.

Mel. *Iupiter*,
As I am *Melliſeus* Epyres King,
Thou ſhalt haue free aſſiſtance.

Iup. Come then, Arme,
Aſſemble all the powers that we can leauy.
Archas, we make thee of *Pelagia* King,
As King *Lycaons* Gran-childe, and the ſonne
Of faire *Caliſto.* Let that Clime henceforth
Be cal'd *Arcadia*, and vſurpe thy name.
Go then and preſſe th' Arcadians to the reſcue
Of royall *Saturne*, this great King and I
Will lead th' Epyrians. Faile me not to meet,
To redeeme *Saturne*, and to reſcue Creet.

Exeunt. Manet Clown.

Clown. I haue no mind to this buffeting: Ile walke after faire and ſoftly, in hope that all the buffeting may be done before I come. Whether had I better go home by land, or by ſea? If I go by land, and miſ-carry, then I go the way of all fleſh. If I go by ſea and miſ-carry, then I go the way of all fiſh: I am not yet reſolu'd. But howſoeuer, I haue done my meſſage

ſo cleanly, that they cannot ſay, the meſſenger is bereau'd of any thing that belongs to his meſſage.

Alarme. Enter Tytan, Lycaon, Enceladus, with Saturne, Iuno, and Sibilla priſoners.

Tyt. Downe trecherous Lord, and be our foot-pace now
To aſcend our high tribunall. Wher's that God-head
With which the people Auee'd thee to heauen ?
Encel. 'Tis ſunke into the deep Abyſme of hell.
Teare from his head the golden wreath of Creet.
Tread on his captiue bulke, and with thy weight
Great *Tytan*, ſinke him to the infernall ſhades,
So low, that with his trunke, his memory
May be extinct in Lethe.
Sat. More then tyrannous
To triumph or'e the weake, and to oppreſſe
The low deiected. Let your cruelty
Be the ſad period of my wretchedneſſe :
Onely preſerue my louely *Iuno's* life,
And giue *Sibilla* freedome.
Encel. By theſe Gods,
We neither feare nor value, but contend
To equall in our actions : both ſhall dye.
There ſhall no proud Saturnian liue, to braue
The meaneſt of the high-borne Tytanoyes.
Lyca. Raze from the earth their hatefull memory,
And let the bloud of *Tytan* ſway the earth.
Speake, are the ports and confines ſtrongly arm'd
'Gainſt all inuaſions ?
Tytan. Who dares damadge vs ?'
Let all the paſſages be open left,
Vnguarded let our ports and hauens lye.
All danger we deſpiſe, miſchance or dread
We hold in baſe contempt.
Encel. Conqueſt is ours,
Maugre diuine, or baſe terreſtrial powers. *Alarme.*

Enter Ægeon.

Æge. Arme royall *Titan*, Arme *Enceladus*,
A pale of brandiſht ſteele hath girt thy land.
From the earths Cauernes breake infernall fires,
To make thy villages and hamlets burne.
Tempeſtuous ruin in the ſhape of warre
Clowds all thy populous kingdome, At my heeles
Confuſion dogges me, and the voyce of death
Still thunders in mine eares.
Tyt. Iſt poſſible? Beare *Saturne* firſt to priſon
Wee'l after parly them.
Ence. Come Angels arm'd, or Diuels clad in flames,
Our fury ſhall repel them. Come they girt
With power celeſtiall, or infernall rage,
Wee'l ſtand their fierce oppoſure. Royall *Titan*, *Ægeon* and *Hyperion*, d'on your armes,
Brauely aduance your ſtrong orbicular ſhields,
And in your right hands brandiſh your bright ſteele.
Drowne your affrightments in th' amazed ſounds
Of martiall thunder (Diapaſon'd deep)
Wee'l ſtand them, be they Gods; (if men,) expell
Their ſtrengthles force, and ſtownd them low as hell.

A Floriſh. Enter marching K. Melliſeus, Iupiter, Archas, Drumme and ſouldiers.

Tit. Whence are you that intrude vpon our confines?
Or what portend you in theſe hoſtile ſounds
Of clamorous warre?
Iup. *Tytans* deſtruction,
With all the ruin of his giant race.
Tit. By what pretence or claime?
Iup. In right of *Saturne*:
Whom againſt law the Tytans haue depos'd.
Tit. What art thou ſpeak'ſt it?

Iup. I am *Iupiter*,
King *Saturnes* ſonne, immediate heire to Creet.
Encel. There pauſe, that word diſables all thy claime,
And proues that *Tytan* ſeates him in his owne.
Tyt. If *Saturne* (as thou ſay'ſt) hath ſonnes aliue,
His oath is broken, and we are iuſtly ſeiz'd
Of Creta's Crowne by his late forfeiture.
Æge. Thy tongue hath ſpoke thy owne deſtruction,
Since whom K. *Saturne* ſpar'd, our ſwords muſt kill,
And he is come to offer vp that life
Which hath ſo long beene forfeit.
Iup. Tyrants no:
The heauens preſeru'd me for a further vſe,
To plague your Off-ſpring that afflict the earth,
And with your threatnings ſpurne againſt the Gods.
Lyca. Now ſhalt thou pay me for *Caliſto's* wrong,
Exiling me, and for diſhonouring her.
Iup. Are you there Caniball? Man-eating woolfe?
Lycaon, thou art much beholding to me,
I woman'd firſt *Caliſto*, and made thee
A grand-father. Doſt not thanke me for't?
See heer's the Boy, this is Archadia's King.
No more Pelagia now, ſince thy exile.
Tyt. To thee that ſtil'ſt thy ſelfe K. *Saturnes* ſonne:
Know thou waſt doom'd before thy birth to dye,
Thy claime diſabled, and in ſauing thee
Thy father hath made forfeit of his Crowne.
Iup. Know *Tytan* I was borne free, as my father,
Nor had he power to take that life away
That the Gods freely gaue me. Tyrants ſee,
Here is that life you by Indenture claime,
Seize it, and take it: but before I fall,
Death and deſtruction ſhall confound you all.
Encel. Deſtruction is our vaſſaile, and attends
Vpon the threatning of our ſtormy browes.
We trifle howers. Arme all your fronts with horror,
Your hearts with fury, and your hands with death.

Thunder meet thunder, tempeſts ſtormes defie,
Saturne and all his iſſue this day dye.

Alarme. The battels ioine, Tytan is ſlaine, and his party repulſt. Enter Ægeon.

Æge. Wher's now the high and proud *Enceladus*,
To ſtop the fury of the Aduerſe foe,
Or ſtay the baſe flight of our daſtard troupes ?
Tytan is ſlaine, *Hyperion* ſtrowes the earth,
And thouſands by the hand of *Iupiter*
Are ſent into blacke darkneſſe. All that ſtand
Sink in the weight of his high Iouiall hand.
To ſhun whoſe rage, *Ægeon* thou muſt flye.
Creet with our hoped conqueſts all adiew.
We muſt propoſe new queſts, ſince, *Saturnes* ſonne
Hath by his puiſſance all our campe ore-runne. *Exit.*

Alarme. Enter Enceladus leading his Army, Iupiter leading his. They make a ſtand.

Ence. None ſtir, be all your armes cramp't & diſeas'd
Your ſwords vn-vſefull, may your ſteely glaues
Command your hands, and not your ſinewes them,
Till I by ſingle valor haue ſubdu'd
This murderer of my father.
Iup. Here he ſtands,
That muſt for death haue honour at thy hands.
None interrupt vs, ſingly wee'l contend,
And 'twixt vs two giue theſe rude factions end.
Encel. Two royall armies then on both ſides ſtand,
To view this ſtrange and dreadfull Monomachy.
Thy fall, Saturnian, addes to my renowne :
For by thy death I gaine the Cretan Crowne.
Iup. Death is thy due, I finde it in thy ſtarres,
Whil'ſt our high name giues period to theſe warres.

Alarm. They combat with iauelings firſt, after with ſwords and targets. Iupiter *kils* Enceladus, *and enters with victory.* Iupiter, Saturne, Sibilla, Iuno, Melliſeus, Archas, *with the Lords of Creet.*

Sat. Neuer was *Saturne* deifi'd till now,
Nor found that perfectneſſe the Gods enioy.
Heauen can aſſure no greater happineſſe
Then I attaine in ſight of *Iupiter.*
Sib. Oh my deare ſon, borne with my painful throws,
And with the hazard of my life preſeru'd,
How well haſt thou acquitted all my trauels,
In this thy laſt and famous victory?
Iup. This tels me, that yon royall King of *Creet*
My father is: and that renowned Queene
My mother: all which proues by circumſtance,
That 'tis but duty, that by me's atchieu'd.
Onely yon beauteous Lady ſtands apart,
I know not how to ſtile.
Satu. 'Tis *Iuno*, and thy ſiſter.
Iup. Oh my ſtars!
You ſeeke to make immortall, *Iupiter.*
Iuno. *Iuno* is onely happy in the fortunes,
Of her renowned brother.
Iup. Royall *Saturne,*
If euer I deſeru'd well as a victor,
Or if my warlike deedes, yet bleeding new,
And perfect both in eyes and memory
May pleade for me: Oh if I may obtaine,
As one that merits, or intreate of you,
As one that owes: being titled now your ſonne,
Let me eſpouſe faire *Iuno*: and bright Lady
Let me exchange the name of ſiſter with you
And ſtile you by a neerer name of wife.
Oh be my ſpouſe faire *Iuno.*
Iuno. 'Tis a name,

I priſe 'boue ſiſter, if theſe grace the ſame.
Satu. What is it I'l deny my *Iupiter*?
Shee is thy owne. I'l royaliſe thy nuptials
With all the ſolemne triumphes *Creet* can yeeld.
Melli. *Epyre* ſhall adde to theſe ſolemnities,
And with a bounteous hand ſupport theſe triumphs.
Archas. So all *Archadia* ſhall.
Satu. Then to our Pallace
Paſſe on in ſtate, let all raryeties
Showre downe from heauen a lardges, that theſe bridals
May exceede mortall pompe. March, March, and leaue mee
To contemplate theſe ioyes, and to deuiſe,
How with beſt ſtate this night to ſolemnize.
They all march of and leaue Saturne *alone.*
Satu. *Saturne* at length is happy by his ſonne,
Whoſe matchleſſe and vnriual'd dignities
Are without peere on earth, O ioy, ioy? corſiue
Worſe then the throwes of child-birth, or the tortures
Of blacke *Cimmerian* darkeneſſe. *Saturne*, now
Bethinke thee of the Delphian Oracle:
He ſhall his fathers vertue firſt excell,
Seiſe *Creet*, and after driue him downe to hell.
The firſt is paſt: my vertues are exceeded:
The laſt I will preuent, by force or treaſon.
I'l worke his ruine 'ere he grow too hygh.
His ſtarres haue caſt it, and the boy ſhall dy.
More ſonnes I haue, more crownes I cannot winne,
The Gods ſay he muſt dy, and tis no ſinne.

Actus. 4. Scœna 1.

Enter Homer.

Homer. O blind ambition and deſire of raine,

What horri'd miſchiefe wilt not thou deuiſe?
The appetite of rule, and thirſt of raigne
Beſots the fooliſh, and corrupts the wiſe.
Behold a King ſuſpicious of his ſonne,
Purſues his innocent life, and without cauſe.
Oh blind ambition what haſt thou not done
Againſt religion, zeale and natures lawes?
But men are borne their owne fates to purſue,
Gods will be Gods, and *Saturne* finds it true.

A dumbe ſhew. Enter Iupiter, Iuno, Melliſeus, Archas, *as to reuels. To them* Saturne *drawes his ſword to kill* Iupiter, *who onely defends himſelfe, but beeing hotly purſu'd, drawes his ſword, beates away* Saturne, *ſeifeth his crowne, and ſweares all the Lords of* Creet *to his obeyſance, ſo Exit.*

Saturne againſt his ſonne his force extended,
And would haue ſlaine him by his tyrannous hand,
Whilſt *Iupiter* alone his life defended.
But when no prayers his fury could withſtand,
Hee vſ'd his force, his father droue from *Creet*,
And as the Oracle before had told
Vſurpt the Crowne, the Lords kneele at his feete,
And *Saturnes* fortunes are to exile ſold.
But leauing him, of *Danae* that bright laſſe,
How amorous *Ioue* firſt wrought her to his power,
How ſhee was cloſed in a ſort of braſſe,
And how he skal'd it in a golden ſhowre,
Of theſe we next muſt ſpeake, curtious and wiſe,
Help with your hands, for *Homer* wants his eyes.

A flouriſh. Enter Iupiter, Iuno, *the Lords of Creet*, Melliſeus, Archas, Neptune, *and* Pluto.

Iup. Our vnkind father double tyrrannous,
To proſecute the vertues of his ſonne,
Hath fought his owne Fate, and by his ingratitude
Left to our head th'Imperiall wreath of *Creet*:

Which gladly we receiue. *Neptune* from *Athens*,
And *Pluto* from the lower *Tartarie*
Both welcome to the *Cretan Iupiter*.
Thoſe Starres that gouern'd our natiuity,
And ſtript our fortunes from the hand of death,
Shall guard vs and maintaine vs.

Nept. Noble *Saturne*,
Famous in all things, and degenerate onely,
In that inhumaine practiſe 'gainſt his ſonnes,
Is fled vs, whom we came to viſite freely,
And filiall duties to expreſſe. Great *Athens*
The nurſe and foſtreſſe of my infancy,
I haue inſtructed in the ſea-mans craft.
And taught them truely how to ſaile by ſtarres
Beſides the vnruly Iennet I haue tam'd
And train'd him to the ſaddle, for which practiſe
The horſe to mee is ſoly conſecrate.

Pluto. I from the bounds of lower *Tartarie*
Haue trauel'd to the fertile plaines of *Creet*.
Nor am I leſſe in luſtre of my fame,
Then *Neptune*, or renowned *Iupiter*.
Thoſe barren Kingdomes I haue richt with ſpoiles,
And not a people trafficks in thoſe worlds,
For wealth or treaſure, but we cuſtome them,
And they inrich our coffers: our arm'd guards
Prey on their Camels, and their laden Mules,
And *Pluto's* through the world renown'd & fear'd.
And ſince we haue miſt of *Saturne* lately fled,
It glads me yet, I freely may ſuruey
The honours of my brother *Iupiter*.

Nep. And beauteous *Iuno*, Empreſſe of all hearts
Whom *Neptune* thus embraceth.

Pluto. So doth *Pluto*.

Iun. All diuine honours crowne the royall temples
Of my two famous brothers.

Iup. King *Melliſeus* welcome them to *Creet*.
Archas do you the like.

Melli. Princes your hands.

Archas. You are my royall vnckles.
Iup. Nay hand him Lords, he is your kinſman too.
Archas my ſonne, of faire *Caliſto* borne,
I hope faire *Iuno* it offends not you,
It was before your time.
Iuno. Shee was a ſtrumpet.
Iup. Shee ſhall be a Starre.
And all the Queenes and beautious maides on earth
That are renown'd for high perfections,
We'l woe and winne, wee were borne to ſway and rule.
Nor ſhall the name of wife be curbe to vs,
Or ſnaffle in our pleaſures. Beauteous *Io*,
And faire *Europa*, haue by our tranſhapes,
And guiles of loue already bene deflour'd,
Nor liues ſhee that is worthy our deſires,
But we can charme with court-ſhip. Royal brothers
What newes of note is rumor'd in thoſe Realmes,
Through which you made your trauels?
Nep. Haue you heard
Of great *Acriſius*, the braue *Arges* King,
And of his daughter *Danae.*
Iup. His renowne,
And her faire beauty oft hath peirc't our eares.
Nor can we be at peace, till we behold
That face fame hath ſo blazond. What of her?
Nep. Of her incloſure in the Darreine Tower,
Guirt with a triple Mure of ſhining braſſe.
Haue you not heard?
Iup. But we deſire it highly.
What marble wall, or Adamantine gate,
What Fort of ſteele, or Caſtle forg'd from braſſe,
Loue cannot ſcale? or beauty cannot breake through?
Diſcourſe the nouell *Neptune.*
Nep. Thus it was.
The Queene of Arges going great, the King
Sends (as the cuſtome is) to th'Oracle,
To know what fortunes ſhall betide the babe.

Anſwer's return'd by *Phœbus* and his Prieſts :
The Queene ſhall childe a daughter beautifull,
Who when ſhe growes to yeares, ſhall then bring forth
A valiant Princely boy, yet ſuch a one
That ſhall the King his grandſire turne to ſtone.
Danae is borne, and as ſhe growes to ripeneſſe,
So grew her fathers feare : and to preuent
His ominous fate pronounc'd by th'Oracle,
He mowlds this brazen Tower, impregnable
Both for the ſeat and guard : yet beautifull
As is the gorgeous palace of the Sunne.
Iup. Ill doth *Acriſius* to contend and warre
Againſt th'unchanging Fates, I'le ſcale that Tower :
Or raine downe millions in a golden ſhower.
I long to be the father of that babe,
Begot on *Danae*, that ſhall proue ſo braue,
And turne the dotard to his marble graue.
Tis caſt already : Fate be thou my guide,
Whil'ſt for this amorous iourney I prouide.
Mel. But is the Lady there immur'd, and clos'd
From all ſociety and ſight of man ?
Nept. So full of iealous feares is King *Acriſius*,
That, ſaue himſelfe, no man muſt neere the Fort.
Only a guard of Beldams paſt their luſts,
Vnſenſible of loue, or amorous pitty,
Partly by bribes hir'd, partly curb'd with threats,
Are guard vnto this bright impriſoned dame.
Plut. Too pittileſſe, and too obdur's the King,
To cloyſter beauty from the ſight of man.
But this concernes not vs.
Iup. That fort I'le ſcale,
Though in attempting it be death to faile.
Brothers and Princes, all our Courts rarities
Lye open to your royal'ſt entertainment
Yet pardon me, ſince vrgence cals me hence
To an inforced abſence. Nay Queene *Iuno*
You muſt be pleas'd, the cauſe imports vs highly.
Feaſt with theſe Princes till our free returne.

Attendance Lords, we muſt deſcend in gold,
Or yon impriſoned beauty ne'r behold. *Exit.*

Enter foure old Beldams, with other women.

1. *Beld.* Heer's a coyle to keep fire and tow a ſunder. I wonder the King ſhould ſhut his daughter vp ſo cloſe: for any thing I ſee, ſhe hath no minde to a man.

2. *Beld.* Content your ſelfe, you ſpeake according to your age and appetite. We that are full fed may praiſe faſt. We that in our heate of youth haue drunke our bellyfuls, may deride thoſe that in the heate of their blouds are athirſt. I meaſure her by what I was, not by what I am. Appetite to loue neuer failes an old woman, till cracking of nuts leaues her. When *Danae* hath no more teeth in her head then you and I, Il'e truſt a man in her company, and ſcarce then: for if we examine our ſelues, wee haue euen at theſe yeares, qualmes, and rhumes, and deuiſes comes ouer our ſtomakes, when we but look on a proper man.

1. *Beld.* That's no queſtion, I know it by my ſelfe, and whil'ſt I ſtand centinell, I'le watch her for that I warrant her.

2. *Bel.* And haue we not reaſon, conſidering the penalty?

1. *Bel.* If any ſtand centinel in her quarters, we ſhall keep quarter here no longer. If the Princeſſe miſcarry we ſhall make gun-powder, and they ſay an old woman is better for that then Saltpeter.

The 'larme bell rings.

3. *Beld.* The larme bell rings,
It ſhould be K. *Acriſius* by the ſound of the clapper.

4. *Beld.* Then clap cloſe to the gate and let him in.

Enter Acrisius.

Acri. Ladies well done : I like this prouidence
And carefull watch ore *Danae*: let me finde you
Faithleſſe, you dye, be faithfull and you liue
Eterniz'd in our loue. Go call her hither,
Be that your charge : the reſt keep watchfull eye
On your perculliſt entrance, which forbids
All men, ſaue vs, free paſſage to this place.
See ! *Danae* is deſcended. Faire daughter

Enter Danae.

How do you brook this palace ?
Dan. Like a priſon :
What is it elſe ? you giue me golden fetters,
As if their value could my bondage leſſen.
Acri. The architecture's ſumptuous, and the building
Of coſt inualuable, ſo rich a ſtructure
For beauty, or for ſtate, the world affoords not.
Is not thy attendance princely, like a Queenes ?
Are not all theſe thy vaſſails to attend ?
Are not thy chambers faire, and richly hung ?
The walkes within this barricadoed mure
Full of delight and pleaſure for thy taſte
And curious palate, all the chiefeſt cates
Are from the furtheſt verges of the earth
Fetch't to content thee. What diſtaſtes thee then ?
Dan. That which alone is better then all theſe,
My liberty. Why am I cloyſter'd thus,
And kept a priſoner from the ſight of man ?
What hath my innocence and infancy
Deſeru'd to be immur'd in brazen walls ?
Can you accuſe my faith, or modeſty ?
Hath any looſe demeanour in my carriage
Bred this diſtruſt ? hath my eye plaid the rioter ?
Or hath my tongue beene lauiſh ? haue my fauours
Vn-virginlike, to any been profuſe,
That it ſhould breed in you ſuch ieloufie,
Or bring me to this durance ?

Acri. None of theſe.
I loue my *Danae.* But when I record
The Oracle, it breeds ſuch feare in me,
That makes this thy reteinement.
Danae. The Oracle?
Wherein vnto the leaſt of all the Gods
Hath *Danae* beene vnthankfull, or profane,
To bondage me that am a princeſſe free,
And votareſſe to euery deity?
Acri. I'e tell thee Lady. The vnchanging mouth
Of *Phœbus*, hath this Oracle pronoun'ſt,
That *Danae* ſhall in time childe ſuch a ſonne
That ſhall *Acriſius* change into a ſtone.
Danae. See your vaine feares. What leſſe could *Phœbus* ſay?
Or what hath *Danae's* fate deſeru'd in this?
To turne you into ſtone; that's to prepare
Your monument, and marble ſepulcher.
The meaning is, that I a ſonne ſhall haue,
That when you dye ſhall beare you to your graue.
Are you not mortall? would you euer liue?
Your father dy'd, and to his Monument
You like a mourner did attend his herſe.
What you did to your father, let my ſonne
Performe to you, prepare your ſepulcher.
Or ſhall a ſtranger beare you to your tombe,
When from your owne bloud you may ſtore a Prince
To do thoſe ſacred rights: or ſhall vaine feares
Cloiſter my beauty, and conſume my yeares?
Acri. Our feares are certaine, and our doome as fix't
As the decrees of Gods. Thy durance here
Is without limit endleſſe. Go attend her *Exit Danae.*
Vnto her chamber, there to liue an Ankreſſe
And changeleſſe virgin, to the period
Of her laſt hower. And you, to whom this charge
Solely belongs, baniſh all womaniſh pitty:
Be deafe vnto her prayers, blinde to her teares,

Obdure to her relenting paſſions.
Should ſhe (as heauen and th'Oracle forbid)
By your corrupting looſe that precious Gemme
We haue ſuch care to keepe and locke ſafe vp:
Your liues are doom'd. Be faithfull we deſire,
And keepe your bodies from the threatned fire. *Exit.*

1. *Beld.* Heauen be as chary of your Highneſſe life,
As we of *Danae's* honour. Now if ſhee bee a right woman, ſhee will haue a mind onely to looſe that, which her father hath ſuch care to keepe. There is a thing that commonly ſtickes vnder a womans ſtomacke.

2. *Beld.* What do we talking of things? there muſt be no meddling with things in this place, come let vs ſet our watch, and take our lodgings before the Princeſſe chamber. *Exit.*

Enter Iupiter *like a Pedler, the Clowne his man, with packs at their backes.*

Iup. Sirrah, now I haue ſworne you to ſecrecy attend your charge.

Clow. Charge me to the mouth, and till you giue fire I'l not of.

Iup. Thou know'ſt I haue ſtuft my packe with rich iewels, to purchaſe one iewell worth all theſe.

Clowne. If your pretious ſtones were ſet in that Iewell it would be braue wearing.

Iup. If we get entrance, ſooth me vp in all things: & if I haue recourſe to the Princeſſe, if at any time thou ſeeſt me whiſper to her, find ſome tricke or other to blinde the Beldams eyes.

Clow. Shee that hath the beſt eyes of them all, I haue a trick to make her noſe ſtand in her light.

Iup. No more K. *Iupiter* but goodman Pedler, remember that.

Clow. I haue my memorandums about mee. As I can beare a packe, ſo I can beare a braine, & now I

talke of a packe, though I know not of the death of any of your freinds, I am ſorry for your heauineſſe.

Iup. Loue and my hopes doe make my loade ſeeme light,
This wealth I will vnburthen in the purchaſe
Of yon rich beauty. Prethee ring the bell.

Clow. Nay do you take the rope in your hand for lucke ſake. The morall is, becauſe you ſhall ring all-in.

He rings the bell, Enter the 4 Beldams.

Iup. I care not if I take thy counſell.

1. *Beld.* To the gate, to the gate, and know who 'tis ere you open.

2. *Beld.* I learn't that in my youth, ſtill to know who knockt before I would open.

Iup. Saue you gentle Matrons: may a man be ſo bold as aske what he may call this rich and ſtately Tower?

3. *Beld.* Thou ſeem'ſt a ſtranger to aske ſuch a queſtion,
For where is not the tower of *Darreine* knowne?

Clow. It may be cal'd the tower of Barren for ought I ſee, for heere is none but are paſt children.

4. *Beld.* This is the rich and famous *Darreine* Tower,
Where King *Acriſius* hath inclof'd his daughter,
The beautious *Danae*, famous through the world
For all perfections.

Iup. Oh then 'tis heere; I here I muſt vnload.
Comming through *Creet*, the great King *Iupiter*
Intreated me to call here at this Tower,
And to deliuer you ſome ſpeciall Iewels,
Of high prif'd worth, for he would haue his bounty
Renown'd through all the earth. Downe with your packe,
For here muſt wee vnload.

1. *Beld.* Iewels to vs?

2. *Beld.* And from *Iupiter*?

Iup. Now gold proue thy true vertue. Thou canſt all things and therefore this.

3. *Beld.* Comes he with preſents, and ſhall he vnpacke at the gate? nay come into the Porters lodge good Pedlers.

Clowne. That Lady hath ſome manners, ſhee hath bene well brought vp I warrant her.

4. *Beld.* And I can tell thee pedler, thou haſt that curteſy that neuer any man found but the King *Acriſius*.

Iup. You ſhall be well paid for your curteſy,
Here's firſt for you, for you, for, for you, for you.

1. *Beld.* Rare!

2. *Beld.* Admirable!

3. *Beld.* The beſt that ere I ſaw!

4. *Beld.* I'l run and ſhew mine to my Lady.

1. *Beld.* Shut the gate for feare the King come, and if he ring clap the Pedlers into ſome of yon old rotten corners. And hath K. *Iupiter* bene at all this coſt? hee's a courteous Prince, & bountifull. Keepe you the pedler company, my Lady ſhall ſee mine too.

Iup. Meane you the Princeſſe *Danae*? I haue tokens from *Iupiter* to her too.

1. *Bel.* Runne, runne, you that haue the beſt legges, and tell my Lady. But haue you any more of the ſame?

Clowne. Haue we quoth he? We haue things about vs, wee haue not ſhewed yet, and that euery one muſt not ſee, would make thoſe few teeth in your head to water, I would haue you thinke, I haue ware too as well as my Mayſter.

Enter in ſtate Danae *with the Beldams, looking vpon three ſeuerall iewels.*

1. *Bel.* Yonder's my Lady. Nay neuer bee abaſht Pedler, There's a face will become thy iewels,

as well as any face in *Creet* or *Arges* either. Now your token.

Iup. I haue loſt it. Tis my heart, beauty of Angels,
Thou art o're matcht, earth may contend with heauen,
Nature thou haſt to make one compleate creature
Cheated euen all mortality. This face
Hath rob'd the morning of her bluſh, the lilly
Of her blanch't whitnes, and like theft committed
Vpon my ſoule : ſhee is all admiration.
But in her eyes I ne're ſaw perfect luſtre.
There is no treaſure upon earth but yonder.
Shee is ! (oh I ſhall looſe my ſelfe)

Clowne. Nay Sir, take heed you be not ſmelt out.

Iupi. I am my ſelfe againe.

Dan. Did hee beſtow theſe freely ? *Danae's* guard
Are much indebted to King *Iupiter.*
If he haue ſtore wee'l buy ſome for our vſe,
And wearing. They are wondrous beautifull,
Where's the man that brought them ?

1. *Beld.* Here forſooth Lady, hold vp your head and bluſh not, my Lady will not hurt thee, I warrant thee.

Iup. This iewell Madam did King *Iupiter*
Command me to leaue heere for *Danae.*
Are you ſo ſti'ld ?

Danae. If ſent to *Danae,*
'Tis due to me. And would the King of *Creet,*
Knew with what gratitude we take his gift.

Iup. Madame he ſhall. Sirrah ſet ope your pack,
And what the Ladies like let them take freely.

Dan. Much haue I heard of his renowne in armes,
His generouſneſſe, his vertues, and his fulneſſe
Of all that Nature can bequeath to man.
His bounty I now taſt, and I could wiſh,
Your eare were his, that I might let him know
What intereſt he hath in me to command.

Iup. His eare is myne, let me command you then.
Behold I am the *Cretan*, *Iupiter*,
That rate your beauty aboue all theſe gems,
What cannot loue, what dares not loue attempt?
Deſpight *Acriſius* and his armed guards,
Hether my loue hath brought me to receiue
Or life or death from you, onely from you.

Dan. We are amaz'd, and the large difference
Betwixt your name and habite, breeds in vs
Feare and diſtruſt. Yet if I cenſure freely
I needes muſt thinke that face and perſonage
Was ne're deriu'd from baſeneſſe. And the ſpirit
To venture and to dare to court a Queene
I cannot ſtile leſſe then to be a Kings.
Say that we grant you to be *Iupiter*,
What thence inferre you?

Iup. To loue *Iupiter.*

Dan. So far as *Iupiter* loues *Danae's* honour,
So farre will *Danae* loue *Iupiter.*

2. *Beld.* We waight well vpon my Lady.

Iup. Madam you haue not ſeene a cleere ſtone,
For colour or for quickneſſe. (*ſweete your eare.*

Dan. Beware your ruine, if yon Beldams heare.

Iup. Sirra ſhew all your wares, and let thoſe Ladies beſt pleaſe themſelues.

Clowne. Not all at theſe yeares. I ſpy his knauery. Now would he haue mee keepe them buſied, whilſt he courts the Lady.

3. *Beld.* Doth my Lady want nothing?

Shee lookes backe.

Clown. As for example, heer's a ſiluer bodkin, this is to remoue dandriffe, and digge about the roots of your ſiluer-hair'd furre. This is a tooth-picker, but you hauing no teeth, heere is for you a corrall to rub your gums. This is cal'd a Maske,

1. *Beld.* Gramarcy for this, this is good to hide my wrinckles, I neuer ſee of theſe afore.

Clown. Then you haue one wrinckle more behinde.

You that are dim ey'd put this pittiful ſpectacle vpon your noſe.

Iup. As I am ſonne of *Saturne*, you haue wrong
To be coop't vp within a priſon ſtrong.
Your father like a miſer cloyſters you,
But to ſaue coſt: hee's loth to pay your dower,
And therefore keepes you in this brazen Tower.
What are you better to be beautifull,
When no mans eye can come to cenſure it?
What are ſweet cates vntaſted? gorgeous clothes
Vnworne? or beauty not beheld? yon Beldams
With all the furrowes in their wrinkled fronts
May claime with you like worth; ey and compare.
For eye to cenſure you none can, none dare.

Dan. All this is true.

Iup. Oh thinke you I would lye
(With any ſaue *Danae*.) Let me buy
This iewell, your bright loue, though rated higher
Then Gods can giue, or men in prayers deſire.

Dan. You couet that, which ſaue the Prince of *Creet*
None dares.

Iup. That ſhewes how much I loue you (ſweet)
I come this beauty, this rare face to ſaue,
And to redeeme it from this brazen graue.
Oh do not from mans eye this beauty skreene,
Theſe rare perfections, which no earthly Queene
Enioyes ſaue you: 'twas made to be admir'd.
The Gods, the Fates, and all things haue conſpir'd
With *Iupiter*, this priſon to inuade,
And bring it forth to that for which 'twas made.
Loue *Iupiter*, whoſe loue with yours ſhall meet,
And hauing borne you hence, make at your feet
Kings lay their crownes, & mighty Emperours kneele:
Oh had you but a touch of what I feele,
You would both love and pitty.

Dan. Both I do.
But all things hinder, yet were *Danae* free,
She could affect the *Cretan*.

Iup. Now by thee
(For what I moſt affect, by that I ſweare)
I from this priſon will bright *Danae* beare,
And in thy chamber will this night faſt ſeale
This couenant made.

Dan. Which *Danae* muſt repeale.

Iup. You ſhall not, by this kiſſe.

1. *Beld.* Tis good to haue an eye.
(*She lookes backe.*)

Clown. Your noſe hath not had theſe ſpectacles on yet.

Dan. Oh *Iupiter.*

Iup. Oh *Danae.*

Dan. I muſt hence:
For if I ſtay, I yeeld: Il'e hence, no more.

Iup. Expect me for I come.

Dan. Yon is my doore,
Dare not to enter there. I will to reſt.
Attendance.

Iup. Come I will.

Dan. You had not beſt. *Exit Danae.*

2. *Beld.* My Lady calls. Wee haue trifled the night till bed-time. Some attend the Princeſſe: others ſee the Pedlers pack't out of the gate.

Clown. Will you thruſt vs out to ſeeke our lodging at Midnight. We haue paid for our lodging, a man would thinke, we might haue laine cheaper in any Inne in *Arges*?

Iup. This caſtle ſtands remote, no lodging neere,
Spare vs but any corner here below,
Bee't but the Inner porch, or the leaſt ſtaire-caſe,
And we'l begone as early as you pleaſe.

2. *Beld.* Conſider all things, we haue no reaſon to deny that. What need we feare? alas they are but Pedlars, and the greateſt Prince that breathes would be aduis'd ere he durſt preſume to court the princeſſe *Danae.*

1. *Beld.* He court a princeſſe? hee lookes not with the face. Well pedlers, for this night take a nap vpon

ſome bench or other, and in the morning be ready to take thy yard in thy hand to meaſure me ſome ſtuffe, and ſo to be gone before day. Well, good-night, we muſt attend our princeſſe.

Iup. Gold and reward, thou art mighty, and haſt power
O're aged, yong, the fooliſh, and the wiſe,
The chaſte, and wanton, fowle, and beautifull:
Thou art a God on earth, and canſt all things.

Clown. Not all things, by your leaue. All the gold in Creete cannot get one of yon old Crones with childe. But ſhall we go ſleepe?

Iup. Sleep thou, for I muſt wake for *Danae.*
Hence cloud of baſeneſſe, thou haſt done inough
To bleare yon Beldams. When I next appeare
Hee puts off his diſguiſe.
To yon bright Goddeſſe, I will ſhine in gold,
Deck't in the high Imperiall robes of Creet,
And on my head the wreath of Maieſty:
For Ornament is a preuailing thing,
And you bright Queene I'le now court like a King.
Exit.

Enter the foure old Beldams, drawing out Danae's *bed: ſhe in it. They place foure tapers at the foure corners.*

Dan. Command our Eunuch's with their pleaſing'ſt tunes
To charme our eyes to reſt. Leaue vs all, leaue vs.
The God of dreames hath with his downy fanne
Swept or'e our eye-lids, and ſits heauy on them.

1. *Bel.* Hey-ho, Sleepe may enter in at my mouth, if he be no bigger then a two-peny-loaſe.

Dan. Then to your chambers, & let wakeleſſe ſlumbers
Charme you in depth of ſilence and repoſe.

All. Good night to thee faire *Danae.*

Dan. Let muſick through this brazen fortreſſe found
Till all our hearts in depth of ſleepe be drown'd.

Enter Iupiter *crown'd with his Imperiall Robes.*

Iup. Silence that now hath empire through the world
Expreſſe thy power and Princedome. Charming ſleepe
Deaths yonger brother, ſhew thy ſelfe as ſtill-leſſe
As death himſelfe. None ſeeme this night to liue,
Saue *Ioue* and *Danae.* But that Goddeſſe wonne
Giue them new life breath'd with the morning ſunne,
Yon is the doore, that in forbidding me
She bad me enter. Womens tongues and hearts
Haue different tunes: for where they moſt deſire,
Their hearts cry on, when their tongues bid retire.
Al's whiſt, I heare the ſnorting Beldams breathe
Soundneſſe of ſleepe, none wakes ſaue Loue and we
Yon bright impriſoned beauty to ſet free.
Oh thou more beauteous in thy nakedneſſe
Then ornament can adde to——
How ſweetly doth ſhe breath? how well become
Imaginary deadneſſe? But Il'e wake her
Vnto new life. This purchaſe I muſt win,
Heauens gates ſtand ope, and *Iupiter* will in.
Danae? *He lyes vpon her bed.*

Dan. Who's that?

Iup. 'Tis I, K. *Iupiter.*

Dan. What meane you Prince? how dare you enter here?
Knowing if I but call, your life is doom'd,
And all Creetes treaſure cannot guard your perſon.

Iup. You tell me now how much I rate your beauty,
Which to attaine, I caſt my life behinde me,
As lou'd much leſſe then you.

Dan. Il'e loue you too,
Would you but leaue me.

Iup. Repentance I'd not buy
At that high rate, ten thouſand times to dye.
You are mine owne, ſo all the Fates haue ſed.

And by their guidance come I to your bed.
The night, the time, the place, and all conſpire
To make me happy in my long deſire.
Acriſius eyes are charm'd in golden ſleepe,
Thoſe Beldams that were plac't your bed to keepe,
All drown'd in Lethe (ſaue your downy bed,
White ſhetes, and pillow where you reſt your head)
None heares or ſees; and what can they deuiſe,
When they (heauen knowes) haue neither eares nor eyes.

Dan. Beſhrow you ſir, that for your amorous pleaſure
Could thus ſort all things, perſon, place, and leaſure.
Exclaime I could, and a loud vproare keepe,
But that you ſay the Crones are all a ſleepe:
And to what purpoſe ſhould I raiſe ſuch feare,
My voyce being ſoft, they faſt, and cannot heare?

Iup. They are deafe in reſt, then gentle ſweet ly further,
If you ſhould call, I thus your voyce would murther,
And ſtrangle with my kiſſes.

Dan. Kiſſes, tuſh.
I'le ſinke into my ſheetes, for I ſhall bluſh.
I'le diue into my bed.

Iup. And I behind?
No: wer't the Ocean, ſuch a gemme to find,
I would diue after.

Iupiter *puts out the lights and makes vnready.*

Dan. Good my Lord forbeare
What do you meane? (oh heauen) is no man neere,
If you will needs, for modeſties chaſt law,
Before you come to bed, the curtaines draw,
But do not come, you ſhall not by this light,
If you but offer't, I ſhall cry out right.
Oh God, how hoarſe am I, and cannot? fie
Danae thus naked and a man ſo nye.
Pray leaue me ſir: he makes vnready ſtill,
Well I'le euen winke, and then do what you will.

The bed is drawne in, and enter the Clowne new wak't.

Clowne. I would I were out of this tower of Braſſe, & from all theſe brazen fac't Beldams: if we ſhould fall aſleepe, and the King come and take vs napping, where were we? My Lord ſtaies long, & the night growes ſhort, the thing you wot of hath coſt him a ſimple ſort of Iewels. But if after all this coſt, the thing you wot of would not do: If the pedler ſhould ſhew himſelfe a pidler, he hath brought his hogs to a faire market. Fye vpon it, what a ſnorting forward and backeward theſe Beldams keep? But let them ſleepe on, ſome in the houſe I am ſure are awake, and ſtirring too, or I miſſe my aime. Well, here muſt I ſit and waite the good howre, till the gate be open, and ſuffer my eyes to do that, which I am ſure my cloake neuer will, that is, to take nap. *Exit.*

Enter Iupiter *and* Danae *in her night-gowne.*

Danae. Alaſſe my Lord I neuer lou'd till now,
And will you leaue me?
Iup. Beauteous Queene I muſt,
But thus condition'd; to returne againe,
With a ſtrong army to redeeme you hence,
In ſpight of *Arges*, and *Acriſius*,
That doom's you to this bondage.
Danae. Then fare-well.
No ſooner meete but part? Remember me:
For you great Prince I neuer ſhall forget!
I feare you haue left too ſure a token with me
Of your remembrance.
Iup. *Danae*, be't a ſonne,
It ſhall be ours when we haue *Arges* wonne.
Danae. But ſhould you faile?
Iup. I ſooner ſhould forget
My name, my ſtate, then faile to pay this debt,
The day-ſtarre 'gins t' appeare, the Beldams ſtir,
Ready t' vnlocke the gate, faire Queene adue.

Dan. All men proue falſe, if *Ioue* be found vn-
true. *Exit.*

Iup. My man?

Clown. My Lord.

Iup. Some cloud to couer mee, throw or'e my
ſhoulders
Some ſhadow for this ſtate, the Crones are vp,
And waite t' vnpriſon vs, nay quickly fellow.

Clow. Here My Lord, caſt your old cloake about
you.

Enter the foure Beldams in haſt.

1. *Beld.* Where be theſe Pedlers? nay quickly, for heauen ſake: the gate is open, nay when? fare-well my honeſt friends, and do our humble duties to the great King *Iupiter.*

Iup. King *Iupiter* ſhall know your gratitude, Fare-
well.

2. *Beld.* Nay, when I ſay fare-well, fare-well.

Clow. Farewell good Miniuers.

Exeunt diuers waies.

ACTUS. 5. Scæn. 1.

Enter Homer.

Hom. Faire *Danae* doth his richeſt Iewell weare.
That ſonne of whom the Oracle foretold
Which coſt both mother and the grand-ſire deare
Whoſe fortunes further leaſure ſhall vnfold:
Thinke *Iupiter* return'd to *Creet* in haſt,
To leuy armes for *Danaes* free releaſe,
(But hindred) till the time be fully paſt,
For *Saturne* once more will diſturbe his peace.

A dumbe ſhew. Enter King Troos *and* Ganimed *with attendents, To him,* Saturne *makes ſuite for aide, ſhewes the King his models, his inuentions, his ſeuerall mettals, at the ſtrangneſſe of which King* Troos *is moued, cals for drum, and collors, and marches with* Saturne.

The exil'd *Saturne* by King *Troos* is aided,
Troos that gaue *Troy* her name, and there raigned King,
Creet by the helpe of *Ganimed's* inuaded,
Euen at that time when *Ioue* ſhould ſuccors bring
To reſcue *Danae*, and that warlike power,
Muſt now his natiue Teritories guard,
Which ſhould haue brought her from the brazen tower,
(For to that end his forces were prepar'd)
We grow now towards our port and wiſhed bay,
Gentles your loue, and *Homer* cannot ſtray.

Enter Neptune *and* Pluto.

Nep. Whence are theſe warlike preparations,
Made by the King our brother.
Plu. 'Tis giuen out,
To conquer *Arges*. But my ſiſter *Iuno*
Suſpects ſome amorous purpoſe in the King?
Nep. And blame her not, the faire *Europaes* rape,
Brought from *Ægenor*, and the *Cadmian* rape,
Io the daughter of old *Inachus*,
Deflour'd by him; the louely *Semele*,
Faire *Leda* daughter to King *Tyndarus*
With many more, may breed a iuſt ſuſpect,
Nor hath hee ſpar'd faire *Ceres* Queene of Graine,
Who bare to him the bright *Proſerpina*.
Such ſcapes may breed iuſt feares, & what knowes ſhee
But theſe are to ſurpriſe faire *Danae*.

Sound. Enter Iupiter, Archas, *with drum and ſouldiers.*

Iup. Arme royall brothers, *Creet's* too ſmall an Ile,
To comprehend our greatneſſe, we muſt adde
Arges and *Greece* to our Dominions.
And all the petty Kingdomes of the earth,
Shall pay their homage vnto *Saturnes* ſonne,
This day wee'l take a muſter of our forces,
And forward make for *Arges.*
Archas. All *Archadia*
Aſſemble to this purpoſe.
Iup. Then ſet on.
The Eagle in our enſigne wee'l diſplay,
Ioue and his fortunes guide vs in our way.

Enter King Melliſeus.

Melli. Whether intends the King this warlike march?
Iup. For *Arges* and *Acriſius.*
Melli. Rather guard,
Your natiue confines, ſee vpon your Coaſt,
Saturne with thirty thouſand Troians landed
And in his aid King *Troos* and *Ganimed.*
Iup. In neuer worſe time could the Tyrant come
Then now, to breake my faith with *Danae.*
Oh beauteous loue, I feare *Acriſius* ire
Will with ſeuereſt cenſure chaſtice thee,
And thou wilt deeme me faithleſſe and vnkinde
For promiſe-breach, (but what we muſt we muſt)
Come valiant Lords, wee'l firſt our owne defend
Ere againſt forreine climes our arme extend.

Sownd. Enter with drum and colours, King Troos, Saturne, Ganimed, with other Lords and attendants.

Sat. Degenerate boyes, baſe baſtards, not my ſonnes,

Behold the death we threatned in your Cradles
We come to giue you now. See here King *Troos*
In pitty of depoſed *Saturnes* wrongs,
Is come in perſon to chaſtice your pride,
And be the heauens relentleſſe Iuſticer.
Iup. Not againſt *Saturne* as a Father, we,
But as a murderer, lift our oppoſite hands.
Nature and heauen giues vs this priuiledge,
To guard our liues gainſt tyrants and inuaders,
That claime we, as we're men, we would but liue:
Then take not from vs, what you cannot giue.
Tro. Where hath not *Saturns* fame abrode bene ſpred
For many vſes he hath giuen to man;
As Nauigation, Tillage, Archery,
Weapons and gold? yet you for all theſe vſes
Depriue him of his kingdome.
Plut. We but ſaue
Our Innocent bodies from th' abortiue graue.
Nep. We are his ſonnes, let *Saturne* be content
To let vs keepe what Heauen and Nature lent.
Gani. Thoſe filiall duties you ſo much forget
We come to teach you. Royall Kings to armes,
Giue *Ganimed* the onſet of this battell,
That being a ſonne knowes how to lecture them,
And chaſtice their tranſgreſſions.
Sat. *Ganimed*,
It ſhall be ſo, powre out your ſpleene and rage
On our proud Iſſue. Let the thirſty ſoyle
Of barren *Creet* quaffe their degenerate blouds,
And ſurfeit in their ſinnes. All *Saturnes* hopes
And fortunes are ingag'd vpon this day.
It is our laſt, and all, bee't our endeuour
To win't for ay, or elſe to looſe it euer.

Alarme. *The battels ioyne, the Troians are repul'ſt.*

Enter Troos *and* Saturne.

Tro. Our Troians are repul'ſt, wher's *Ganimed*?

Sat. Amid'ſt the throng of weapons, acting wonders.
Twice did I call alowd to haue him flye,
And twice he ſwore he had vow'd this day to dye.
Troos. Let's make vp to his reſcue.
Sat. Tuſh, tis vaine.
To ſeeke to ſaue him we ſhall looſe our ſelues.
The day is loſt, and *Ganimed* loſt too
Without diuine aſſiſtance. Hye my Lord
Vnto your ſhippes, no ſafety liues a land,
Euen to the Oceans margent we are purſu'd,
Then ſaue your ſelfe by ſea.
Troos. Creet thou haſt wonne
My thirty thouſand Souldiers, and my Sonne,
Come, let's to ſea. *Exit.*
Sat. To ſea muſt *Saturne* too,
To whom all good ſtarres are ſtill oppoſite.
My Crowne I firſt bought with my infants bloud,
Not long enioy'd, till *Tytan* wreſted it;
Re-purchaſt, and re-loſt by *Iupiter*.
Theſe horrid miſchiefes that haue crown'd our brows,
Haue bred in vs ſuch ſtrange diſtemprature,
That we are growne deiected and forlorne.
Our bloud is chang'd to Inke, our haires to quils,
Our eyes halfe buried in our quechy plots.
Conſumptions and cold agues haue deuour'd
And eate vp all our fleſh, leauing behinde
Nought ſaue the Image of deſpaire and death:
And *Saturne* ſhall to after ages be
That ſtarre, that ſhall infuſe dull melancholy.
To Italy I'le flye, and there abide,
Till diuine powers my place aboue prouide. *Exit.*

Alarme. Enter Ganimed *compaſt in with ſoldiers, to them* Iupiter, Neptune, Pluto, Archas, Melliſeus.

Iup. Yeeld noble Troian, ther's not in the field
One of thy Nation lifts a hand ſaue thee.
Gani. Why that's my honour, when alone I ſtand

Gainſt thee and all the forces of thy land.
Iup. I loue thy valour, and would woo thy friendſhip,
Go freely where thou wilt, and ranſomleſſe.
Gan. Why that's no gift: I am no priſoner,
And therefore owe no ranſome, hauing breath,
Know I haue vow'd to yeeld to none ſaue death.
Iup. I wiſh thee nobly Troian, and ſince fauour
Cannot attaine thy love, I'le try concluſions,
And ſee if I can purchaſe it with blowes.
Gan. Now ſpeak'ſt thou like the nobleſt of my foes.
Iup. Stand all a-part, and Princes girt vs round.
Gan. I loue him beſt, whoſe ſtrokes can lowdeſt ſound.

Alarme, they fight, and looſing their weapons embrace.

Iup. I haue thee, and will keep thee.
Gan. Not as priſoner.
Iup. A priſoner to my loue, elſe thou art free,
My boſome friend, for ſo I honour thee.
Gan. I am conquer'd both by Armes and Courteſie.
Nept. The day is ours, *Troos* and K. *Saturn's* fled,
And *Iupiter* remaines ſole conquerour.
Plu. Peace with her golden wings houers ore *Creet*,
Frighting hence diſcord and remorſleſſe warre:
Will *Iupiter* make up for *Arges* now?
Mell. Winter drawes on, the ſea's vn-nauigable,
To tranſport an Army. There attends without
A Lord of *Arges*.
Iup. Bring him to our preſence.

Enter Arges.

How ſtands it with the beauteous *Danae*?
Arg. L. As one diſtreſt by Fate, and miſerable.

Of K. *Acriſius*, and his Fort of braſſe,
Danaes incloſure, and her Beldam guard,
Who but hath heard? yet through theſe braſen walles
Loue hath broke in, and made the maide a mother
Of a faire ſonne, which when *Acriſius* heard,
Her female guard vnto the fier hee doomes,
His daughter, and the infant prince her ſonne,
He puts into a maſtles boat to ſea,
To proue the rigor of the ſtormy waues.
Iup. *Acriſius*, *Arges*, and the world ſhall know
Ioue hath beene wrong'd in this: her further fortunes
Canſt thou relate?
Arges L. I can. As farre as Naples
The friendly winds her maſtleſſe boat tranſports,
There ſuccourd by a curteous Fiſher-man
Shee's firſt releeu'd, and after that preſented
To King *Pelonnus*, who at this time reignes:
Who rauiſht with her beauty, crownes her Queene,
And deckes her with th' Imperiall robes of ſtate.
Iup. What we haue ſcanted is ſupply'd by fate.
Here then ceaſe Armes, and now court amorous peace
With ſolemne triumphes, and deere *Ganimed*,
Be henceforth cal'd The friend of *Iupiter*.
And if the Fates hereafter crowne our browes
With diuine honours, as we hope they ſhall,
Wee'l ſtyle thee by the name of *Cup-bearer*,
To fill vs heauenly Nectar, as faire *Hebe*
Shall do the like to *Iuno* our bright Queene.
Here end the pride of our mortality.
Opinion, that makes Gods, muſt ſtyle vs higher.
The next you ſee vs, we in ſtate muſt ſhine,
Eternized with honours more diuine. *Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Homer.

Homer. Of *Danae Perſeus* was that night begot,
Perſeus that fought with the *Gorgonian* ſhield,
Whoſe fortunes to purſue Time ſuffers not.

For that, we haue prepar'd an ampler field.
Likewiſe how *Ioue* with faire *Alcmena* lay :
Of *Hercules*, and of his famous deeds :
How *Pluto* did faire *Proſerpine* betray :
Of theſe my Muſe (now trauel'd) next proceedes.
Yet to keepe promiſe, ere we further wade,
The ground of ancient Poems you ſhall ſee :
And how theſe (firſt borne mortall) Gods were made,
By vertue of diuineſt Poeſie.
The Fates, to whom the Heathen yeeld all power,
Whoſe doomes are writ in marble, to endure,
Haue ſummon'd *Saturnes* three ſonnes to their Tower,
To them the three Dominions to aſſure
Of Heauen, of Sea, of Hell. How theſe are ſcand,
Let none decide but ſuch as vnderſtand.

Sound a dumbe ſhew. Enter the three fatall ſiſters, with a rocke, a threed, and a paire of ſheeres ; bringing in a Gloabe, in which they put three lots. Iupiter *drawes heauen : at which* Iris *deſcends and preſents him with his Eagle, Crowne and Scepter, and his thunder-bolt.* Iupiter *firſt aſcends vpon the Eagle, and after him* Ganimed.

To *Iupiter* doth high *Olimpus* fall,
Who thunder and the triſulke lightning beares.
Dreaded of all the reſt in generall :
He on a Princely Eagle mounts the Spheares.

Sound. Neptune *drawes the Sea, is mounted vpon a ſea-horſe, a Roabe and Trident, with a crowne are given him by the Fates.*

Neptune is made the Lord of all the Seas,
His Mace a Trident, and his habite blew.
Hee can make Tempeſts, or the waues appeaſe,
And vnto him the Sea-men are ſtill true.

Sound, Thunder and Tempeſt. Enter at 4 *ſeuerall corners the* 4 *winds :* Neptune *riſeth diſturb'd : the*

Fates bring the 4 *winds in a chaine, & prefent them to Æolus, as their King.*

And for the winds, theſe brothers that ſtill warre,
Should not diſturbe his Empire, the three Fates
Bring them to *Æolus*, chain'd as they are,
To be inclof'd in caues with brazen gates.

Sound. Pluto *drawes hell: the Fates put vpon him a burning Roabe, and prefent him with a Mace, and burning crowne.*

Pluto's made Emperour of the Ghoſts below.
Where with his black guard he in darknes raignes,
Commanding hell, where Styx and Lethe flow,
And murderers are hang'd vp in burning chaines.
But leauing theſe: to your iudiciall ſpirits
I muſt appeale, and to your wonted grace,
To know from you what ey-leſſe *Homer* merits,
Whom you haue power to baniſh from this place,
But if you ſend me hence vncheckt with feare,
Once more I'l dare vpon this Stage t'appeare.

FINIS.

THE

SILVER AGE,

INCLVDING

The loue of *Iupiter* to *Alcmena*:
The birth of *Hercules*.

AND

The Rape of PROSERPINE.

CONCLVDING,

With the Arraignement of the Moone.

Written by THOMAS HEYVVOOD.

Aut prodeſſe ſolent aut delectare.

LONDON,
Printed by *Nicholas Okes*, and are to be ſolde by *Beniamin Lightfoote* at his Shop at the vpper end of *Graies Inne-lane* in *Holborne*.
1613.

SILVER AGE

THE

To the Reader.

LEt not the Title of this booke I entreate bee any weakening of his worth, in the generall opinion. Though wee begunne with *Gold*, follow with *Siluer*, proceede with *Braſſe*, and purpoſe by Gods grace, to end with *Iron*. I hope the declining Titles ſhall no whit blemiſh the reputation of the Workes: but I rather truſt that as thoſe Mettals decreaſe in valew, ſo *è contrario*, their books ſhall encreaſe in ſubſtance, weight, and eſtimation. In this we haue giuen *Hercules* birth and life: In the next wee ſhall lend him honour and death. Courteous Reader, it hath bene my ſerious labour, it now onely attends thy charitable cenſure.

Thine,

T. H.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

HOMER.

Acriſius.
Pretus.
Bellerophon.
Perſeus.
Danaus.
Iupiter.
Ganimed.
Amphitrio.
Socia.
Euriſteus.
Hercules.
Theſeus.
Perithous.
Philoctetes.
Mercury.
Triton.
Pluto.
Cerberus.
Rhadamantus.
Aſculaphus.

Q. Aurea.
Andromeda.
Alcmena.
Iuno.
Iris.
Galantis.
Hypodamia.
Ceres.
Proſerpine.
Semele.
Tellus.
Arethuſa.
A Guard.
2. *Captaines.*
6. *Centaures.*
Seruingmen.
Swaines.
Theban Ladies.
The ſeuen Planets.
Furies.

The Siluer Age.

Actus I. *Scœna* I.

Enter HOMER.

SInce moderne Authors, moderne things haue trac't,
Serching our Chronicles from end to end,
And all knowne Hiſtories haue long bene grac't,
Bootleſſe it were in them our time to ſpend
To iterate tales oftentimes told ore,
Or ſubiects handled by each common pen;
In which euen they that can but read (no more)
Can poynt before we ſpeake, how, where, and when
We haue no purpoſe: *Homer* old and blinde,
Of eld, by the beſt iudgements tearm'd diuine,
That in his former labours found you kinde,
Is come the ruder cenſures to refine:
And to vnlocke the Casket long time ſhut,
Of which none but the learned keepe the key,
Where the rich Iewell (*Poeſie*) was put.
She that firſt ſearch't the Heauens, Earth, Ayre, and Sea.
We therefore begge, that ſince ſo many eyes,
And ſeuerall iudging wits muſt taſte our ſtile,
The learn'd will grace, the ruder not deſpiſe:

Since what we do, we for their vſe compile.
Why ſhould not *Homer*, he that taught in *Greece*,
Vnto this iudging Nation lend like skill.
And into *England* bring that golden Fleece,
For which his country is renowned ſtill.
The *Golden* paſt, *The Siluer age* begins
In *Iupiter*, whoſe ſonne of *Danae* borne,
We firſt preſent, and how *Acriſius* ſinnes
Were puniſh't for his cruelty and ſcorne.
We enter where we left, and ſo proceed,
(Your fauour ſtill, for that muſt helpe at need)

Alarme. *Enter with victory, K. Pretus, Bellerophon, bringing in K. Acriſius priſoner, drum and colours.*

Pretus. Now you that truſted to your *Darreine* ſtrength,
The brazen tower that earſt inclos'd thy childe,
Stand'ſt at our grace, a captiue, and we now
Are *Arges* King, where thou vſurp'ſt ſo late.
Acriſius. Tis not thy power King *Pretus*, but our rigor
Againſt my daughter, and the Prince her ſonne,
(Thus puniſh't by the heauens) haue made thee victor.
Pretus. Twas by thy valor, braue *Bellerophon*,
That took'ſt *Acriſius* priſoner hand to hand.
Beller. The duty of a ſeruice and a ſeruant
I haue expreſt to *Pretus*.
Pretus. By thy valor.
We reigne ſole King of *Arges*, where our brother
Hath tyrannis'd, and now theſe brazen walles,
Built to immure a faire and innocent maide,
Shall be thine owne Iayle. Gyue his legges in Irons,
Till we determine further of his death.
Acriſius. Oh *Danae*, when I rude and pittileſſe
Threw thee with thy yong infant, to the mercy
Of the rough billowes, in a maſtleſſe boat,

I then incur'd this vengeance. *Iupiter*,
Whoſe father in thoſe bleſt and happy dayes
I ſcorn'd to be, or ranke him in my line,
Hath chaſtis'd me for my harſh cruelty.
Pretus. We are *Ioues* rod, and we will execute
The doome of heauen with all ſeuerity :
Such mercy as thy guardian Beldams had,
(Who for the loue of *Danae* felt the fire)
Thou ſhalt receiue from vs. Away with him.

Acriſius *is led bound, and enters* Q. Aurea.

Aur. Why doth K. *Pretus* lead his brother bound,
And keepe a greater foe in liberty?
This, this, thou moſt vnchaſt *Bellerophon*,
And canſt thou bluſhleſſe gaze me in the face?
Whom thou ſo lately didſt attempt to force,
Or front the Prince thy maiſter with ſuch impudence,
Whoſe reuerent bed thou haſt practis'd to defile.
Beller. Madame, my Lord.
Aurea. Heare not th'adulterers tongue,
Who though he had not power to charme mine eares,
Yet may inchaunt thine.
Pretus. Beauteous *Aurea*,
If I can proue by witneſſe that rude practiſe,
His life and tortures Il'e commit to thee.
Aurea. What greater witneſſe then Q. *Aurea's* teares?
Or why ſhould I hate you *Bellerophon*,
That (ſaue this practiſe) neuer did me wrong?
Beller. Oh woman, when thou art giuen vp to ſin
And ſhameleſſe luſts, what brazen impudence,
Hardens thy brow?
Aurea. Shall I haue right of him?
Pret. Thou ſhalt: yet let me tell my *Aurea*:
This knight hath ſeru'd me from his infancy,

Beene partner of my breaſt and ſecret thoughts:
His ſword hath beene the guardian of my ſtate,
And by the vertue of his ſtrong right hand,
I am poſſeſt of *Arges.* I could reade thee
A Chronicle of his great ſeruices
Freſh in my thoughts, then giue me leaue to pauſe,
Ere I pronounce ſad ſentence of his death.

Aurea. Grant me my L. but a few priuate words
With this diſſembling hypocrite: Il'e tell him
Such inſtance of his heynous enterpriſe,
Shall make him bluſh, and with efeminate teares,
Publiſh his riotous wrongs againſt your bed.

Pretus. We grant your priuacy.

Aurea. Neare vs *Bellerophon.*

Beller. Oh woman, woman.

Aurea. We are alone, yet wilt thou grant me loue,
Put me in hope, and ſay the time may come,
And my excuſe to *Pretus* ſhall vnſay,
Thefe loud exclaimes, and blanch this *Æthiop* ſcandall,
As white as is thy natiue innocence:
Loue mee, oh loue mee, my *Bellerophon*
I ſigh for thee, I mourne, I die for thee,
Giue me an anſwere ſwift and peremptory;
Gaine by thy grant, life; thy deniall, death.
Wilt thou take time and limite mee ſome hope
By pointing me an houre?

Belleroph. Neuer, oh neuer.
Firſt ſhall the Sun-god in the Ocean quench,
The daies bright fire, and o're the face of heauen
Spread euerlaſting darkneſſe.

Aurea. Say no more.
Dogge, deuill, euen before my husbands face
Darſt court me, *Pretus* canſt thou ſuffer this?
Iniurious Traytor, think'ſt thou my chaſt innocence,
Is to bee mou'd with praiſes, or brib'd by promiſes?
Hath the King hir'd thee to corrupt his bed?

Or is he of that ſlauiſh ſufferance,
Before his face to ſee mee ſtrumpeted?
Pretus, by heauen, and all the Gods I vow,
To abiure thy preſence, and confine my ſelfe
To laſting widdow-hood, vnleſſe with rigor
Thou chaſtice this falſe groome.
Pretus. Bellerophon
Thou haſt preſum'd too much vpon our loue,
And made too ſlight account of our high power
In which thy life or death is circumſcrib'd.
Beller. My Lord, I ſhould tranſgreſſe a Subiects duty,
To lay the leaſt groſſe imputation
Vpon the Queene, my beauteous Souerainteſſe,
And rather then to queſtion her chaſte vertues
I laie my ſelfe ope to the ſtricteſt doome,
My ſeruice hath bene yours, ſo ſhall my life,
I yeeld it to you freely.
Pretus. Aureas teares,
Contend with thy ſuppoſed innocence
And haue the vpper hand: to ſee thee die
My ſetled loue will not endure: but worſe
Then death can bee, we doome thy inſolence;
Go hence an exile, and returne no more
Vpon thy Knight-hood, but expoſe thy ſelfe
Vnto to that monſtrous beaſt of *Cicily*,
Cal'd the *Chimera*, t'hath a Lyons head,
Goats belly, and a poyſonous Dragons traine.
Fight with that beaſt, whom Hoaſts cannot withſtand,
And feede, what Armies cannot ſatisfie.
My doom's irreuocable.
Beller. For all my ſeruice
A faire reward, but by my innocence,
Vertues, and all my honours attributes,
That ſauadge Monſter I will feede, or foile,
Die by his iawes, or bring home honoured ſpoile.
Aurea. Yet, yet, thy body meedes a better graue,
And kill not mee too, whom thy grant may ſaue.

Beller. A thouſand fierce *Chimerae's* firſt I'le
feede,
Ere ſtaine mine honour with that damned deed.
Aurea. Againe to tempt me, hence baſe traytor
flie,
And as thy guilt's meede, by that monſter die.
Pretus. Away with him, 'tis our milde ſufferance
Begets this impudence, come beauteous *Aurea*
Thou ſhalt bee full reuenged, I know him honourable
In this, and will performe that enterpriſe
Which in one death brings many; let vs now
Inioy our conqueſts, hee ſhall ſoone bee dead,
That with baſe ſleights ſought to corrupt our bed.

Enter Perſeus, Andromeda, and Danaus.

Perſeus. There ſtay our ſwift and winged Pegaſus,
And on the flowers of this faire Medow graſe,
Thou that firſt flewſt out of the *Gorgons* bloud,
Whoſe head wee by *Mineruaes* aide par'd off,
And ſince haue fixt it on our Chriſtall ſheild.
This head that had the power to change to ſtone,
All that durſt gaze vpon't; and being plac't here
Retaines that power to whom it is vncac'd:
Hath changed great *Atlas* to a Mount ſo high,
That with his ſhoulders hee ſupports the skie.
Dana. *Perſeus*, great ſonne of *Ioue* and *Danae*,
Famous for your atchieuements through the world
Mineruaes fauorite, Goddeſſe of Wiſedome,
And husband of the ſweete *Andromeda.*
Whom you ſo late from the Sea-monſter freed,
After ſo many deedes of Fame and Honour,
Shall we returne to ſee our mother *Danae*?
Perſeus. Deere brother *Danaus*, the renowned
iſſue
Of King *Pellonus* that in *Naples* raignes,
Where beauteous *Danae* is created Queene,
Thither I'le beare the faire *Andromeda*
To ſee our Princely mother.

Andro. Royall *Perſeus*,
Truely deſcended from the line of Gods,
Since by the ſlaughter of that monſtrous Whale,
You freed me from that rocke where I was fixt
To be deuoured and made the Monſters prey,
And after wonne me from a thouſand hands
By *Phineus* arme, that was my firſt betroathed,
Ingrate were I your fellowſhip to ſhunne
Whom by the force of Armes you twice haue won.

Enter Bellerophon.

Perſeus. Towards *Naples* then, but ſoft, what Knight's that
So paſſionately deiect? Let vs ſalute him,
Whence are you gentle Knight?
Beller. I am of *Arges.*
Perſeus. But your aduenture?
Beller. The infernall Monſter,
Cal'd the *Chimera* bred in *Cicily.*
Perſeus. Thou canſt not ſtake thy life againſt ſuch oddes,
And not be generouſly deriu'd, I *Perſeus*
The ſonne of *Ioue* and *Danae*, offer thee
Aſſiſtance to this noble enterpriſe.
Beller. Are you the noble *Perſeus* whom the world
Crownes with ſuch praiſe and royall hardineſſe?
Fam'd for your winged ſteed, and your *Gorgons* ſheild,
And for releaſe of faire *Andromeda*?
Perſ. Wee *Perſeus* are, and this *Andromeda*,
King *Cepheus* daughter, reſcued by our ſword,
The keene-edged harpe.
Beller. Let me do you honours
Worthy your State, and tell ſuch newes withall
As ſhall diſturbe the quiet of your thoughts,
I am of *Arges* where *Acriſius* raigned.
Perſ. Our Grand-ſire, and raignes ſtill.

Beller. His brother *Pretus*
Hath caſt him both of ſtile and kingdome too,
Nor let *Bellerophon* himſelfe belie,
It was by vertue of this ſtrong right arme
Which he hath thus requited, to expoſe me
Vnto this ſtrange aduenture, the full circumſtance
I ſhall relate at leaſure.

Perſ. Dares King *Pretus*
Depoſe *Acriſius*, knowing *Perſeus* liues?
Guide me faire Knight vnto my place of birth,
Where the great King of *Arges* liues captiu'd,
That I may glaze my harpe in thc bloud
Of Tyrant *Pretus.*

Beller. I am ſworne by oath
To dare the rude *Cycilian* Monſter firſt,
Whom hauing ſlaine, I'le guide you to the reſcue
Of K. *Acriſius.*

Perſeus. Thou haſt fir'd our bloud,
And ſtartled all our ſpirits *Bellerophon*,
Wee'l mount our *Pegaſus*, and through the ayre
Beare thee, vnto that fell *Chimeraes* den:
And in the ſlaughter of that monſtrous beaſt
Aſſiſt thy valour. Thence to *Arges* flye,
Where by our ſword th'vſurper next muſt dye.

Beller. We are proud of your aſſiſtance, and withall
Aſſur'd of Conqueſt.

Perſeus. Faire *Andromeda*,
Danaus ſhall be your guardian towards *Arges*,
Where after this atchieuement we will meet,
To giue our grand-ſire freedome. Come, lets part,
We through the ayre, you towards *Darreine* towre,
Where Tragicke ruine *Pretus* ſhall deuoure. *Exeunt.*

Enter K. Pretus, and Q. Aurea.

Pretus. *Aurea*, we were too haſty in our doome,
To looſe that knight, whoſe arme protected vs,
Whoſe fame kept all our neighbour Kings in awe:

Nor was our ſtate confirm'd, but in his life.
Aurea. Let Traitors periſh, and their plots decay,
And we ſtill by diuine aſſiſtance ſway.
Pretus. But ſay ſome Prince ſhould plot *Acriſius* reſcue,
Inuade great *Arges*, or ſiege *Darreine* tower,
Then ſhould we wiſh *Bellerophon* againe,
To expoſe their fury, and their pride reſtraine.
Aurea. To cut off all theſe feares, cut off *Acriſius*,
Appeare to him a brother full as mercileſſe
As he a cruell father to his childe,
The beauteous *Danae* and her infant ſonne.
Pretus. Onely his ruine muſt ſecure our ſtate,
And he ſhall dye to cut off future claime
Vnto this populous kingdome we enioy.
Our guard, command our captiue brother hither,
Whom we this day muſt ſentence. Oh *Bellerophon*!
Thy wrongs I halfe ſuſpect thy doome: Repent,
Since all thy acts proclaime thee innocent.

Acriſius brought in by the guard.

Guar. Behold the King your brother.
Pretus. We thus ſentence
Thy life *Acriſius*, thou that hadſt the heart
To thruſt thy childe into a maſtleſſe boate;
With a faire hopefull Prince, vnto the fury
And rage of the remorſleſſe windes and waues:
To doome theſe innocent Ladies to the fire,
That were her faultleſſe guardians, the like ſentence
Receiue from vs: We doome thee imminent death
Without delay or pauſe. Beare to the blocke
The tyrant, he that could not vſe his raigne
With clemency, we thus his rage reſtraine.
Acrif. Thou ſhew'ſt thy ſelfe in rigor pittifull,
And full of mercy in thy cruelty,
To take away that life, which to enioy
Were many deaths, hauing my *Danae* loſt

With her ſonne *Perſeus*: hauing loſt my kingdome,
All through the vaine feares of Prophetike ſpelles:
Why ſhould I wiſh a wretched life to ſaue,
That may reſt happy in a peacefull graue?

A flouriſh and a ſhout. Enter a gentleman.

Pre. What ſhout is that? the proiect?
Gentl. Strange and admirable.
Bellerophon and a braue ſtranger knight,
Both crownd in bloud in the *Chimeraes* ſpoyle,
Haue cleft the ayre on a ſwift winged ſteede,
And in your Court alighted; both their ſwords
Bath'd in the Serpents bloud, they brandiſh ſtill,
As if they yet ſome monſter had to kill.
Pretus. *Bellerophon* return'd? Thou haſt amaz'd
vs.

Enter Perſeus, Danaus, *and* Bellerophon, *with* Andromeda. *Kill* Pretus *and* Aurea, *beat away the reſt of the guard.*

Perſeus. One monſter (then the rude *Chimere* more fell)
That's *Pretus*, *Danaes* ſonne muſt ſend to hell.
Pretus. Treaſon. Our guard.
Perſeus. Liues there a man, the tyrant *Pretus* dead,
Saith that the Crowne ſhall not inueſt his head?
All. We all ſtand for the King *Acriſius.*
Perſ. Then by this generall ſuffrage once more raigne,
Since by our hand th'vſurper here lyes ſlaine.
Acriſius. Our hopeleſſe life, and new inueſted ſtate,
Strikes not ſo deepe into *Acriſius* ioyes,
As when he heares the name of *Danaes* ſonne.
Liues *Danae*?

Perſeus. Grand-ſire, thy faire daughter liues
A potent Queene : we *Perſeus* are her ſonne,
This *Danaus* your hopefull grand-childe too :
Nor let me quite forget *Andromeda*,
By *Perſeus* ſword freed from the huge Sea-whale,
And now ingraft into your royall line.
Acrif. Diuide my ſoule amongſt you, and impart
My life, my ſtate, my kingdome, and my heart.
Oh had I *Danae* here, my ioyes to fill,
I truely then ſhould be immortalis'd.
Renowned *Perſeus*, *Danaus* inly deere,
And you bright Lady, faire *Andromeda*,
You are to me a ſtronger ſort of ioy
Then *Darreines* braſſe, which no ſiege can deſtroy.
Dana. My gran-ſires ſight doth promiſe as much bliſſe,
As can *Eliſium*, or thoſe pleaſant fields,
Where the bleſt ſoules inhabite.
Andro. You are to me
As life on earth, in death eternity.
Acriſius. Let none preſume our purpoſe to controwle :
For our decree is like the doome of Gods
Fixt and vnchanging : *Perſeus* we create
Great *Arges* King, crown'd with this wreath of ſtate.
Perſeus. With like applauſe, and ſuffrage ſhall be ſeene,
The faire *Andromeda* crown'd *Arges* Queene.
Acriſius. Onely the *Darreine* tower I ſtill reſerue
In that to pennance me a life retir'd,
And I in that ſhall proue the Oracle.
Faire *Danaes* ſonne inſtated in my throne,
Shall thus confine me to an Arch of ſtone.
There will I liue, attended by my guard,
And leaue to thee the manadge of my Realme.
Our will is law, which none that beares vs well,
Will ſtriue by word or action to refell.
Perſ. The Gods beheſt with your reſolue agree
To increaſe in vs this growing maieſty.

Bellerophon, we make thee next our ſelfe
Of ſtate in *Arges* : *Danaus* you ſhall hence,
To cheere our mother in theſe glad reports,
And to ſucceed *Pelonnus* : but firſt ſtay,
Rights due to vs ere we the ſtate can ſway.

Actus 2. Scœna. 1.

Homer.

Alacke ! earths joyes are but ſhort-liu'd, and laſt
But like a puffe of breath which (thus) is paſt.
Acriſius *in his fortreſſe liues retir'd,*
Kept with a ſtrong guard : Perſeus *reignes ſole King,*
Who in himſelfe one ſad night long deſir'd
To ſee his grand-fire ſome glad newes to bring,
Whom the ſtearne warders (in the night) vnknowne
Seeke to keepe backe, whence all his griefe is growne.

A dumbe ſhew.

Enter 6 *warders, to them* Perſeus, Danaus, Bellerophon *and* Andromeda. Perſeus *takes his leaue of them to go towards the tower* : *the warders repulſe him, he drawes his ſword. In the tumult enter* Acriſius *to pacifie them, and in the hurly-burly is ſlaine by* Perſeus, *who laments his death. To them* Bellerophon *and the reſt* : Perſeus *makes* Bellerophon *King of Arges, and with* Danaus *and* Andromeda *departs.*

Homer.

Perſeus *repulſt, the ſturdy Warder ſtrikes,*
This breeds a tumult, out their weapons flye,
Acriſius *heares their clamours and their ſhrikes,*

And downe deſcends this broyle to pacifie;
Not knowing whence it growes; and in this brall,
Acriſius *by his grand-childes hand doth fall.*
The Oracle's fulfil'd, hee's turn'd to ſtone,
That's to his marble graue, by Danaes *ſonne;*
Which in the Prince breeds ſuch lament and mone,
That longer there to reigne hee'l not be wonne:
But firſt Bellerophon *he will inueſt,*
And after makes his trauels towards the Eaſt.
Of Iupiter *now deifi'd and made*
Supreme of all the Gods, we next proceed:
Your ſuppoſitions now muſt lend vs ayd,
That he can all things (as a God indeed.)
Our ſceane is Thebes: *here faire* Alcmena *dwels,*
Her husband in his warfare thriues abroad,
And by his chiualry his foes expels.
He abſent, now deſcends th' Olimpicke God,
Innamored of Alcmena, *and tranſ-ſhapes*
Himſelfe into her husband: Ganimed
He makes aſſiſtant in his amorous rapes,
Whil'ſt he preferres the earth 'fore Iunoes *bed.*
Lend vs your wonted patience without ſcorne,
To finde how Hercules *was got and borne.*

Enter Amphitrio *with two Captaines and* Socia *with drum and colours: hee brings in the head of a crowned King, ſweares the Lords to the obeyſance of* Thebes. *They preſent him with a ſtanding bowle, which hee lockes in a Casket, and ſending his man with a letter before to his wife, with news of his victory. He with his followers, and* Blepharo *the maiſter of the ſhip, marcheth after.*

HOMER.

Creon *that now reignes here, the* Theban *King,*
Alcmenaes *husband great* Amphitrio *made*
His Generall, who to his Lord doth bring

BIBLIOTECA REGIA MONACENSIS

His enimies head that did his land inuade.
Thinke him returning home, but ſends before
By letters to acquaint his beauteous wife
Of his ſucceſſe, himſelfe in ſight of ſhore
Muſt land this night: where many a doubtfull ſtrife
Amongſt them growes, but Ioue *himſelfe diſcends,*
Cuts off my ſpeech, and heere my Chorus ends.

Thunder and lightning. Iupiter *diſcends in a cloude.*

Iup. Earth before heauen, we once more haue preferd:
Beauty that workes into the hearts of Gods:
As it hath power to mad the thoughts of men,
So euen in vs it hath attraction.
The faire *Alcmena* like the Sea-mans Starre
Shooting her gliſtering beauty vp to heauen,
Hath puld from thence the olimpick *Iupiter*
By vertue of thy raies, let *Iuno* skold,
And with her clamours fill the eares of heauen,
Let her bee like a Bachinall in rage,
And through our chriſtall pallace breath exclaimes,
With her quicke feete the galaxia weare,
And with inquiſitiue voice ſearch through the Spheares.
Shee ſhall not finde vs here, or ſhould ſhe ſee vs,
Can ſhee diſtinguiſh vs being thus tranſhapt?
Where's *Ganimed?* we ſent him to ſuruey
Amphitrioes Pallace, where we meane to lodge

Enter Ganimed ſhapt like Socia.

In happy time return'd: now *Socia.*
Gani. Indeed that's my name, as ſure
As your's is *Amphitrio.*
Iup. Three nights I haue put in one to take our fill
Of daliance with this beauteous *Theban* dame.
A powerfull charme is caſt or'e Phœbus eies:
Who ſleepes this night within the euxine ſea,

And till the third day ſhall forget his charge
To mount the golden chariot of the Sunne,
The Antipodes to vs, ſhall haue a day
Of three daies length. Now at this houre is fought
By *Ioſua* Duke vnto the Hebrew Nation,
(Who are indeede the Antipodes to vs)
His famous battle 'gainſt the *Cananites*,
And at his oriſon the Sunne ſtands ſtill,
That he may haue there ſlaughter, *Ganimed*
Go knocke and get vs entrance. *Exit Iupiter.*

Gani. Before I knocke, let mee a little determine with my ſelfe, If I be acceſſary to *Iupiter* in his amorous purpoſe, I am little better then a parcell guilt baud, but muſt excuſe my ſelfe thus, *Ganimed* is now not *Ganimed*, And if this imputation be put vpon mee, let it light vpon *Socia*, whom I am now to perſonate ; but I am too long in the Prologue of this merry play we are to act, I will knocke, and the Seruingmen ſhall enter.

1. *Seruing.* Who knocks ſo late ?

Gani. Hee that muſt in, open for *Socia*,
Who brings you newes home of the *Theban* warres.

2. *Ser.* *Socia* returned.

Enter 3. *Seruingmen.*

3. *Ser.* Vnhurt, vnſlaine ?

Gani. Euen as you ſee, and how, and how ?

1. *Ser.* *Socia ?* let me haue an armefull of thee.

Gani. Armefuls, and handfuls too, my boyes.

2. *Ser.* The news, the news, how doth my Lord *Amphitrio ?*

Gani. Nay, how doth my Lady *Alcmena*, ſome of you cary her word my Lord will be heere preſently.

1. *Ser.* I'le be the meſſenger of theſe glad newes.

2. *Ser.* I'le haue a hand in't too.

3. *Ser.* I'le not be laſt. *Exeunt Seruingmen.*

Gani. They are gone to informe their Lady, who will bee ready to intertaine a counterfeite Lord, *Iupiter*

is preparing himſelfe to meet *Alcmena*, *Alcmena*, ſhe to encounter *Iupiter*, her beauty hath inchanted him, his metamorphoſis muſt beguile her: al's put to proofe, I'le in to furniſh my Lord whilſt my fellow ſeruants attend their Lady: they come.

Enter at one dore Alcmena, Theſſala, 4. Seruingmen; at the other Iupiter ſhapt like Amphitrio to Ganimed.

Alcm. But are you ſure you ſpake with *Socia?*
And did he tell you of *Amphitrioes* health?

1. *Ser.* Madam, I aſſure you, wee ſpake with *Socia*, and my L. *Amphitrio* will be here inſtantly.

Alcm. Vſher me in a coſtly banquet ſtraight
To entertaine my Lord, let all the windowes
Gliſter with lights like ſtarres, caſt ſweete perfumes
To breath to heauen their odoriferous aires,
And tell the Gods my husband's ſafe return'd,
If you be ſure 'twas *Socia.*

2. *Ser.* Madam take my life, if it be not true.

Alcm. Then praiſe be to the higheſt *Iupiter*,
Whoſe powerfull arme gaue ſtrength vnto my Lord
To worſte his ſafety through theſe dangerous warres,
Hang with our richeſt workes our chambers round,
And let the roome wherein we reſt to night,
Flow with no leſſe delight, then *Iuno's* bed
When in her armes ſhe claſpeth *Iupiter.*

Iup. I'le fill thy bed with more delightfull ſweetes,
Then when with *Mars* the *Ciprian Venus* meetes.

Alcm. See how you ſtir for odours, lights, choiſe cates,
Spices, and wines, is not *Amphitrio* comming
With honour from the warres? where's your attendance?
Sweete waters, coſtly ointments, pretious bathes,
Let me haue all, for taſt, touch, ſmell, and ſight,
All his fiue ſenſes wee will feaſt this night.

Iup. 'Tis time to appeare, *Alcmena*:

Alcm. My deere Lord.
Gani. It workes, it workes, now for *Iuno* to ſet a Skold betweene them.

A banquet brought in.

Alcm. O may theſe armes that guarded *Thebes* and vs,
Be euer thus my girdle, that in them
I may liue euer ſafe, welcome *Amphitrio*
A banquet, lights, attendance ; good my Lord
Tell mee your warres diſcourſe.
Iup. Sit faire *Alcmena.*
Alcm. Proceede my deareſt loue.
Iup. I as great Generall to the *Theban* King,
March't gainſt the *Teleboans* : who make head
And offer vs encounter : both our Armies
Are caſt in forme, well fronted, fleeu'd and wing'd
Wee throw our vowes to heauen, the Trumpets ſound,
The battels ſignall, now beginnes the incurſions,
The earth beneath our armed burdens groanes,
Shootes from each ſide reuerberat gainſt heauen,
With Arrowes and with Darts the aire growes darke
And now confuſion ruffles, Heere the ſhoutes
Of Victors found, there groanes of death are heard,
Slaughter on all ſides ; ſtill our eminent hand
Towers in the aire a victor, whilſt the enemy
Haue their deſpoyled helmets crown'd in duſt.
Wee ſtand, they fall, yet ſtill King *Ptelera*
Striues to make head, and with a freſh ſupply
Takes vp the mid-field : him *Amphitrio* fronts
With equall armes, wee the two Generals
Fight hand to hand, but *Ioue* omnipotent
Gaue me his life and head, which we to morrow
Muſt giue to King *Creon.*
Alcm. All my oriſons
Fought on your ſide, and with their powerfull weight,

Added vnto the ponder of your ſword,
To make it heauy on the Burgonet
Of ſlaughtered *Ptelera.*
Iup. I for my reward,
Had by the Subiects of that conquered King
A golden cup preſented, the choice boule
In which the ſlaughtered Tyrant vs'd to quaffe.
Socia.
Gan. My Lord.
Iup. The cup, ſee faire *Alcmena.*
Gani. This cup *Mercury* ſtole out of *Amphitrioes* caſket, but al's one as long as it is truely deliuered.
Alcm. In this rich boule I'le onely quaffe your health,
Or vſe, when to the Gods I ſacrifice.
Is our chamber ready?
Iup. Gladly I'de to bed,
Where I will mix with kiſſes my diſcourſe,
And tell the whole proiect.
Alcm. Mirth abound,
Through all theſe golden roofes let muſicke ſound,
To charme my Lord to ſoft and downy reſt.
Iup. Come light vs to our ſheetes.
Alcm. *Amphitrioes* head
Shall heere be pillowed, light's then and to bed.

Exeunt with Torches.

Gani. Alas poore *Amphitrio* I pitty thee that art to be made cuckold againſt thy wiues will, ſhe is honeſt in her worſt diſhoneſty and chaſt in the ſuperlatiue degree of inchaſtity: but I am fet heere to keepe the gate: now to my office.

Enter Socia with a letter.

Socia. Heere's a night of nights, I thinke the Moone ſtands ſtil and all the Stars are a ſleepe, he that driues *Charles* wayne is taking a nap in his cart, for they are all at a ſtand, this night hath bene as long as two nights already, and I thinke 'tis now

entring on the third; I am glad yet that out of this vtter darkenes I am come to ſee lights in my Ladies Pallace: there will be ſimple newes for her when I ſhall tell her my Lord is comming home.

Gani. 'Tis *Socia* and *Amphitrioes* man, ſent before to tell his Lady of her husband, I muſt preuent him.

Socia. This night will neuer haue an end, he that hath hired a wench to lie with him all this night, hath time enough I thinke to take his peny worths, but I'le knocke.

Gan. I charge thee not to knock here leaſt thou be knocked.

Socia. What not at my Maiſters gate.

Gani. I charge thee once more, tell mee whoſe thou art? whether thou goeſt, and wherefore thou commeſt?

Socia. Hither I go, I ſerue my Maiſter, and come to ſpeake with my Lady, what art thou the wiſer? nay, if thou beeſt a good fellow let me paſſe by thee.

Gani. Whom doſt thou ſerue?

Socia. I ſerue my Lord *Amphitrio*, and am ſent in haſt to my Lady *Alcmena.*

Gani. Thy name?

Socia. *Socia.*

Gani. Baſe counterfeit take that, can you not be content to come ſneaking to one's houſe in the night, to rob it, but you muſt likewiſe rob me of my name?

Socia. Thy name, why, what's thy name?

Gani. *Socia.*

Socia. *Socia*, and whom doſt thou ſerue?

Gani. My Lord *Amphitrio* chiefe of the *Theban* Legions, and my Lady *Alcmena*, but what's that to thee?

Socia. Ha, ha, That's a good ieſt, but do you heare, If you be *Socia* my Lord *Amphitrioes* man, and my Lady *Alcmenaes*, Where doſt thou lie.

Gani. Where do I lie? why in the Porters Lodge.

Socia. You are deceiu'd, you lie in your throate, there's but one *Socia* belongs to this houſe, and that am I.

Gani. Lie ſlaue, and wilt out-face mee from my name?
I'le vſe you like a your ſelfe a counterfeit, *Beats him.*
What art thou? ſpeake?

Socia. I cannot tell.

Gani. Whom doſt thou ſerue?

Socia. The time.

Gani. Thy name?

Socia. Nothing.

Gani. Thy buſineſſe?

Socia. To bee beaten.

Gani. And what am I?

Socia. What you will.

Gani. Am not I *Sociæ?*

Socia. If you be not, I would you were ſo, to be beaten in my place.

Gani. I knew my L. had no ſeruant of that name but me.

Socia. Shall I ſpeake a few coole words, and bar buffeting.

Gani. Speake freely.

Socia. You will not ſtrike.

Gani. Say on.

Socia. I am the party you wot off, I am *Socia*, you may ſtrike if you will, but in beating me (if you be *Socia*) I aſſure you, you ſhall but beate your ſelfe.

Gani. The fellowes mad.

Socia. Mad, am I not newly landed? ſent hither by my Maiſter? Is not this our houſe? Do I not ſpeake? Am I not awake? Am I not newly beaten? Do I not feele it ſtill? And ſhall I doubt I am not my ſelfe? come, come, I'le in and doe my meſſage.

Gani. Sirrah, I haue indured you with much impatience,

Wilt thou make me beleeue I am not *Socia?*
Was not our ſhips launcht out of the Perſicke hauen?
Did I not land this night?
Haue we not won the Towne where K. *Ptelera* raign'd?
Haue we not orethrowne the *Teleboans?*
Did not my Lord *Amphitrio* kill the King hand to hand?
And did hee not ſend mee this night with a letter to certify my Lady *Alcmena* of all theſe newes.

Socia. I beginne to miſtruſt my ſelfe, all this is as true as if I had told it my ſelfe; but Il'e try him further: What did the *Teleboans* preſent my Lord with after the victory.

Gani. With a golden cuppe in which the King himſelfe vs'd to quaffe.

Socia. Where did I put it.

Gani. That I know not, but I put it into a casket, ſign'd by my Lords Signet.

Socia. And what's the Signet?

Gani. The Sun riſing from the Eaſt in his Chariot, But do you come to vndermine me you ſlaue?

Socia. I muſt go ſeeke ſome other name, I am halfe hang'd already, for my good name is loſt; once more reſolue me, if thou canſt tell me what I did alone I will reſigne thee my name: if thou bee'ſt *Socia*, when the battles began to ioyne, as ſoone as they beganne to skirmiſh, what didſt thou?

Gani. As ſoone as they began to fight I began to runne.

Socia. Whither?

Gani. Into my Lords tent, and there hid mee vnder a bed.

Socia. I am gone, I am gone, ſomebody for charity ſake either lend mee or giue me a name, for this I haue loſt by the way, and now I looke better on he, me; or I, hee; as he hath got my name, hee hath got my ſhape, countenance, ſtature, and euery thing ſo right, that he can bee no other then I my

owne ſelfe; but when I thinke that I am I, the ſame
I euer was, know my Maiſter, his houſe, haue ſence,
feeling, and vnderſtanding, know my meſſage, my
buſineſſe, why ſhould I not in to deliuer my letter to
my Lady.

Gani. That letter is deliuered by my hand.
My Lady knowes all, and expects her Lord,
And I her ſeruant *Socia* am ſet heere
To keepe ſuch idle raskals from the gate,
Then leaue mee, and by faire meanes, or I'le ſend thee
legleſſe, or armeleſſe hence.

Socia. Nay, thou haſt rob'd me of enough already.
I would bee loath to looſe my name and limbes both
in one night: where haue I miſcaried? where bene
chang'd? Did I not leaue my ſelfe behind in the
ſhip when I came away, I'le euen backe to my
Maiſter and ſee if hee know mee, if hee know mee, if
he call me *Socia*, and will beare me out in't, Il'e come
backe and do my meſſage, ſpight of him ſaies nay,
Farewell ſelfe. *Exit.*

Gani. This obſtacle, the father of more troubles
I haue put off, and kept him from diſturbance
In their adulterate paſtimes, faire *Alcmena*
Is great already by *Amphitrio*
And neere her time, and if ſhee proue by *Iupiter*
He by his power and God-hood will contract
Both births in one, to make her throwes the leſſe:
And at one inſtant ſhee ſhall child two iſſues,
Begot by *Ioue* and by *Amphitrio*.
The houſe by this long charm'd by Hermes rod
Are ſtirring and *Ioue* glutted with delights,
Ready to take his leaue, through ſatiate
With amourous dalliance: parting's not ſo ſweet
Betweene our louers, as when firſt they meet.

Enter Iupiter, Alcmena, *and the ſeruants.*

Iupit. My deereſt loue fare-well, we Generals
Cannot be abſent from our charges long:

I ſtole from th' Army to repoſe with thee,
And muſt before the Sunne mount to his Chariot,
Be there againe.

Alcm. My Lord, you come at midnight,
And you make haſte too, to be gone ere morne,
You riſe before your bed be throughly warme.

Iup. Faireſt of our *Theban* Dames, accuſe me not,
I left the charge of Souldiers to report
The fortune of our battailes firſt to thee:
Which ſhould the camp know, they would lay on me
A grieuous imputation, that the beauty
Of my faire wife, can with *Amphitrio* more
Then can the charge of legions. As my comming
Was ſecret and conceal'd, ſo my returne,
Which ſhall be ſhort and ſudden.

Alc. That I feare,
Better I had to keepe you beeing here.

Iup. Nay part we muſt ſweet Lady, dry your teares.

Alc. You'l make my minuts months, & daies ſeeme yeares.

Iup. Your buſineſſe ere we part?

Alc. Onely to pray
You will make haſte, not be too long away.
Farewell.

Iup. Fare-well. Come *Ganimed*, 'tis done,
And faire *Alcmena* ſped with a yong ſonne. *Exit.*

Enter Amphitrio, Socia, *two Captaines with attendants.*

Amph. Oh Gentlemen, was euer man thus croſt?
So ſtrangely flowted by an abiect groome?
That either dreames, or's mad: one that ſpeakes nothing
Sauing impoſſibilities, and meerely
Falſe and abſurd. Thus thou art here, and there,
With me, at home, and at one inſtant both,
In vaine are theſe delirements, and to me
Moſt deeply incredible.

Socia. I am your owne, you may vſe me as you pleaſe : One would thinke I had loſt inough already, to looſe my name, and ſhape, and now to looſe your fauour too. Oh !

1. *Capt.* Fye *Socia*, you too much forget your ſelfe,
And 'tis beyond all ſufferance in your Lord,
To vſe no violent hand.

Socia. You may ſay what you will, but a truth is a truth.

2. *Capt.* But this is neither true nor probable,
That this one body can deuide it ſelfe,
And be in two ſet places. Fie, *Socia.* fie.

Socia. I tell you as it is.

Amph. Slaue of all ſlaues the baſeſt : vrge me not,
Perſiſt in theſe abſurdities, and I vow
To cut thy tongue out, haue thee ſcourg'd and beaten,
Il'e haue thee flay'd.

Socia. You may ſo, you may as well take my skin as another take my name and phiſnomy : all goes one way.

Amph. Tell ore thy tale againe, make it more plaine.
Pray gentlemen your eares.

Socia. Then as I ſayd before, ſo I ſay ſtill : I am at home ; do you heare ? I am heare : do you ſee ? I ſpake with my Lady at home ; yet could not come in at the gate to ſee her : I deliuered her your letter, and yet haue it ſtill in my hand. Is not this plaine ? do you vnderſtand me ? I am neither mad nor drunke, but what I ſpeake is in ſober ſadneſſe.

1. *Cap.* Fie *Socia*, fie, thou art much, too much too blame.

2. *Cap.* How dare you tempt your maiſters patience thus ?

Amph. Thinke not to ſcape thus : yet once more reſolue me
And faithfully : Do'ſt thou thinke it poſſible

Thou canſt be here and there? Be ſencible,
And tell me *Socia.*

Socia. 'Tis poſſible; nor blame I you to wonder: for it maruels me as much as any heere: Nor did I beleeue that Hee, my owne ſelfe, that is at home, till hee did conuince me with arguments, told me euery thing I did at the ſiege, remembred my arrand better than my ſelfe: Nor is water more like to water, nor milke to milke, then that He and I are to me and him: For when you ſent me home about mid-night——

Amph. What then?

Socia. I ſtood there to keepe the gate a great while before I came at it.

Capt. The fellow's mad.

Socia. I am as you ſee.

Amph. He hath been ſtrooke by ſome malevolent hand.

Socia. Nay that's certaine: for I haue been ſoundly beaten.

Amph. Who beat thee.

Socia. I my owne ſelfe that am at home, how oft ſhall I tell you?

Amph. Sirrah, wee'l owe you this. Now gentle-men
You that haue beene co-partners in our warres,
Shall now co-part our welcome: we will viſite
Our beauteous wife; with whom (our buſineſſe ended)
We haue leaſure to conferre.

Enter Alcmena *with her ſeruants and Mayd.*

Alc. Haue you took down thoſe hangings that were plac'd
To entertaine my Lord?

1. *Seru.* Madame they are.

Alc. And is our priuate bed-chamber diſ-roab'd
Of all her beauty? to looke ruinous,
Till my Lords preſence ſhall repair't againe.

2. *Seru.* 'Tis done as you directed.
Alc. Euery chamber,
Office and roome, ſhall in his abſence looke,
As if they miſt their maiſter, and beare part
With mee in my reſembled widow-hood.
3. *Seru.* That needs not madame: See my Lord's return'd.
Alc. And made ſuch haſte to leaue me: I miſdoubt
Some tricke in this: Is it diſtruſt or feare
Of my prou'd vertue: value it at beſt,
'T can be no leſſe then idle iealouſie.
Amph. See bright *Alcmena*, with my ſudden greeting,
Il'e rap her ſoule to heauen, and make her ſurfet
With ioyes aboundance. Beauteous Lady ſee
Amphitrio return'd a Conquerour,
Glad to vnfold in his victorious armes
Thy nine-moneth abſent body, whoſe ripe birth
Swels with ſuch beauty in thy conſtant wombe.
How cheeres my Lady?
Alc. So, ſo, wee'l do to her your kinde commends,
You may make bold to play vpon your friends.
Amph. Ha, what language call you this, that ſeemes to me
Paſt vnderſtanding? I conceiue it not,
I reioyce to ſee you wife.
Alc. Yet ſhals haue more?
You do but now, as you haue done before.
Pray flowt me ſtill, and do your ſelfe that right,
To tell that ore you told me yeſter-night.
Amph. What yeſternight? *Alcmena* this your greeting
Diſtaſtes me. I but now, now, with theſe gentlemen,
Landed at *Thebes*, and came to do my loue
To thee, before my duty to my King.
This ſtrangeneſſe much amazeth me.
Socia. We haue found one *Socia*, but we are like to looſe an *Amphitrio*.

Alc. Shall I be plaine my Lord? I take it ill,
That you, whom I receiu'd late yeſter-night,
Gaue you my freeſt welcome, feaſted you,
Lodg'd you, and but this morning, two houres ſince
Tooke leaue of you with teares, that your returne
So ſudden, ſhould be furniſht with ſuch ſcorne.

Amph. Gentlemen, I feare the madneſſe of my man
Is fled into her braine, be theſe my witneſſe,
I am but newly landed: witneſſe theſe
With whom I haue not parted.

1. *Capt.* In this we needs muſt take our Generals part,
And witneſſe of his ſide.

Alc. And bring you witneſſe to ſuggeſt your wrongs,
Againſt you two I can oppoſe all theſe.
Receiu'd I not *Amphitrio* yeſter-night?

1. *Serv.* I aſſure you my Lord remember your ſelfe, you were here yeſter-night.

All. 'Tis moſt certaine,

Amph. Theſe villaines all are by my wife ſuborn'd,
To ſeeke to mad me. Gentlemen pray liſt,
Wee'l giue this errour ſcope: Pray at what time
Gaue you me entertainement the laſt night?

Alc. As though you know not? Well, Il'e fit your humor,
And tell you what you better know then I.
At mid-night.

Amph. At mid-night: Pray obſerue that Gentlemen,
At mid-night we were in diſcourſe a boord
Of my Commiſſion.

2. *Capt.* I remember't well.

Amph. What did we then at mid-night?

Alc. Sate to banquet.

1. *Seru.* Where I waited.

2. *Seru.* So did we all.

Amph. And I was there at banquet.

3. *Seru.* Your Lordſhip's merry: do you make a queſtion of that?

Alc. At banquet you diſcourſt the Inter-view
Betweene the *Theleboans* and your hoaſt.

Amph. Belike then you can tell vs our ſucceſſe,
Ere we that are the firſt to bring theſe newes
Can vtter it.

Alc. Your Lordſhip's pleaſant ſtill.
The battailes ioyn'd, cryes paſt on either ſide,
Long was the skirmiſh doubtfull, till the *Thebans*
Oppreſt the *Theleboans*: but the battaile
Was by the King renewed: who face to face
And hand to hand, met with *Amphitrio*:
You fought, and arme to arme in ſingle combat,
Troad on his head a Victor.

Amph. How came you by this?

Alc. As though you told it not.

Amph. Well then, after banquet?

Alc. We kiſt, embrac'd, our chamber was made ready.

Amph. And then?

Alc. To bed we went.

Amph. And there?

Alc. You ſlept in theſe my armes.

Amph. Strumpet, no more.
Madneſſe and impudence contend in thee,
Which ſhall afflict me moſt.

Alc. Your iealouſie
And this impoſterous wrong, heapes on me iniuries
More then my ſex can beare: you had beſt deny
The gift you gaue me too.

Amph. Oh heauen! what gift?

Alc. The golden Cup the *Theleboans* King
Vs'd ſtill to quaffe in.

Amph. Indeed I had ſuch purpoſe,
But that I keepe ſafe lock't. Shew me the bowle.

Alc. *Theſſala* the ſtanding cup *Amphitrio* gaue me
Laſt night at banquet, ther's the key.

Theſſal. I ſhall.

1. *Capt.* My Lord, ther's much amazement in the opening of theſe ſtrange doubts, the more you ſeek to vnfold them, the more they puſle vs.

2. *Capt.* How came ſhe by the notice
And true recitall of the battailes fortune ?

Amph. That hath this villaine told her, on my life.

Soc. Not I, I diſclaime it, vnleſſe it were my tother ſelfe, I haue no hand in it.

Enter Theſſala with the cup.

Theſſal. Madame, the bowle.

Alc. Reſtor't *Amphitrio*,
I am not worthy to be truſted with it.

Amph. The forme, the mettall, and the grauing too.
'Tis ſomwhat ſtrange, *Socia*, the casket ſtreight.

Socia. Here ſir.

Amph. What, is my ſignet ſafe ?

Soc. Vntouch't.

Amph. Then will I ſhew her ſtreight that bowle
The *Theleboans* gaue me. Wher's my key ?

Soc. Here ſir. This is the ſtrangeſt that ere I heard, I *Socia* haue begot another *Socia*, my Lord *Amphitrio* hath begot another *Amphitrio*. Now, if this golden bowle haue begot another golden bowle, we ſhall be all twin'd and doubled.

Amph. Behold an empty casket.

Alc. This notwithſtanding you deny your gift,
Our meeting, banquet and our ſportfull night,
Your mornings parting.

Amph. All theſe I deny
As falce, and paſt all nature, yet this goblet
Breeds in me wonder, with the true report
Of our warres proiect : But I am my ſelfe
New landed with theſe Captaines, and my men,

Deny all banquets and affaires of bed,
Which thou ſhalt deerely anſwere.
Alc. Aske your ſeruants
If I miſ-ſay in ought.
1. *Seru.* My Lord, there is nothing ſaid by my Lady, but we are eye-witneſſes of, and will iuſtifie on our oathes.
Amph. And will you tempt me ſtill?
Socia, run to the ſhip, bring me the maiſter,
And he ſhall with theſe Captaines iuſtifie
On my behalfe, whilſt I reuenge my ſelfe
On theſe falce ſeruants, that ſupport their Lady
In her adulterous practiſe. Villaines, dogges.
1. *Capt.* Patience my Lord.
Amphitrio beats in his men. Exit.
Alc. Nay let him ſtill proceed,
That hauing kild them, I may likewiſe bleed.
His frenſie is my death, life I deſpiſe.
Theſe are the fruits of idle iealouſies.

Enter Iupiter.

Yonder he comes againe, ſo ſoon appeas'd,
And from his fury: I ſhall nere forget
This iniury, till I haue paid his debt.
Iupiter. What ſad *Alcmena*? Pre'thee pardon me,
'Twas but my humour, and I now am ſorry.
Nay whither turn'ſt thou?
Alc. All the wit I haue,
I muſt expreſſe: borne to be made a ſlaue;
I wonder you can hold your hands, not ſtrike,
If I a ſtrumpet be, and wrong your bed,
Why doth not your rude hand aſſault this head?
Iup. Oh my ſweet wife, of what I did in ſport,
Condemne me not: If needs, then chide me for't.
Alc. Was it becauſe I was laſt night to free
Of courteous dalliance, that you iniure me?
Was I too lauiſh of my loue? Next night

Feare not, Il'e keepe you ſhort of your delight:
Il'e learne to keepe you off, and ſeeme more coy,
You ſhall no more ſwim in exceſſe of ioy,
Looke for't hereafter.
Iup. Puniſh me I pray.
Alc. Giue me my dower and Il'e be gone away:
Leaue you to your harſh humors, and baſe ſtrife,
Onely the honour of a vertuous wife
Il'e beare along; my other ſubſtance keepe:
For in a widowed bed Il'e henceforth ſleepe.
Iup. By this right hand, which you *Amphitrio* owe,
My wrongs henceforth ſhall nere afflict you ſo.
Speake, are we friends? By this ſoft kiſſe I ſweare,
No Lady liuing is to me like deare.
Theſe nuptiall brawles oft-times more loue beget:
The rauiſhing pleaſures, when laſt night we met
We will redouble. Theſe hands ſhall not part
Till we be reconcil'd.
Alc. You haue my heart;
Nor can my anger laſt.
Iup. Faire loue then ſmile,

Enter Blepharo and Socia.

And let our lips our hearts thus reconcile.
Bleph. Thou tel'ſt me wonders.
Socia. I aſſure you there are two *Socia's*, and for ought I can heare, there are two *Amphitrio's*: we were in hope to haue two golden bowles. Now if your ſhip can get two maiſters, you will be ſimply furniſh't to ſea. But ſee my Lord and my Lady are friends; let vs be partakers of their reconcilement.
Bleph. Haile to the generall: you ſent to me my Lord.
Iup. True *Blepharo*:
But things are well made euen, and we attoned,
Your chiefeſt buſineſſe is to feaſt with vs.
Attend vs *Socia.* Faire *Alcmena* now
We are both one, combin'd by oath and vow. *Exeunt.*

Socia. Ther's muſicke in this: If they feaſt Ile feaſt with them, and make my belly amends for all the blowes receiu'd vpon my backe.

Enter Ganimed.

Gan. *Iupiter* and *Alcmena* are entred at the backe gate, whil'ſt *Amphitrio* is beating his ſeruants out at the foregate. Als in vp-rore: I do but watch to ſee him out in the ſtreet, to ſhut the gates againſt him. But yonder is *Socia*, I'le paſſe by him without ſpeaking.

Socia. I ſhould haue ſeene your face when I haue look't my ſelfe in a glaſſe, your ſweet phiſnomy, ſhould be of my acquaintance: I will not paſſe him without Conge. *They paſſe with many ſtrange Conges.*

Enter Amphitrio, *beating before him his ſeruants, the two Captaines, they meet with* Ganimed.

Amph. Villaines, dogges, diuels.
1. *Capt.* Noble Generall.
Amph. Theſe two wrongs are to indigne. *Socia* return'd?
Where's *Blepharo?*
Gan. I haue ſought him aboord; but he is in the Citty to ſee ſome of his friends, and will not returne till dinner. Now for a tricke to ſhut the gates vpon him. *Exit.*
Amph. Patience, if thou haſt any power on earth,
Infuſe it here, or I theſe hypocrites,
Theſe baſe ſuggeſters of their Ladies wrongs,
Shall to the death purſue.
2. *Capt.* Finde for their puniſhment
Some more deliberate ſeaſon: ſleepe vpon't,
And by an order more direct and plaine
Void of this ſtrange confuſion, cenſure them.
Amphi. Sir, you aduiſe well, I will qualify

This heate of rage : now I haue beate them forth
Let's in and ſee my wife, *Socia* ſtolne hence
And the gates ſhut, let's knocke.

Knockes, enter Ganimed aboue.

Gani. What Ruffin's that that knocks ? you thinke belike the nailes of our dores are as ſawcy as your ſelfe, that they neede beating.

Amphi. *Socia* I am thy Lord *Amphitrio.*

Gani. You are a fooles head of your owne, are you not ?

Amphi. Ruffin and foole.

Gani. Take coxcombe and aſſe along, if you bee not ſatisfied.

Amphi. Do you condemne me now, pray Gentlemen
Do me but right, haue I iuſt cauſe to rage ?
Can you that haue perſwaded mee to peace
Brooke this ? oh for ſome battering engine heere
To race my Pallace walles, or ſome iron Ramme
To plant againſt theſe gates.

Gani. Sirrah, I'le make you eate theſe words, ſtay but till I come downe, I'le ſend you thence with a vengeance, I am now comming, looke to it, I'le tickle you with your counterfeit companions there.

Exit.

1. *Cap.* This is too much, 'tis not to be indured.

Amphi. I wiſh of heauen to haue no longer life then once more to behold him, hee ſhall pay for all the reſt.

2. *Bapt.* He promiſt to come downe.

Enter Socia and Blepharo.

1. *Capt.* And I thinke hee will, for harke, I heare the gates open.

Amphi. Forbeare a little, note the villaines humor.

Socia. Al's quiet within, I'le go helpe to fetch my

Lords ſtuffe from ſhip, but ſee, hee's out of the gates before vs, which way came hee?

Bleph. Hee hath made haſt.

Socia. I thinke he hath crept through the key-hole.

Amph. Nay, I'le be patient feare not, note my humor: *Socia.*

Socia. My Lord.

Amphi. My honeſt *Blepharo* I'le talke with you anone, my faithfull ſeruant, who paſt this houſe to you, that you haue power to keepe the Maiſter out? tell me, what know you by your faire Miſtreſſe, that you call your Lord coxcombe and aſſe, (nay I am patient ſtill) *Amphitrioes* name is heere forgot, foole, ruffin are nothing, them I pardon, now you are downe, when do you beate me head-long from the gate, and theſe my counterfeit companions hence.

Socia. Who I, I, is your Lordſhip as wiſe as God might haue made you, I.

Amphi. You ſee we are here ſtill, when doe you ſtrike, what? not: Then I'le beginne with you.

Bleph. Amphitrio.

Socia. My Lord's mad, helpe Gentlemen.

Bleph. If you be Gentlemen and loue *Amphitrio*,
Or if you know me to be *Blepharo*
Your Maiſter that transported you by ſea
Giue not this madneſſe ſcope, vpon my credit
Socia is guiltleſſe of this falce ſurmiſe.

Amphi. Is *Blepharo* turn'd mad too.

Bleph. Generall no,
It pitties me that left you late ſo milde
And in ſuch peacefull conference with your wife
So ſuddenly to finde you lunaticke,
Pray helpe to bind him Gentlemen.

Amphi. So, ſo, am I abus'd or no, ſpeake fellow ſouldiers.

1. *Cap.* Inſufferable, and yet forbeare your rage,
Breath, breath, vpon't and find ſome other leaſure
Theſe errors to determine.

Amphi. Well, I will.

Enter Iupiter, Alcmena, Ganimed before all the ſeruants running fearefully.

Socia. Yonder's my brother, my ſame ſelfe.
Bleph. Two *Socia's*, two *Amphitrioes.*
1. *Cap.* Coniuring, witch-craft.
Iup. Friends and my fellow ſouldiers, you haue dealt
Vnfriendly with mee, to beſiedge my houſe
With theſe exclaimes, to bring Impoſters hither.
Is there no law in *Thebes?* will *Creon* ſuffer me
For all my ſeruice, to be iniur'd thus?
Amph. Bee'ſt thou infernall hagge, or fiend incarnate,
I coniure thee.
Iup. Friends, I appeale to you:
When haue you knowne me mad? when rage and raue?
Shall my humanity and mildneſſe thus
Be recompenſt? to be out-brau'd, out-fac'd
By ſome deluding Fairy? To haue my ſeruants
Beat from my gates? my Generall houſe diſturb'd,
My wife full growne, and groaning, ready now
To inuoke *Lucina*, to be check't and ſcorn'd?
Examine all my deedr, *Amphitrioes* mildneſſe
Had neuer reference to this Iuglers rage.
1. *Capt.* Sure this is is the Generall, he was euer a milde Gentleman: I'le follow him.
2. *Capt.* There can be but one *Amphitrio*, and this appeares to be he by his noble carriage.
Bleph. This is that *Amphitrio* I conducted by ſea:
1. *Seru.* My Lord was neuer mad-man, This ſhall be my maiſter.
All. And mine.
Alc. This is my husband.
Soc. Il'e euen make bold to go with the beſt.
Gan. Soft ſir, the true *Socia* muſt goe with the true *Amphitrio.*

Amph. Oh thou omnipotent thunder! ſtrike *Amphitrio*,
And free me from this labyrinth.
Iup. Gentlemen,
My houſe is free to you; onely debar'd
Theſe Counterfets: Theſe gates that them exclude,
Stand open to you: Enter and taſte our bounty,
Attend vs. 'Laſſe poore *Amphitrio*,
I muſt confeſſe I do thee too much wrong,
To keep thee in theſe maze of doubts ſo long;
Which here ſhall end: For *Iuno* I eſpy,
Who all our amorous paſtimes ſees from hye:
As ſhe deſcends, ſo muſt I mount the ſpheares
To ſtop her, leſt ſhe thunder in our eares.
Exeunt all but Amphitrio *and* Socia.
Amph. What art thou?
Soc. Nay, what art thou?
Amph. I am not my ſelfe.
Soc. You would not beleeue me when I ſayd I was not my ſelfe: why ſhould I beleeue you?
Amph. Art thou *Socia*?
Soc. That's more then I can reſolue you: for the world is growne ſo dangerous, a man dares ſcarce make bold with his owne name; but I am he was ſent with a letter to my Lady.
Amph. And I am he that ſent thee with that letter,
Yet dare not ſay I am *Amphitrio*;
My wife, houſe, friends, my ſeruants all deny me.
Soc. You haue reaſon to loue me the better, ſince none ſtickes to you but I.
Amph. Let all yon ſtarry ſtructure from his baſſes
Shrinke to the earth, that the whole face of heauen
Falling vpon forlorne *Amphitrio*,
May like a marble monumentall ſtone,
Lye on me in my graue. Eternall ſleepe
Caſt a nocturnall filme before theſe eyes,
That they may nere more gaze vpon yon heauens,
That haue beheld my ſhame: or ſleepe, or death

Command me ſhut theſe opticke windowes in :
My braine is coffin'd in a bed of lead,
'Tis cold and heauy ; be my pillow *Socia* :
For I muſt ſleepe.

Soc. And ſo muſt I, pray make no noyſe, for waking me or my maiſter. *They ſleepe.*

Iuno *and* Iris *deſcend from the heauens.*

Iuno. *Iris* away, I haue found th' adulterer now :
Since *Mercury* faire *Ioe's* keeper ſlew,
The hundred-eyed *Argus*, I haue none
To dogge and watch him when he leaues the heauens.
No ſooner did I miſſe him, but I ſought
Heauen, ſea, and earth : I brib'd the ſunne by day,
And ſtarres by night ; but all their iealous eyes
He with thicke miſts hath blinded, and ſo ſcap't.
Iris my Raine-bow threw her circle round,
If he had beene on earth, to haue claſp't him in,
And kept him in the circle of her armes
Till ſhe had cal'd for *Iuno* : But her ſearch
He ſoone deluded in his ſlye tranſ-ſhapes.
And till I ſaw here two *Amphitrioes*,
I had not once ſuſpected him in *Thebes*.
Roab'd all in wrath, and clad in ſcarlet fury,
I come to be aueng'd vpon that ſtrumpet
That durſt preſume to adulterate *Iunoes* bed.
Pull me from heauen (faire *Iris*) a blacke cloud,
From which Il'e faſhion me a beldams ſhape,
And ſuch a powerfull charme Il'e caſt on her,
As that her baſtard-brats ſhall nere be borne ;
But make her wombe their Tombes. *Iris* away.

Iris. I flye Madame. *Exit Iris.*

Iuno. No, theſe are mortals, and not them I ſeeke.
I feare me if he heare of me in *Thebes*,
He (with his Minion) ſtreight will mount the heauens.
But let him ſeat him on the loftieſt ſpire

Heauen hath : or place me in the loweſt of hell,
Il'e reach him with my clamours.
Socia. Hey-ho, now am I dream'd of a ſcold.

Enter Iris *with a habit.*

Iuno. But *Iris* is return'd : Rage, feaſt thy fill,
Till I the mother ſley, the baſtards kill. *Exit Iuno.*

Thunder and lightning. All the ſeruants run out of the houſe affrighted, the two Captains and Blepharo, Amphitrio *and* Socia *amazedly awake* : Iupiter *appeares in his glory vnder a Raine-bow, to whom they all kneele.*

Iup. The Thunderer thunders, and the Lord of feare,
Bids thee not feare at all *Amphitrio.*
Ioue, that againſt the *Theleboans* gaue thee
The palme of Conqueſt, and hath crown'd thy browes
With a victorious wreath, commands thy peace
With faire *Alcmena*, ſhe that neuer boſom'd
Mortall, ſaue thee ; The errours of thy ſeruants
Forbeare to puniſh, as forgot by vs,
And finde vs to thy prayers propicious.
Thy wife full growne, inuokes *Lucinaes* ayd :
Send in to cheare her in her painefull throwes.
Hers, and thy Oriſons wee'l beare to heauen ;
And they in all your greateſt doubts and feares,
Shall haue acceſſe to our immortall eares.
Amph. Ioue is our patron, and his power our awe,
His maieſty our wonder : will, our law.
Iup. Our Act thus ends, we would haue all things euen,
Smile you on earth whilſt we reioyce in heauen.

Actus 3.

Enter Homer *one way*, Iuno *another.*

Homer. *Behold where* Iuno *comes, and with a ſpell*
Shuts vp the wombe by which Ioues *ſonne muſt paſſe:*
For whilſt ſhee Croſſe-leg'd ſits (*as old wiues tell,*
And with clutch't hands) *there is no way alas*
For faire Alcmena's *childing. All thoſe wiues*
That heare her painfull throwes, are in diſpaire:
Yet in her wombe the Ioue-bred *Iſſue ſtriues:*
Three dayes are paſt, her paines ſtill greater are.
But note a womans wit, though Iuno *ſmile.*
A Beldams braine the Goddeſſe ſhall beguile.

Iuno. Ha, ha! Now *Ioue* with thy omnipotence,
Make (if thou canſt) way for thy baſtards birth,
Whoſe paſſage I thus binde, and in this knot
Which till their deaths, ſhall neuer be diſſolu'd,
I haue power to ſtrangle all the charmes of hell.
Nor powers of heauen ſhall ſtreight me, till the deaths
Of yon adultereſſe and her mechall brats.
Laugh Gods and men, ſea, earth, and ayre make ioy,
That *Iuno* thus *Alcmena* can deſtroy.

Enter the Midwife, Galantis, *with two or three other aged women.*

Galan. Haue you obſeru'd her to ſit croſſe-leg'd euer ſince my Lady began her trauell? I ſuſpect witch-craft, Il'e haue a tricke to rouze her.

Mid. No doubt but did ſhe open her knees and fingers, my Lady ſhould haue ſafe deliuery.

Gal. Truſt to my wit, Il'e in & find a meanes to ſtartle her.

Beld. Note how the Beldame ſmiles, and in her clutches

Strangles my Ladies birth : ſome friend remoue her.
Iuno. Ha, ha, he, their teares my griefes recure,
Thus I reuenge me of their deeds impure.

Enter Galantis merry.

Gal. Now *Ioue* be prais'd, and Ladies dry your teares,
And gentle Madame come reioyce with vs.
Iuno. Why, what's the matter?
Gal. I cannot hold my ioy : thankes faire *Lucina*
Goddeſſe of child-birth, *Ioue* and all be prais'd,
Alcmena is deliuered, brought to bed
Of a fine chopping boy. *Iuno riſeth.*
Iuno. Is my ſpell faild? how could I curſe and teare?
Mid. The witch is rouz'd, in and ſee what newes.
Gal. Stay, ſtay, Il'e go ſee what comfort's within : for when I came out I left my poore Lady in midſt of all her torment.
Iuno. What edge of ſteele, or Adamantine chaine,
Hath forc'd in two the vertue of my charme?
Which Gods and diuels gaue vnite conſent
To be infract? Oh powerfull *Iupiter*!
I feare thy hand's in this.

Enter Galantis extreamely laughing.

Beld. How the witch ſtormes!
Iuno. What meanes the wretch to hold her ſides & laugh,
And ſtill to point at me? How now *Galantis*?
Gal. That's my name indeed : (hold heart, hold) you are a witch, are you? you fat croſſe-leg'd, did you? my Lady could not bee brought to bed, could ſhe? And now *Gallantis* hath gul'd you, hath ſhe?
Iuno. The morrall.
Gal. Il'e tell thee; I ſuſpecting thy trechery to

my Lady, brought in counterfet newes ſhe was brought to bed, which you (gooddy witch) no ſooner heard, but roſe vp; & no ſooner had you caſt your armes abroad, but my Lady was deliuered of two goodly boyes, one like my Lord *Amphitrio*, but the other the braueſt chopping lad—laugh the beldam out of her skin, and then returne to comfort my Lady.

Exeunt.

Iuno. Oh that we ſhould be ſubiect to the Fates!
And though being Gods, yet by their power be croſt.
Galantis, Il'e be firſt reueng'd on thee
For this deriſion, and tranſ-forme thy ſhape
To ſome fowle monſter, that ſhall beare thy name.
And are the baſtards borne? They haue paſt the wombe,
They ſhall not paſſe the cradle. *Iris* Ho.

Enter Iris.

Iris. Madame.
Iuno. Fly into *Affricke*, from the mountaines there
Chuſe me two venemous ſerpents, of the blood
That *Perſeus* dropt out of the Gorgons head
When on his winged horſe, with that new ſpoyle
He croſt the *Affricke* climate: thou ſhalt know them
By their fell poyſon, and their fierce aſpect. When *Iris*?
Iris. I am gone.
Iuno. Haſte *Iris*, flye with expeditions wings,
Theſe brats ſhall dye by their inuenomed ſtings.

HOMER.

The iealous Goddeſſe in the Chamber throwes
The poyſonous ſerpents, who ſoone wound and kill
Yong Ipectetes, *whom* Amphitrio *owes.*
But Hercules, *whom* Ioue *with power doth fill,*
You firſt ſhall in his infant-cradle ſee,
Ere growne a man, famous for chiualrie.

The Nurſes bring yong Hercules *in his Cradle, and leaue him. Enter* Iuno *and* Iris *with two ſnakes, put them to the childe and depart*: Hercules *ſtrangles them*: *to them* Amphitrio, *admiring the accident.*

Hom. *He that could in his cradle ſerpents kill,*
Will (being growne) the world with wonders fill.
Imagine him full growne, and nobly train'd
By King Euriſteus, *the bold youth proclaimes*
Paſtimes of exerciſe, where he hath gain'd
Chiefe praiſe and palme in theſe Olimpicke games.
Them we muſt next, as his firſt grace preſent
With Iuno, *to his fame maleuolent.*

Enter, after great ſhouts and flouriſhes, Iuno *aud King* Euriſteus.

Iuno. Harke, harke *Euriſteus*, how the yelling throats
Of the rude rabble, deifie his praiſe:
Their lofty clamours, and their ſhrill applauſes
Strike 'gainſt the cleare and azure floores of heauen,
And thence againſt the earth reuerberate,
That *Iuno* can nor reſt aboue nor here,
But ſtill his honours clangor ſtrikes mine eare.
Euriſt. Patience celeſtiall Goddeſſe, as I wiſh
Your powerfull aidance when I need it moſt,
So for your ſake I will impoſe him dangers,
Such and ſo great, that without *Ioues* owne hand,
He ſhall not haue the power to ſcatter them.
Iuno. If neither tyrants, monſters, ſauages,
Giants nor hell-hounds, can the baſtard quell;
Let him be paſht, ſtab'd, ſtrangled, poiſoned,
Or murdered ſleeping. Harke *Euriſteus* ſtill
ſhouts within.
How their wide throates his high applauſes ſhrill.
Eur. Th' earth ſhall not breed a monſter, nor the heauens

Threaten a danger ſhall not taske his life.
Iuno. Thou chim'ſt me ſpheare-like muſicke, I haue rouz'd
A monſtrous Lyon, that doth range theſe woods:
My deere *Euriſteus*, make him tugge with him. *ſhouts.*
Still doth his praiſe make the heauen reſound;
Farewell *Euriſteus*, Il'e not ſee him crown'd.
Exit Iuno.

Enter the Kings of Greece to Euriſteus, *with Garlands,* Hercules, Theſeus, Perithous, Philoctetes, *with others from the games of* Olimpus.

1. *King.* Theſe honoured paſtimes on *Olimpus* mount,
Begun by thee the *Theban Hercules*,
Shall laſt beyond all time and memory.
Thou art vnpeer'd, all *Greece* reſounds thy praiſe,
And crowne thy worth with theſe greene wreaths of Baies.
Herc. More deere to me then the beſt golden Arch
That ere crown'd Monarkes brow, we haue begun
In paſtimes, wee'le proceed to acts more dreadfull,
To expreſſe our power and hardiment:
Though by your ſufferage, we haue beſt deſeru'd;
Yet merit we not all, theſe *Grecian* Princes,
Although degree'd below vs, did excell,
Though not as beſt, receiue as thoſe did well.
Theſeus, *Perithous*, *Philoctetes*, take
Your valours meeds, your praiſes lowd did ſound,
Then each one take from *Hercules* a crowne.
Theſ. Braue *Theban* youth, no leſſe then *Ioues* owne ſon,
Giue *Theſeus* leaue both to admire and loue thee:
Lets henceforth haue one ſoule.
Herc. *Theſeus* commands the heart of *Hercules*,
And all my deeds, next *Ioue* omnipotent,
Il'e conſecrate to thee and to thy loue.

Perith. Though all vnworthy to be ſtil'd the friend
Of great *Alcides*, giue *Perithous* leaue
To do thee honour, and admire thy worth.
Philoct. That *Philoctetes* begges of *Hercules*.
Thy curteſie equals thy actiue power:
And thou in both art chiefe and patterneleſſe.
Herc. We prize you as the deereſt gemmes of *Greece*,
And all the honours of *Alcmenaes* ſonne
You ſhall partake, whil'ſt theſe braue *Argiue* Kings,
That rang vs plaudits for the Olimpike games,
Shall clap our triumphes 'gainſt the dreadful'ſt monſters
Heauen can ſend downe, or deepe *Auerne* belch forth.
As for the earth-bred monſters, we haue power
Infus'd by *Ioue*, to calme their inſolence.
Nor will we ceaſe, till we haue purchas'd vs
The name of *Tyrant-tamer* through the world.
Euriſt. It glads *Euriſteus* to be made ſo happy
As to be Tutor to this noble youth.
Thou haſt (witneſſe *Olimpus*) prou'd thy ſelfe
The ſwifteſt, actiu'ſt, ableſt, ſtrongeſt, conning'ſt
In ſhaft or dart; which when thy ſtep-dame *Iuno*
Shall vnderſtand how much thou do'ſt excell,
As 'twill pleaſe *Ioue*, it will content her well.
Herc. May we renowne *Euriſteus* by our fame,
As we ſhall ſtriue to pleaſe that heauenly dame.
Eur. Set on then Princes to the further honours
Of this bold *Theban*: may he ſtill proceed
To crowne great *Greece* with many a noble deed.

Enter a Heardſman wounded.

Theſ. Stay Lords: what meanes this Tragicke ſpectacle?
Herdſ. If *Greece*, that whilome was eſteem'd the ſpring

Of valor, and the well of chiualry,
Can yeeld an army of reſolued ſpirits,
Muſter them all againſt one dreadfull beaſt,
That keeps the forreſts and the woods in awe:
Commands the Cleonean continent,
Vnpeoples townes; And if not interdicted,
In time will make all *Greece* a wilderneſſe.

Herc. Heardſman, thou haſt expreſt a monſtrous beaſt,
Worthy the taske of *Ioue-borne Hercules.*
What is the ſauadge? ſpeake.

Herdſ. Whether ſome God,
With *Greece* offended, ſends him as a murreine,
To ſtrike our heards; or as a worſer plague,
Your people to deſtroy: But a fierce Lyon
Liues in the neighbour forreſt, preying there
On man and beaſt, not ſatisfied with both.
Ten Heardſmen of my traine at once he ſlew,
And me thus wounded; yet his maw vnſtaunch't,
He ſtill the thicke *Nemean* groues doth ſtray,
As if the world were not ſufficient pray.

Euriſt. This Lyon were a taske worthy *Ioues* ſonne,
Oh free vs from this feare great *Hercules.*

Herc. If he be den'd, Il'e rouze the monſtrous beaſt;
If ſeeking prey, Il'e chace him through the groues,
And hauing ouer-run the fugitiue,
Dare him to ſingle warre: It fits *Ioues* ſonne
Wraſtle with Lyons, and to tugge with Beares,
Grapple with Dragons, and incounter Whales.
Be he (as *Ioues* owne ſhield) invulnerable,
Or be his breaſt hoop't in with ribbes of braſſe,
Be his teeth raſer'd, and his tallons keene,
Sending at euery blow, fire from his bones,
Yet I ere night will caſe me in his skin.
This is a ſport———
Aboue th' Olimpiads; we will hunt to day
Yon fierce *Nemean* terror, as a game

Becomming *Hercules.* Winde hornes, away :
For now a generall hunting we proclaime,
Follow vs Princes, you that loue the game. *Exeunt.*

Wind hornes. Enter Iuno *and* Iris *aboue in a cloud.*

Iuno. Yon cheerefull noyſe of hunting tels mine eare
Hee's in the Chace : Redouble Ire on Ire,
And teare the baſtard *Theban* limbe from limbe.
Where art thou *Iris*? tell me from the cloud,
Where I haue plac'd thee to behold the Chace.
Iris aloft. Great *Hercules*
Purſues him through the medowes, mountaines, rockes.
Iuno. And flyes the ſauadge? will he not turne head,
Knowing his skin (ſaue by *Ioues* Thunderbolt)
Not to be pierc'd? baſe trembling coward beaſt.
Iris. Now doth the Lyon turne 'gainſt *Hercules*
With violent fury : 'laſſe poore *Hercules.*
Iuno. Gramercy *Iris*, I will crowne thy brow
With a new caſe of ſtarres, for theſe good newes.
ſhouts within.
Iris. Oh ! well done *Hercules.*
He ſhakes him from his ſhoulders like a feather.
And hurles the Lyon flat : The beaſt againe
Leaps to his throat ; *Alcides* grapples with him.
The Lyon now : Now *Hercules* againe.
And now the beaſt ; me thinkes the combat's euen.
Iuno. Not yet deſtroyd? *ſhouts within.*
Iris. Well wraſtled *Hercules* :
He gaue the monſtrous Lyon ſuch a fall,
As if a mountaine ſhould ore-whelme withall.
Aboue him ſtill : he chokes him with his gripes,
And with his ponderous buffets ſtownds the beaſt.
Iuno. Thus is my ſorrow, and his fame increaſt.
Iris. Now he hath ſtrangled him.
Iuno. *Iris* diſcend.
But though this faile, Il'e other dangers ſtore,

My Lyon ſlaine, I will prouide a Boare.

Enter to them at one doore, Euriſteus, *and the Kings of Greece: at the other* Hercules, *with the Lyons head and skinne,* Theſeus, Perithous, Philoctetes.

Herc. Thus *Hercules* begins his *Iouiall* taskes:
The horrid beaſt I haue torne out of his skin,
And the *Nemean* terror naked lyes,
Deſpoyl'd of his inuinced coat of Armes.
Iuno. This head (O wer't the head of *Hercules*)
Doth grace *Alcides* ſhoulders, and me thinkes,
Deck'd in theſe ſpoyles, thou dar'ſt the God of Armes.
Herc. To you great *Iuno*, doth *Alcmena's* ſonne
His high laborious valour dedicate.
You might haue heard the Lyon roare to heauen;
Euen to the high tribunall in the Spheares,
Where you ſit crown'd in ſtarres. We fac'd the beaſt,
And when he fixt his tallons in our fleſh,
We catch't the monſter in our manly gripes,
And made him thrice breake hold. Long did we tugge
For eminence: but when we prou'd his skin
To be wound-free, not to be pierc'd with ſteele,
We tooke the ſauadge monſter by the throat,
And with our ſinowy puiſſance ſtrangled him.
Euriſt. Alcides honours *Thebes*, and fames whole *Greece.*
Herc. There ſhall not breath a monſter here vnawed,
We ſhall the world affoord a wonderment,
Vnparalel'd by *Theban Hercules.*
This Lyons caſe ſhall on our ſhoulders hang,
Wee'l arme our body with th'vnvulner'd skin;
And with this maſſy Club all monſters dare:
And theſe ſhall like a bloudy meteor ſhew

More dreadfull then *Orions* flaming lockes,
T'affright the Gyants that oppreſſe the earth.
Eur. Let *Hercules* meane time abide with vs,
Till King *Euriſteus* mew atchieuements finde,
Worthy his valour.
Theſ. Honour me great Prince,
To grace my friend *Perithous*, and his ayd,
To be at their high ſpowſals.
Perith. *Avpodamia.*
Shall in this ſuit aſſiſt *Perithous*,
With vs the *Lapithes*, the *Centaurs* meete,
Thoſe whom *Ixion* got vpon a cloud.
They liue amongſt the groues of *Theſſaly*,
And in their double ſhapes will grace our feaſt.
Herc. *Perithous*, we will meet the *Centaurs* there,
And quaffe with them to *Hypodamia's* health.
But wherefore ſtands bright *Iuno* diſcontent?
Iuno. Oh blame me not, an vncoth ſauadge Boare
Deuaſts the fertill plaines of *Theſſaly*:
And when the people come to implore our ayd,
Their liues no mortall that dare vndertake
To combat him; The rough *Nemean* Lyon
Was milde to this: he plowes the forreſts vp,
His ſnowy foame he ſcatters ore the hils,
And in his courſe or-turnes the *Dordan* okes:
Oh let him dye by mighty *Hercules.*
Herc. Eternall Goddeſſe, were his ſharpned teeth
More dreadfull then the phangs of *Cerberus*,
Or were his briſtled-hide *Ioues* Thunder proofe,
Were his head braſſe, or his breaſt doubly plated
With'beſt *Vulcanian* armour *Lemnos* yeelds;
Yet ſhall his braines rattle beneath my Club.
The *Eremanthian* forreſt where he den's,
Shall quake with terrour when we beat the beaſt:
And when we caſt his backe againſt the earth,
The ground ſhall groane and reele with as much terror

As when the Gyant *Typhon* ſhakes the earth.
Iuno. Oh may'ſt thou liue the *Theban* Conquerour.
(Dye by the fury of that ſauadge ſwine,
And with thy carkaſſe glut his rauenous maw).
Herc. *Perithous*, I will bring thee to thy Bridals
This huge wilde ſwine, to feaſt the Centaurs with,
Diana's wrath ſhall be *Alcides* diſh,
Which hee'l preſent to *Hypodamia.*
Theſeus and *Philoctetes*, you conſort
Perithous. and aſſiſt the *Laypthes*
In theſe high preparations: We will take
The *Eremanthian* forreſt in our way.
Let's part, and ſacred Goddeſſe wiſh vs well
In our atchieuements.
Iuno. To be damn'd in hell. *Exeunt.*

Enter Ceres *and* Proſerpine *attired like the Moone, with a company of Swaines, and country Wenches:*

They ſing.

With faire Ceres *Queene of graine*
Song. *The reaped fields we rome, rome, rome,*
Each Countrey Peaſant, Nimph and Swaine
Sing their harueſt home, home, home:
Whilſt the Queene of plenty hallowes
Growing fields as well as fallowes.

Eccho double all our Layes,
Make the Champians ſound, ſound, ſound
To the Queene of harueſt praiſe,
That ſowes and reapes our ground, ground, ground.
Ceres *Queene of plenty hallowes*
Growing fields as well as fallowes.

Ceres. As we are *Ceres*, Queene of all fertility,
The earthes ſiſter, Aunt to higheſt *Iupiter*,

And mother to this beauteous childe the Moone,
So will we bleſſe your harueſts, crowne your fields
With plenty and increaſe : your bearded eares
Shall make their golden ſtalkes of wheat to bend
Below their laden riches : with full ſickles
You ſhall receiue the vſury of their ſeeds.
Your fallowes and your gleabes our ſelfe will till
From euery furrow that your plow-ſhares raze
Vpon the plenteous earth, our ſiſters breaſt,
You ſhall caſt vp aboundance for your gratitude
To *Ceres* and the chaſte *Proſerpina.*

Prof. Whil'ſt with theſe ſwaines my mother merry-makes,
And from their hands eates cakes of neweſt wheate,
The firſtlings of their vowed ſacrifice,
Leaue me behinde to make me various garlands
Of all the choyceſt flowers theſe medowes yeeld,
To decke my browes, and keepe my face from ſcorches
Of *Phœbus* raies.

Ceres. That done returne to vs,
Vnto our Temple, where wee'le feaſt theſe ſwaines.

Proſerp. No ſooner ſhall faire *Flora* crowme my temples,
But I your offerings will participate.

Ceres. Now that the heauens and earth are both appeas'd
And the huge Giants that aſſaulted *Ioue,*
Are ſlaughtered by the hand of *Iupiter* ;
We haue leaſure to attend our harmeleſſe ſwaines :
Set on then to our Rurall ceremonies. *Exeunt ſinging.*

Tempeſts hence, hence winds and hailes,
Tares, cockle, rotten ſhowers, ſhowers, ſhowers,
Our ſong ſhall keep time with our flailes,
When Ceres *ſings, none lowers, lowers, lowers.*
She it is whoſe God-hood hallowes
Growing fields as well as fallowes.

Profer. Oh! may theſe medowes euer barren be,
That yeeld of flowers no more variety.
Here neither is the white nor ſanguine Roſe,
The Straw-berry flower, the Paunce nor Violet:
Me thinkes I haue too poore a medow choſe,
Going to begge, I am with a begger met
That wants as much as I: I ſhould do ill
To take from them that need. Here grow no more,
Then ſerue thine owne deſpoyled breaſt to fill,
The meades I rob, ſhall yeeld me greater ſtore.
Thy flowers thou canſt not ſpare, thy boſome lend,
On which to reſt whil'ſt *Phœbus* doth tranſcend.
She lyes downe.

Thunder. Enter Pluto, *his Chariot drawne in by Diuels.*

Pluto. What hurly-burly hath beene late in heauen
Againſt our brother *Ioue* omnipotent?
The Gyants haue made warre: great *Briareus*
Whoſe hundred hands, a hundred ſwords at once
Haue brandiſh't againſt heauen, is topſie turn'd,
And tumbled headlong from th'Olimpicke Towers.
But big-limb'd *Typhon*, that aſſaulted moſt,
And hurl'd huge mountaines 'gainſt heauens chriſtall gates
To ſhatter them, wraſtled with *Ioue* himſelfe:
Whoſe heeles tript vp, kick't 'gainſt the firmament,
And falling on his backe, ſpread thouſand acres
Of the affrighted earth, aſtoniſh't *Iupiter*,
Leſt he ſhould riſe to make new vp-rores there,
On his right hand the mount *Pelorus* hurle:
Vpon his left ſpacious *Pachinne* lyes,
And on his legges, the land of *Liliby*:
His head the ponderous mountaine *Ætna* crownes,
From which the Gyant breathes infernall fires:
And ſtruggling to be freed from all theſe weights,
Makes (as he moues) huge earth-quakes that ſhake th'earth

And make our kingdomes tremble. Frighted thence,
We haue made aſcent to take a free ſuruey
Whether the worlds foundations be ſtill firme ;
Leſt being cranied, through theſe concaue cliffes,
The Sunne and ſtarres may ſhine, to lighten hell.
Al's ſound, we haue ſtrooke th'earths baffes with our mace,
And found the Center firme : Our Iron Chariot
That from his ſhod wheeles ruſty darkneſſe flings,
Hath with our weight, prou'd mountaines, dales and rocks,
And found them no where hollow ; All being well,
Wee'l cleaue the earth, and ſinke againe to hell.

Profer. *Ceres*, oh helpe me father *Iupiter*,
Yon vgly ſhape affrights me.

Pluto. Ha, what's the matter ?
Who breath'd that well-tun'd ſhrike, ſweet ſhape, bright beauty, *Pluto's* heart was neuer ſoft till now.
Faire mortall.

Profer. Hence foule fiend.

Pluto. By Lethe, Styx, Cocytus, Acheron,
And all the terrors our blacke Region yeelds,
I ſee and loue, and at one inſtant both.
Kiſſe me.

Profer. Out on thee Hell-hound.

Pluto. What are you, beauteous Goddeſſe ?

Profer. Nothing. Oh !
Helpe mother, father, *Ceres*, *Iupiter*.

Pluto. Be what thou canſt, thou now art *Pluto's* rape,
And ſhalt with me to *Orcus*.

Profer. Clawes off Diuell.

Pluto. Fetch from my ſiſter *Night* a cloud of darkneſſe
To roabe me in, in that Il'e hide this beauty
From Gods and mortals, till I ſinke to hell.
Nay, you ſhall mount my Chariot.

Prof. *Ceres*, *Ioue*.

Pluto. *Ceres* nor *Ioue*, nor all the Gods aboue

Shall rob me this rich purchaſe. Yoake my ſtallions
That from their noſtrils breath infernall fumes :
And when they gallop through theſe vpper worlds,
With fogges choake *Phœbus*, chace the ſtarres from heauen,
And while my Ebon Chariot ore the rocks,
Clatters his Iron wheeles, make a noyſe more hideous
Then *Panompheus* thunder.
Prof. Helpe heauen, helpe earth.
Pluto. Cleaue earth, and when I ſtampe vpon thy breaſt
Sinke me, my braſſe-ſhod wagon, and my ſelfe,
My Coach-ſteeds, and their traces altogether
Ore head and eares in Styx.
Profer. You Gods, you men.
Pluto. Eternall darkeneſſe claſpe me where I dwell
Sauing theſe eyes, wee'le haue no light in hell. *Exit.*

Enter Ceres.

Ceres. Where is my faire and louely *Proſerpine*?
The feaſt is done, and ſhe not yet return'd :
Speake *Ioues* faire daughter, whither art thou ſtraid?
I haue ſought the medowes, gleabes, and new-reap't fields,
Yet cannot finde my childe. Her ſcattered flowers,
And garland halfe made vp, I haue light upon,
But her I cannot ſpy. Behold the trace
Of ſome ſtrange wagon, that hath ſcortch't the fields,
And ſing'd the graſſe : theſe routes the ſunne nere ſear'd.
Where art thou loue? where art thou *Proſerpine*?
Hath not thy father *Ioue* ſnatch't thee to heauen
Vpon his Eagle? I will ſearch the ſpheares
But I will finde thee out : ſwift *Mercury*,
Ioues ſonne, and *Mayas*; ſpeake, ſpeake from the clouds,
And tell me if my daughter be aboue.

Mercury flies from aboue.

Mer. Thy clamours (*Ceres*) haue aſcent through heauen ;
Which when I heard, as ſwift as lightning
I ſearch't the regions of the vpper world,
And euery place aboue the firmament.
I haue paſt the planets, ſoar'd quite through the ſpheares ;
I haue croſt the Articke and Antarkicke poles.
Hot *Cancer*, and cold *Arctos* I haue ſearch't,
Paſt th' Hyperboreans, and th' Solſticies,
The Tropiques, Zones, Signes, Zeniths, Circles, Lines,
Yet no where can I finde faire *Proſerpine.*

Exit Mercury.

Ceres. If not in heauen, Il'e next inquire the earth,
And to the place where old *Oceanus*
Layes his hoare head in *Amphitrites* lap :
Il'e trauell till I finde my girle.
Aſſiſt me gracious *Neptune* in my ſearch ;
And *Tryton*, thou that on thy ſhelly Trumpet,
Summons the Sea-gods, anſwer from the depth,
If thou haſt ſeene or heard of *Proſerpine.* *Exeunt.*

Enter Tryton with his Trumpe, as from the ſea.

Tryt. On *Neptunes* Sea-horſe with my concaue Trumpe,
Through all th' Abyſſe, I haue ſhril'd thy daughters loſſe.
The channels cloath'd in waters, the low citties,
In which the water-Nymphes, and Sea-gods dwell,
I haue perus'd ; ſought through whole woods and forreſts
Of leaueleſſe Corrall planted in the deepes,
Toſt vp the beds of Pearle, rouz'd vp huge Whales,
And ſterne Sea-monſters from their rocky dennes,
Thoſe bottomes, bottomleſſe ſhallowes and ſhelues :

And all thoſe currents where th' earths ſprings breake
in,
Thoſe plaines where *Neptune* feeds his Porpoſes,
Sea-morſes, Seales, and all his cattell elſe.
Through all our ebbes and Tides my Trump hath
blaz'd her,
Yet can no cauerne ſhew me *Proſerpine. Exit Tryton.*

Ceres. If heauen nor ſea, then ſearch thy boſome
earth,
Faire ſiſter *Earth*, for all theſe beauteous fields
Spread ore thy breaſt; for all theſe fertill croppes,
With which my plenty hath inrich't thy boſome,
For all thoſe rich and pleaſant wreathes of graine
With which ſo oft thy Temples I haue crown'd:
For all the yearely liueries and freſh robes
Vpon thy ſommer beauty I beſtow,
Shew me my childe.

Earth riſeth from vnder the ſtage.

Earth. Not in reuenge faire *Ceres*
That your remorſleſſe plowes haue rak't my breaſt,
Nor that your Iron-tooth'd harrowes print my face
So full of wrinkles, that you digge my ſides
For marle and ſoyle, and make me bleed my ſprings
Through all my open'd veines, to weaken me;
Do I conceale your daughter: I haue ſpread
My armes from ſea to ſea, look't ore my mountaines,
Examin'd all my paſtures, groues, and plaines,
Marſhes and wowlds, my woods and Champian fields,
My dennes and caues; and yet from foot to head
I haue no place on which the Moone doth tread.
Earth ſinkes.

Ceres. Then *Earth* thou haſt loſt her: and for
Proſerpine
Il'e ſtrike thee with a laſting barrenneſſe.
No more ſhall plenty crowne thy fertill browes,
Il'e breake thy plowes, thy Oxen murren-ſtrike:
With Idle agues Il'e conſume thy ſwaines,

Sow tares and cockles in thy lands of wheat,
Whoſe ſpykes the weed and cooch-graſſe ſhall out-
grow,
And choke it in the blade. The rotten ſhowers
Shall drowne thy ſeed, which the hote ſunne ſhall
parch,
Or mill-dewes rot ; and what remaines ſhall be
A prey to rauenous birds. Oh *Proſerpine*!
You Gods that dwell aboue, and you below,
Both of the woods and gardens, riuers, brookes,
Fountaines and wels, ſome one among you all
Shew me her ſelfe or graue, to you I call.

The riuer Arethuſa riſeth from the ſtage.

Areth. That can the riuer *Arethuſa* do.
My ſtreames you know faire Goddeſſe, iſſue forth
From Tartary, by the Tenarian Iſles :
My head's in Hell, where Stygian *Pluto* reignes,
There did I ſee the louely *Proſerpine*,
Whom *Pluto* hath rap't hence ; behold her girdle,
Which by the way dropt from her beauteous waſte,
And ſcattered in my ſtreames. Faire Queene adue,
Crowne you my banks with flowers, as I tell true.

Exit Are.

Ceres. Hath that infernall monſter ſtolne my
childe ?
Il'e mount the ſpheares, and there ſolicite *Ioue*,
To inuade the Stygian kingdomes, to redeeme
My rauiſh't daughter. If the Gods deny
That grace to *Ceres*, Il'e inuoke the helpe
Of ſome bold mortall : noble *Hercules*,
Who with his Club ſhall rouze th' infernall King,
Dragge out the furies with their ſnaky lockes,
Strangle hels Iudges in their ſcarlet robes,
And bring a double terrour to the damn'd.
Of Gods and Men I will inuoke the aides
To free my childe from thoſe infernall ſhades.

Enter Hercules, Theſeus, Perithous, Philoctetes, Hypodamia, the Centaurs, Neſſus, Euritus, Chiron, Cillarus, Antimachus, Hippaſus. At a banquet.

Herc. To grace thy feaſt faire *Hypodamia*,
The Eremanthian forreſt we haue rob'd
Of that huge Boare : you Centaurs doubly ſhap't,
Feed with *Alcides* on that monſtrous ſwine,
That hath deuour'd ſo many Swaynes and Heards.
Thef. Take *Theſeus* welcome for *Perithous* ſake,
And ſit with vs faire Princes, take your place
Next you *Alcides* ; then the Centaurs round.
Antimac. Now by *Ixion*, that our grand-ſire was,
That dar'd to kiſſe the mighty thunderers wife,
And did not feare to cuckold *Iupiter*,
Thou doſt the Centaur's honour.
Neſſ. Let's quaffe the brides health in the bloud of grapes,
Wine begets mirth, and mirth becomes a bridall.
Perith. Fill then for *Neſſus* and *Antimachus*,
Let *Euritus* and *Chiron* pledge it round.
Eur. Fill to vs all, euen till theſe empty bowles
Turne vp their bottomes 'gainſt the face of heauen.
Chi. Off ſhall all this to *Hipodamia's* health,
The beauteous bride : wil't pledge it *Hercules*?
Herc. Yes, were it deeper then the golden cup
Ioue quaffes in from the hand of *Ganimed*.
Silanthus, *Hippaſus*, and *Cillarus*,
To the faire Princeſſe of the *Lapythes*.
Anti. Shee's faire indeed, I loue her : wine and loue
Adde fire to fire. To *Philoctetes* this.
Phi. 'Tis welcome *Hippaſus*. Here *Cillarus*.
Cil. Faire *Hypodamia's* of the Centaurs brood,
Great *Biſtus* daughter, neere ally'd to vs,
Il'e take her health.
Perith. Gramercy *Cillarus* :
Il'e do the like to faire *Philonome*,
Thy ſweet She-Centaur.

Cil. Double this to her.
Hyp. Crowne all your healths with mirth, let ioyes abound
And to *Philonome* let this go round.
Anti. Gramercies, 'laſſe my braine begins to ſwim,
I haue an appetite to kiſſe the bride,
I and I will.
Theſſ. What meanes *Antimachus*?
Anti. Kiſſe *Hypodamia*, I and———
Thef. That's too much,
And more then any of the Centaurs dare.
Cil. Why? who ſhould hinder him?
Thef. That *Theſeus* will.
Anti. Ha, ha, haue I from the fierce Lyon torne her whelp?
Brought from the forreſts ſhe-Beares in my armes?
And dandled them like infants? plaid with them,
And ſhall I not then dare to kiſſe the bride?
Herc. Audacious Centaur, do but touch her skirt,
Prophane that garment *Hymen* hath put on;
Or with thy hideous ſhape once neere her cheeke,
Il'e lay ſo huge a ponder on thy skull,
As if the baſſes of the heauen ſhould ſhrinke,
And whelme ore thee the marble firmament.
Anti. That will I try.
Cil. Aſſiſt *Antimachus.*

A confuſed fray with ſtooles, cups & bowles, the Centaurs are beaten.

Peri. Reſcue for *Hypodamia.*
Chi. Downe with the *Lapythes.*
Neſſ. Downe with *Hercules.*
Herc. You cloud-bred race, *Alcides* here will ſtand
To plague you all with his high *Iouiall* hand.

Alarme. Enter Iuno, *with all the Centaurs.*

Iuno. And ſhrinkes *Ixions* race? durſt he aſpire
To our celeſtiall bed? though for his boldneſſe

He now be tortured with the wheele in hell?
And dare not you withſtand baſe *Hercules*?
Currage braue *Hyppo-Centaurs*, let the baſtard
Be hew'd and mangled with our conquering arme.
Renue the fight, make the Theſſalian fields
Thunder beneath your hoofes, whilſt they imprint
Vpon the earth, deepe ſemi-circled moones.
Let all your arm'd race gallop from the hils,
To inmure the faint deiected *Lapithes*.
Tis *Iuno*, whom your tortur'd grand-ſire lou'd,
Bids you to Armes: lift vp your weapons hye
And in their fall may great *Alcides* dye.

Antimac. Our grand-ſires wheeles cracke all that Centaurs bones,
That flyes when *Iuno* giues incouragement.
Chirus, *Latreus*, *Neſſus*, *Euritus*,
And all our race firſt tumbled in the clouds
That crown'd the mountaine toppes of *Theſſaly*,
Make head againe, follow *Antimachus*,
Whoſe braine through heated with the fumes of wine
Burnes with the loue of *Hypodamia*.
Theſeus, *Perithous*, and *Alcides*, all
Shall in this fury by the Centaurs fall.

Alarme. Enter to them Hercules, Theſeus, Perithous, *and* Philoctetes.

Herc. Behold the luſt-burn'd and wine-heated monſters
Once more make head; wee'l paſh them with our club.
This Centaure-match, it ſhall in ages,
And times to come, renowne great *Hercules*.
Vpon them, when we parlee with our foes:
Tongues peace: for we breake ſilence with our blowes.

Alarme. They fight, the Centaurs are all diſperſt and ſlaine. Enter with victory, Hercules, Theſeus, Perithous, Philoctetes, Hypodamia, *and others*.

Herc. Let *Theſſaly* reſound *Alcides* praiſe,

And all the two-ſhap't Centaurs that ſuruiue,
Quake when they heare the name of *Hercules.*
Were theſe *Theſſalian* monſters bred at firſt
By *Saturne* and *Philiris*, as ſome ſay,
When in equinall ſhape ſhe was deflour'd?
Or when *Ixion*, ſnatcht to heauen by *Ioue*,
And feaſted in the hye Olympicke hall,
He ſought to ſtrumpet *Iuno*? The heauens Queene
Transform'd a cloud to her celeſtiall ſhape,
Of which he got the Centaurs. Be they bred
Of earth or vapour, their hote fiery braines
Are now diſpurpled by *Alcides* Club,
And in their deaths renowne the *Lapythes.*

Thef. *Ioues* ſonne was borne a terrour to the world,
To awe the tyrants that oppreſſe and ſway.

Perith. But moſt indebt to thee *Perithous* is,
That haſt reſtor'd a virgin and a bride,
Pure and vntouch't to ſleep in theſe my armes.

Hypoda. My tongue ſhall ſound the praiſe of *Hercules.*
My heart imbrace his loue.

Herc. Oh had bright *Iuno*
My louing ſtep-dame, ſeated in the clouds,
Beheld me paſh the Centaurs with my club,
It would haue fild her with celeſtiall ioyes;
Knowing that all my deeds of fame and honour
I conſecrate to her and *Iupiter.*
Of theſe proud Centaurs *Neſſus* is eſcapt,
The reſt all ſtrew the fields of *Theſſaly.*

Enter Ceres.

Ceres. Reſerues the noble *Theban* all his valour
For th'ingrate *Iuno*, and hath ſtor'd no deed
Of honour for deiected *Ceres* here?
Ceres forlorne, forſaken and deſpis'd,
Whom neither obdure heauen, relentleſſe ſea,
Nor the rude earth will pitty.

Herc. Queene of plenty,
Lye it within the ſtrength of mortall arme,
The power of man, or worke of demi-god,
I am thy Champion.
Ceres. From heauen, earth and ſea,
Then *Ceres* muſt appeale to *Hercules*.
Know then I am rob'd of beauteous *Proſerpine*,
Tartarian Dis hath rap't my daughter hence;
Which when I heard, I skal'd the thunderers throne,
And made my plaints to him, who anſwered me,
His power was onely circumſcrib'd in heauen,
And *Pluto* was as abſolute in hell
As he in heauen; nor would he muſter Gods
Againſt the fiends, ore which his brother reign'd.
Next made I ſuit to haue *Neptune* call his waters,
And with his billowes drowne the lower world:
Who anſwered, the firme channell bounds his waues,
Nor is there paſſage betweene ſea and hell,
The earth beneath her center cannot ſinke,
Nor haue I hope from thence; onely great *Hercules*.
Herc. Will vndertake what neither *Iupiter*,
Neptune, nor all the Gods dare make their taske:
The Stygian *Pluto* ſhall reſtore the moone,
Or feele the maſſe of this my ponderous club.
Comfort faire Queene, Il'e paſſe the poole of Styx,
And if leane *Charon* waftage ſhall deny,
The Ferry-man Il'e buffet in his barge.
Three-throated *Cerberus* that keepes hell-gates,
Shall (when we come to knocke) not dare to howle:
The ghoſts already dead, and doom'd, ſhall feare
To dye againe at ſight of *Hercules*.
Sterne *Mynos*, *Æachus*, and *Rhadamant*,
Shall from the dreadfull ſeſſions kept in hell,
Be rouz'd by vs: wee'l quake them at that barre
Where all ſoules ſtand for ſentence: the three ſiſters
Shall crowch to vs. *Ceres*, wee'l ranſacke hell,
And *Pluto* from th' infernall vaults expell.
Thef. *Theſeus* in this will ayd great *Hercules*.

Peri. And ſo *Perithous* ſhall.
Herc. Comfort Queene *Ceres*,
Whom neither Harpyes, Boares or Buls can tame,
The darke Cimerians muſt next found his fame.
Adue bright *Hypodamia* lately freed
From the adulterous Centaurs: Our renowne
That yet 'tweene heauen and earth doth onely ſhine,
Hell ſhall next blaze for beauteous *Proſerpine.*

HOMER.

Ere Hercules *the Stygian pooles inuade*
A taske which none but he durſt vndertake,
Without both earthy and immortall ayde,
We Ioue *preſent: who once more doth forſake*
Heauen, for a mortall beauty; one more rare
Earth yeelded not, then Semele *the faire.*
Whilſt Iuno, Hercules *with hate purſues,*
Neglecting Ioue, *he from the ſpheares eſpyes*
This bright Cadmeian, and the groues doth chuſe
To court her in: How, and in what diſguiſe
You next ſhall ſee, they meet firſt in the Chace,
Where they diſcourſe, acquaint, kiſſe, and imbrace.

Dumbe ſhew. Enter Semele *like a huntreſſe, with her traine,* Iupiter *like a wood-man in greene: he woes her, and winnes her.*

What cannot Ioue, *infus'd with power diuine?*
He woes and winnes, enioyes the beauteous dame;
The iealous Iuno *ſpyes their loue in fine,*
Leaues off her enuy to Alcides *fame,*
And 'gainſt this beauteous Lady armes her ſpleene,
Quite to deſtroy the bright Cadmeian Queene.
Your fauours ſtill: ſome here no doubt will wonder,
To ſee the Thunderers loue periſh by thunder.

Enter Iuno *and* Iris.

Iuno. Haſt thou found him *Iris*?
Iris. Madame I haue.
Iuno. Where?
Iris. In the houſe of *Cadmus*, courting there
The faireſt of the race, yong *Semele.*
Iuno. What am I better to be *Queene of heauen*,
To be the ſiſter and the wife of *Ioue*,
When euery ſtrumpet braues my Deity?
Whilſt I am buſied to lay traps and traines
For proud *Alcmena's* baſtard, he takes time
For his adulterous rapes. *Europa* liues
Sainted on earth, *Caliſto* ſhines a ſtarre,
Iuſt in mine eye, by name of *Leſſer Beare*,
Io in *Ægypt* is ador'd a Goddeſſe:
And of my ſeruant *Argus* (ſlaine by *Mercury*)
There liues no note; ſaue that his hundred eyes
I haue tranſported to my peacockes traine.
Thus fall the friends of *Iuno*, whilſt his ſtrumpets
Front me on earth, or braue mine eye in heauen:
But *Semele* ſhall pay for't. In what ſhape
Saw'ſt thou him court that ſtrumpet?
Iris. Like a wood-man.
Iuno. I met him on the mountaine *Erecine*,
And tooke him for the yong *Hyppolitus.*
Iris I hau't; 'tis plotted in my braine,
To haue the ſtrumpet by her louer ſlaine.
Of her nurſe *Beroe* Il'e aſſume the ſhape,
And by that meanes auenge me on this rape.

Exeunt.

Enter Semele *with her ſeruants and attendants.*

Semel. Oh *Iupiter*! thy loue makes me immortall,
The high Cadmeian is in my grace,
To that great God exalted, and my iſſue,
When it takes life, ſhall be the ſeed of Gods;

And I ſhall now be ranck't in equipage
With *Danae*, *Io*, *Leda*, and the reſt,
That in his amours pleas'd the thunderer beſt.
Me-thinkes ſince his imbraces fil'd my wombe,
There is no earth in me, I am all diuine:
Ther's in me nothing mortall, ſaue this ſhape,
Whoſe beauty hath cal'd *Ioue* himſelfe from heauen,
The reſt all pure, corruptleſſe and refin'd,
That hath daz'd men, and made th' immortall blinde.
Leaue vs, oh you vnworthy to attend
Or wait vpon Cadmeian *Semele*:
Hebe ſhall be my hand-mayd, and my wine
The hand of *Ioues* owne cup-bearer ſhall fill,
Il'e begge of him the Troian *Ganimed*
To be my page; and when I pleaſe to ride,
Borrow his Eagle through the ayre to glide.
Go call me hither my Nurſe *Beroe*,
Whom I will make free-partner in my ioyes.

Enter Iuno in the ſhape of old Beroe.

Seru. *Beroe* attends your grace.
Sem. Oh my deere nurſe! liues there on earth a Princeſſe
Equally lou'd and grac'd by *Ioue* himſelfe?
Iuno. Out on thee ſtrumpet, I could teare thoſe eyes,
Whoſe beauty drew my husband from the skyes.
Sem. I am not happy *Beroe*?
Iuno. Were you ſure
'Twere *Ioue* himſelfe this gladneſſe did procure.
Madame, there many fowle impoſters be,
That blinde the world with their inchaſtity:
And in the name of Gods, being ſcarce good men,
Iuggle with Ladyes, and corrupt their honors.
Think you yon ſtripling that goes clad in greene,
Is *Iupiter*?
Sem. I know him for heauens King,
Whoſe iſſue in my wombe I feele to ſpring.

Iuno. I thinke it not ; but Lady this I know,
That Gods are ſo laſciuious growne of late,
That men contend their luſts to imitate.
Sem. Not *Iupiter*.
Iuno. Things truly reconcile,
You'l iumpe with me : how haue you beene the while,
Since you were breeding, now well, ſometimes ill,
Subiect to euery imperfection ſtill,
Apt to all chances other women be.
When were you lou'd of the high Deity,
That hath the guift of ſtrength, power, health, and ioy,
The leaſt of theſe could not your ſtate annoy.
Sem. Thou putſt me in miſtruſt, and halfe perſwad'ſt me
He is no more then mortall whom I loue.
How ſhall I proue him nurſe ?
Iuno. Il'e tell you madame ; When you ſee him next,
Seeme with ſome ſtrange and vncoth paſſion vext,
And beg of him a boone, which till he grant,
Sweare he no more your fauours ſhall inchant.
Sem. *Beroe*, what boone ?
Iuno. To hugge you in that ſtate
In which faire *Iuno* he imbrac'd ſo late.
To deſcend armed with celeſtiall fire,
And in that maieſty glut his deſire.
His right hand arm'd with lightning, on his head
Heauens maſſy crowne ; and ſo to mount your bed.
So are you ſure he is a God indeed,
Obtaine this boone, and fairely may you ſpeed.
Sem. Thou haſt fir'd me *Beroe*.
Iuno. Thou ſhalt be on flame,
So great, the Ocean ſhall not quench the ſame.
Sem. *Beroe* away, my chamber ready make,
Toſſe downe on downe : for we this night muſt tumble
Within the armes of mighty *Iupiter*.
Of whom Il'e begge th' immortall ſweets of loue,

Such as from *Ioue* Imperiall *Iuno* taſtes.
Begone without reply, my loue's at hand.
Iuno. Thy death's vpon thy boone : this *Iuno* cheares,
That my reuenge ſhall mount aboue the ſpheares.
exit Iuno.
Sem. I will not ſmile on him, lend him a looke,
As the leaſt grace, till he giue free aſcent
To fill me with celeſtiall wonderment.

Enter Iupiter *like a wood-man.*

Iup. Oh thou that mak'ſt earth heauen, & turn'ſt th'immortal
Into this ſhape terreſtriall, thou bright iſſue
Of old *Ægenor*, and the Cadmeian line,
For whom, theſe ſtony buildings we preferre
Before our Chriſtall ſtructures : that mak'ſt *Ioue*
Abandon the high counſels of the Gods
To treat with thee of loues faire blandiſhments :
Diuineſt of thy race, faire *Semele*
Fold in thine armes Olimpicke *Iupiter*.
Sem. *Iupiter* !
Iup. That *Iupiter* that with a powerfull nod
Shakes the heauens arches, ore the vniuerſe
Spreads dreads & awe ; and when we arme our ſelfe
With maieſty, make th' earths foundation tremble,
And all mortality flye like a ſmoake
Before our preſence vaniſh't and conſum'd.
Sem. Did *Semele* behold ſuch Maieſty,
She could beleeue this were the thunderers voyce,
Thou hee ?
Iup. What meanes this ſtrangeneſſe *Semele* ?
Haue I preferd thy beauty before hers
Whoſe ſtate fils heauen, whoſe food's *Ambroſia*,
Vpon whoſe cup the louely *Hebe* waits
When ſhe quaffes *Nectar* ? whoſe bright Chariot
Is drawn with painted peacocks through the clouds
And am I thus receiu'd ?

Sem. Thou bed with *Iuno*?
Baſe groome, thou art no better then thou ſeem'ſt,
And thy impoſtures haue deceiued a Princeſſe
Greater then ere deſcended from thy line.
Hence from my ſight thou earth, that haſt profan'd
The dreadfull thunderers name: what ſee I in thee
More then a man, to proue thy ſelfe a God?
Thou deifi'd? thy preſence groome is poore,
Thy 'hauiour ſleight, thy courtſhip triuiall,
Thou haſt not a good face, what's in thee worth
The fauour and the grace of *Semele*?
A God? alaſſe! thou art ſcarce a proper man.

Iup. Ha, fails my ſhape, is he that awes the Gods,
Now valued leſſe then man? why *Semele*
Proue me and what I can: wouldſt thou haue gold?
Il'e raine a richer ſhower in thy boſome
Then ere I powr'd on *Danae*.

Sem. Gold? what's that?
Which euery mortall Prince can giue his loue.

Iup. Wouldſt thou increaſe thy beauty or thy ſtrength?

Sem. I am nor fowle nor ſicke.

Iup. Wouldſt thou haue God-hood?
I will tranſlate this beauty to the ſpheares,
Where thou ſhalt ſhine the brighteſt ſtarre in heauen:
Il'e lift thy body from this terrene droſſe,
And on two eagles, ſwift as *Pegaſus*,
Wee'l take our daily progreſſe through the clouds.
Il'e ſhew thee all the planets in their ranke,
The monſtrous ſignes, the Lyon, Ramme and Bull,
The blacke-ſcald Scorpion, and the Cancers clawes.
Aske what thou wilt to proue my Deity,
And take it as thine owne faire *Semele*.

Sem. Grant me one boone, leſſe then the leaſt of theſe,
My armes ſhall ſpread thus wide to imbrace my loue,
In my warme boſome I will gloue thy hand,
And ſeale a thouſand kiſſes on thy lippes.
My fingers Il'e intangle in theſe curles,

And ſcarfe my Iuory arme about thy necke ;
And lay my ſelfe as proſtrate to thy loue,
As th' earth her graſſe-greene apron ſpreads for raine.
Speake, ſhall I aske? or haue you power to grant?
Iup. By dreadfull Styx, an oath I cannot change,
But aske and haue.
Sem. Then bed with me to night,
Arm'd with the ſelfe-ſame God-hood, ſtate and power
You *Iuno* meet.
Iup. Blacke day, accurſed houre,
Thou haſt ask't too much, thy weake mortality
Cannot indure the ſcorching fires of heauen.
Sem. Either you cannot doo't, as wanting might,
Or loath you are to breed me ſuch delight.
Is this your loue?
Iup. Thy death is in thy boone :
But 'tis thy fate, ſhe can it not recall,
Nor I vnſweare : the infant in her wombe
Not yet full growne and ripe, torments me moſt :
For in this raſh demand they both are loſt.
Sem. Il'e ſtand it at all dangers, and prepare
For this nights ſport.
Iup. Aboue my thunders are,
Thither I muſt, and beeing arm'd, deſcend
To giue this beauty (in her raſhneſſe) end.
Sem. Remember by this kiſſe you keep your oath.
Iup. Neuer did *Ioue* to heauen aſcend ſo loath ;
Expect me this ſad night.
Sem. With double ioy.
Celeſtiall ſweets ſhall ſurfet me, and cloy
My appetite ; the Gods are loath to impart
Their pleaſures to vs mortalls. Dance my hart,
And ſwim in free delights, my pleaſures crowne,
This *Iouiall* night ſhall *Semele* renowne. *Exit Semele.*

Iuno *and* Iris *plac'd in a cloud aboue.*

Iuno. Come *Iris*, ore the loftieſt pinnacles
Of this high pallace, let vs mount our ſelues,

To ſee this noble paſtime : Is't not braue ?
Iris. Hath her ſuit tooke effect ? 'laſſe *Semele !*
Iuno. Hang, burne her witch, be all ſuch ſtrum-
pets fir'd
With no leſſe heat then wanton *Semele.*
Oh 'twill be gallant ſport, wil't not *Iris* ?
To ſee theſe golden roofes daunce in the aire.
Theſe pinnacles ſhall pricke the floores of heauen,
Theſe ſpires confuſed, tumble in the clouds ;
And all flye vp and ſhatter at the approach
Of his great God-hood. Oh 'twould pleaſe me *Iris*
To ſee this wanton with her baſtard, blowne
And hang'd vpon the high hornes of the moone.
The howre drawes on, we may from hence eſpy
Th' adultreſſe ſprall, the pallace vpwards fly.

Enter two maids of Semeles chamber.

1. *Maid.* Queſtionleſſe my Lady lookes for ſome great gueſts, that ſhe makes all this preparation.

2. *Maid.* 'Tis not like ſhe expects them at ſupper, becauſe ſhe herſelfe is preparing to bed.

1. *Maid.* Did you note how ſhe made vs tumble & toſſe the bed before the making of it would pleaſe her ?

2. *Maid.* There hath beene tumbling and toſſing on that bed hath pleas'd her better ; you know the youth in greene, he hath made my Lady looke red ere now.

1. *Maid.* You know ſhee is naturally pale ; hee did but wraſtle with her to get her a colour.

2. *Maid.* The youth in greene hath giuen her a medicine for the greene ſickneſſe, I warrant her : I am deceiued, if (when they meet) it go not two to one of her ſide.

1. *Maid.* Why do you thinke her with childe.

2. *Maid.* Tis paſt thinking, I dare ſweare. But let's attend my Lady.

Enter Semele drawne out in her bed.

Sem. Away, we will haue none partake our pleaſures,
Or be eye-witneſſe of theſe prodigall ſweets
Which we this night ſhall in aboundance taſte.
This is the houre ſhall deifie my earth,
And make this droſſe immortall: thankes my *Beroe*,
That thou haſt made me begge my happineſſe,
Shew'd me the way to immortallity,
And taught me how to emulate the Gods.
Deſcend great *Ioue* in thy full maieſty,
And crowne my pleaſures: here behold me ſpred,
To taſte the ſweets of thy immortall bed.

Thunder, lightnings, Iupiter *deſcends in his maiesty, his Thunderbolt burning.*

Iup. Thus wrapt in ſtormes and black tempeſtuous clouds,
Lightning and ſhowers, we ſit vpon the roofes
And trembling Tarraſſes of this high houſe
That is not able to containe our power.
Yet come we not with thoſe ſharpe thunders arm'd
With which the ſturdy giants we ore-threw,
When we the mighty *Typhon* ſunke beneath
Foure populous kingdomes: theſe are not ſo fiery,
The *Cyclopes* that vs'd to forge our bolts,
Haue qualifi'd their feruour, yet their violence
Is 'boue the ſtrength of mortals. Beauteous *Semele*
In ſteed of thee I ſhall imbrace thy ſmoake,
And claſpe a fumy vapour left in place
Thunder and lightning.
Of thy bright beauty, Stormy tempeſts ceaſe,
The more I frowne, the more their breathes increaſe.

Sem. What terror's this? oh thou immortall ſpeake!
My eyes are for thy maieſty too weake.

As he toucheth the bed it fires, and all flyes vp,
Iupiter *from thence takes an abortiue infant.*

Iup. Receiue thy boone, now take thy free deſire
In thunder, tempeſt, ſmoake, and heauenly fire.
Iuno. Ha, ha, ha.
Faire *Semelé's* conſum'd, 'twas acted well :
Come, next wee'l follow *Hercules* to hell.

Iupiter taking vp the Infant ſpeakes as he aſcends in his cloud.

Iup. For *Semele* (thus ſlaine) the heauens ſhall mourne
In pitchy clouds, the earth in barrenneſſe ;
The Ocean (for her ſlaughter) ſhall weepe brine,
And hell reſound her loſſe. Faire *Semele*
Nothing but aſhes now ; yet this remainder,
That cannot dye, being borne of heauenly ſeed,
I will conſerue till his full time of birth :
His name Il'e *Bachus* call, and being growne,
Stile him, *The God of Grapes* ; his Bachenals
Shall be renown'd at feaſts, when their light braines
Swim in the fumes of wine. This all that's left
Of *Semele*, vnto the heauens Il'e beare,
Whoſe death this *Motto* to all mortals lends :
He by the Gods dyes, that 'boue man contends.

HOMER.

Let none the ſecrets of the Gods inquire,
Leſt they (like her) be ſtrooke with heauenly fire.
But we againe to Hercules *returne,*
Now on his iourney to the vaults below,
Where diſcontented Proſerpine *doth mourne,*
There's made to cheere her an infernall ſhow.
Hels Iudges, Fates and Furies ſummond beene
To giue free welcome to the Stygian Queene.

A dumbe ſhew of Pluto *and all his Diuels, preſenting ſeuerall gifts and ſhewes to cheere, but ſhe continues in her diſcontent.*

All this and more (*the beauteous Queene to cheare*)
Pluto *deuis'd, but ſtill her griefe remaines*:
No food ſhe taſtes within the gloomy ſpheare,
Saue of a ripe Pomegranat ſome few graines.
The next thing we preſent (*ſit faire and well*)
You ſhall behold a Holy-day in hell.

Enter Theſeus, Perithous, and Philoctetes armed.

Theſ. Saw you not *Hercules* ?
Perith. Noble *Theſeus* no.
I left him in the forreſt, chacing there
Dianaes Hart, and ſtriuing to out-run
The ſwift-foot beaſt.
Theſ. His actiue nimbleneſſe
Out-flies the winged bird, out-ſtrips the ſteed,
Catcheth the hare, & the ſwift grey-hound tires
Out-paceth the wilde Leopard, and exceeds
Beaſts of moſt actiue chace.
Phi. We haue arriu'd
At *Tenaros*; this is the mouth of hell,
Which by my counſell, wee'l not ſeeke to enter
Till *Hercules* approach.
Theſ. Not enter *Philoctetes* ?
Our ſpirits may compare with *Hercules.*
Though he exceed our ſtrength, I with my ſword
Will beat againſt blacke *Tartarus* Ebon gates,
And dare the triple-headed dogge to armes,
Hels tri-ſhap't porter.
Phi. Not by my perſwaſion.
Peri. *Perithous* will aſſiſt his noble friend,
And in this worke preuent great *Hercules.*
Let's rouze the hell-hound, call him from his lodge,
And (maugre *Cerberus*) enter hels-mouth,

And thence redeeme the rauiſh't *Proſerpine.*
Thef. Had *Orpheus* power by muſicke of his harpe,
To charme the curre, pierce *Orcus*, *Pluto* pleaſe,
And at his hands begge faire *Euridice*:
And ſhall not we as much dare with our ſwords,
As he with fingring of his golden ſtrings.
Come, let our ioynt affiſtance rouze the fiend,
Thunder againſt the ruſty gates of hell,
And make the Stygian kingdomes quake with feare.

They beate against the gates. Enter Cerberus.

Cerb. What mortall wretch, that feares to dye aboue
Hath trauel'd thus farre to enquire out death?
Thef. We that haue blaz'd the world with deeds of praiſe
Muſt fill the Stygian Empire with our fame;
Then rouze thee thou three-throted curre, and taſte
The ſtrength of *Theſeus.*
Cerb. Theſe my three empty throats you three ſhall gorge,
And when my nailes haue torne you limbe from limbe,
I'le ſit and feaſt my hunger with your fleſh.
Theſe phangs ſhall gnaw vpon your cruded bones,
And with your bloods Il'e ſmeare my triple chaps,
Your number fits my heads, and your three bodies
Shall all my three-throats ſet a worke at once.
Il'e worry you; and hauing made you bleed,
Firſt ſucke your iuice, then on your entrails feed.

Perithous fights with Cerberus, and is ſlaine.

Thef. Hold bloudy fiend, and ſpare my noble friend,
The honour of the worthy *Lapythes*
Lyes breathleſſe here before the gates of hell:
Ceaſe monſter, ceaſe to prey vpon his body,

And feed on *Theſeus* here.
Cerb. Il'e eate you all.

Theſeus is wounded. Enter Hercules.

Herc. Stay and forbeare your vp-roare, till our club
Stickle amongſt you: whil'ſt we in the chace
Haue catch't the ſwift and golden-headed ſtagge,
Theſe valiant *Greekes* haue ſunke themſelues beneath
The vpper world, as low as *Erebus.*
Whom ſee we? *Theſeus* wounded, yong *Perithous,*
Torne by the rauenous phangs of *Cerberus.*
My griefe conuert to rage, and ſterne reuenge.
Come, guard thee well infernall *Caniball,*
At euery ſtroke that lights vpon thy skull,
Il'e make thee thinke the weight of all the world
And the earths huge maſſe ſhall crowne thee.
Cerb. Welcome mortall,
Thou com'ſt to mend my breake-faſt, thou wilt yeeld me
Many a fat bit.
Herc. Il'e make thee eate my club,
And ſwallow this fell maſtiffe downe thy paunch.
At euery weighty cuffe I'le make thee howle,
And ſet all hell in vp-roare: when thou roareſt,
Thy barking groanes ſhall make the braſen Towers
Where ghoſts are tortur'd, eccho with thy ſound.
Plutoes blacke guard at euery deadly yell,
Shall frighted run through all the nookes of hell.
Hercules beats Cerberus, and binds him in chaines.
Herc. Keep thou this rauenous hell-hound gyu'd & bound,
Hels bowels I muſt pierce, and rouze blacke *Dis,*
Breake (with my fiſts) theſe Adamantine gates,
The Iron percullis teare, and with my club
Worke my free paſſage (maugre all the fiends)
Through theſe infernals. Lo, I ſinke myſelfe
In *Charons* barge, Il'e ferry burning Styx,

Ranſacke the pallace where grim *Pluto* reignes,
Mount his tribunall, made of ſable Iet,
Deſpight his blacke guard, ſtownd him in his chaire,
And from his arme ſnatch beauteous *Proſerpine.*
Ghoſts, Furies, Fiends ſhall all before vs flye,
Or once more periſh, and ſo doubly dye.

Hercules *ſinkes himſelfe: Flaſhes of fire; the Diuels appeare at euery corner of the ſtage with ſeuerall fire-workes. The Iudges of hell, and the three ſiſters run ouer the ſtage,* Hercules *after them: fire-workes all ouer the houſe. Enter* Hercules.

Herc. Hence rauenous vulture, thou no more ſhalt tire
On poore *Prometheus*, *Danae* ſpare your tubs,
Stand ſtill thou rowling ſtone of *Siſiphus*,
Feed *Tantalus* with apples, glut thy panch,
And with the ſhrinking waues quench thy hote thirſt.
Thy bones *Ixion*, ſhall no more be broke
Vpon the torturing wheele: the Eagles beake
Shall *Titius* ſpare at ſight of *Hercules*,
And all the horrid tortures of the damn'd
Shall at the wauing of our club diſſolue.

Enter Pluto *with a club of fire, a burning crowne,* Proſerpine, *the Iudges, the Fates, and a guard of Diuels, all with burning weapons.*

Pluto. Wer't thou Imperiall *Ioue*, that ſwaies the heauens,
And in the ſtarry ſtructure dwel'ſt aboue,
Thou canſt not reuell here: my flaming Crowne
Shall ſcortch thy damn'd ſoule with infernall fires.
My vaſſaile Furies with their wiery ſtrings,
Shall laſh thee hence, and with my Ebon club
Il'e ding thee to the loweſt *Barathrum.*

Herc. Firſt ſhall this engine arm'd with ſpikes of ſteele,

That fore the gates of hell ſtrooke flat thy curre,
Fall with no leſſe power on thy burning ſconce,
Then ſhould great *Ioue* the maſſy center hurle,
And turne the worlds huge frame vpon thy head.
Pluto. Vpon him Diuels.
Herc. Ayd me powers Diuine,
From theſe blacke fiends to reſcue *Proſerpine.*

Hercules *fels* Pluto, *beats off the Diuels with all their fire-workes, reſcues* Proſerpine.

Now are we King of *Orcus*, *Acheron*,
Cocytus, *Styx*, and fiery *Phlegeton.*
Prof. Long liue *Alcides*, crown'd with Godlike honours,
For reſcuing me out of the armes of *Dis*,
The vnder-world, and fiery iawes of hell.
All the ghoſts. Long liue eterniz'd noble *Hercules*,
That hath diſſolu'd our torments.
Rha. *Hercules*,
Attend th' vnchanging doome of *Rhadamant*,
And if the Gods be ſubiect to the Fates,
Needs muſt thou (noble *Greeke*) obey their doome,
Lo, in their name, and in the awfull voyce
Of vs the reuerend Iudges, to whoſe doome
Thou once muſt ſtand: I charge thee ſtir not hence,
Till we haue cenſur'd thee and *Proſerpine.*
Is not the power of *Ioue* confin'd aboue?
And are not we as abſolute in ſtate
Here in the vaults below? To alter this
The heauens muſt faile, the ſunne melt in his heat,
The elements diſſolue, Chaos againe
Confuſe the triple Maſſe, all turne to nothing:
Now there is order: Gods there are, and Diuels:
Theſe reward vertue; the other puniſh vice.
Alter this courſe you mingle bad with good,
Murder with pitty, hate with clemency.
Ther's for the beſt no merit, for the offender
No iuſt inflict̃ion.
Herc. *Rhadamant* ſpeakes well.

Pluto. To whom will *Hercules* commit this buſi-
neſſe?
Herc. I will appeale to *Ioue*, and to the Planets,
Whoſe powers, though bownded, yet infuſe their
might
In euery mortall.
Æacus. Them the Fates ſhall ſummon,
Of whom this beauteous mayd, the *Moone*, is one,
The loweſt of the ſeuen: you reuerend ſiſters,
Who all things that are paſt, be, and to come,
Keepe regiſtred in braſſe, aſſemble there.
Herc. Be *Ceres* pleas'd, *Alcides* is content:
Nor can ſhe ſtand to better Iuſtices
Then to the Gods and Planets.

Sownd. Enter Saturne, Iupiter, Iuno, Mars, Phœbus, Venus, and Mercury: they take their place as they are in height. Ceres.

Satur. I know this place, why haue you ſum-
mon'd *Saturne*
To hell, where he hath beene to arraigne the Moone?
Theſe vncoth cauernes better ſuit my ſadneſſe
Then my high ſpheare aboue, whence to all mortals
I ſhoot my thicke and troubled melancholy.
Say, what's the buſineſſe? ſay.
Iup. *Ceres*, thy preſence
Tels me thy ſuit is 'bout thy daughters rape.
Ceres. Is ſhe not thine? and canſt thou ſuffer her
To be intoomb'd in hell before her time?
Iuno. Cannot hell ſwallow your ambitious baſtard
But (maugre all theſe monſters) liues he ſtill?
Phœb. I ſaw grim *Pluto* in my daily progreſſe
Hurry her in his chariot ore the earth.
Venus. What could he leſſe do if he lou'd the
Lady?
Mars. *Venus* is all for loue.
Mercu. And *Mars* for warre,
Sometimes he runnes a tilt at *Venus* lippes,

You haue many amorous bickerings.
Mars. Well ſpoke *Mercury.*
Saturne. Come we hither
To trifle, or to cenſure? what would *Pluto?*
Pluto. Keepe whom I haue.
Ceres. Canſt ſuffer't *Iupiter?*
Herc. I won her from the armes of Stygian *Pluto*,
And being mine, reſtore her to her mother.
Ceres. And ſhall not *Ceres* keepe her? ſpeake great *Ioue.*
Iup. Thy cenſure *Rhadamant.*
Rhad. The Fates, by whom your powers are all conſcrib'd,
Pronounce this doome: If ſince her firſt arriue
She hath taſted any food, ſhe muſt of force
Be euerlaſtingly confin'd to hell.
Pluto. *Aſculaphus*, thou didſt attend my Queene,
Hath ſhe yet taſted of our Stygian fruits?
That we may keepe her ſtill?
Aſcu. I ſaw her in her mouth chaw the moiſt graines
Of a Pomegranate.
Ceres. Curſt *Aſculaphus*,
Il'e adde vnto thy vglineſſe, and make thee
A monſter, of all monſters moſt abhor'd.
Pluto. Your cenſures, oh you Gods, is ſhe not *Pluto's?*
Giue your free cenſures vp.
All. She muſt be *Pluto's.*
Ceres. The Gods are partiall all.
Pluto. Welcome my Queene.
Herc. What can *Alcides* more for *Ceres* loue,
Then ranſacke hell, and reſcue *Proſerpine?*
Needs muſt our further conqueſts here take end,
When Gods and Fates againſt our force contend.
Ceres. Juſtice, oh iuſtice, thou Omnipotent.
Rob not thy *Ceres* of her beauteous childe,
Either reſtore my daughter to the earth,
Or baniſh me to hell.

Saturne. *Ceres* you are fond,
Th'earth cannot want your plenty : your fertility
Will worſe become hell ſcortched barrenneſſe.
Let's breake this Seſſions vp, I am dull.
Iup. You Gods aboue
And powers below, attend the Thunderers voyce,
And to our moderation lend an eare
Of reuerence. *Ceres*, the Fates haue doom'd her
The Bride of *Pluto* ; nor is ſhe diſparaged
To be the ſiſter of Olimpicke *Ioue.*
The rape that you call force, we title Loue :
Nor is he leſſe degree'd ſaue in his lot,
To vs that ſway the heauens. So much for *Pluto.*
Now beauteous *Ceres* we returne to you,
Such is your care to fill the earth with plenty,
To cheriſh all theſe fruits, from which the mortals
Oſtend their gratitude to vs the Gods
In ſacrifice and offrings, that we now
Thus by our dread power, mittigate the ſtrictneſſe
Of the Fates doome : we haue not (oh you Gods)
Purpoſe to do our Stygian brother wrong.
Nor rob the heauens the Planet of the Moone,
By whom the ſeas are ſway'd : Be ſhe confin'd
Below the earth, where be the ebbes and tides ?
Where is her power infus'd in hearbes and plants ?
In trees for buildings ? ſimples phificall ?
Or minerall mines ? Therefore indifferent *Ioue*
Thus arbitrates : the yeare we part in twelue,
Cal'd *Moneths of the Moone* : twelue times a yeare
She in full ſplendor ſhall ſupply her orbe,
And ſhine in heauen : twelue times fill *Pluto's* armes
Below in hell. When *Ceres* on the earth
Shall want her brightneſſe, *Pluto* ſhall enioy it,
When heauen containes her, ſhe ſhall light the earth
From her bright ſpheare aboue. Parted ſo euen,
We neither fauour hell, nor gloze with heauen.
Plu. *Pluto* is pleas'd.
Ceres. *Ceres* at length agreed.

Profer. *Ioue* is all iuſtice, and hath well decreed.
Iup. Say all the planets thus?
All. We do.
Iup. Our Seſſions we diſſolue then. *Hercules*,
We limit you to dragge hence *Cerberus*
To the vpper world, and leaue thee to the vniuerſe
Where thou ſhalt finiſh all thy *Iouiall* taskes;
Proceed and thriue. You that to earth belong,
Aſcend to your mortality with honors,
The Gods to heauen: *Pluto* and his keepe hell,
The Moone in both by euen attonement dwell.

Exeunt three wayes Ceres, Theſeus, Philoctetes, *and* Hercules *dragging* Cerberus *one way*: Pluto, *hels Iudges, the Fates and Furies downe to hell:* Iupiter, *the Gods and Planets aſcend to heauen.*

Enter HOMER.

Our full Sceane's wane, the Moones arraignment ends,
Ioue *and his mount*, Pluto *with his deſcends.*
Poore HOMER'S *left blinde, and hath loſt his way,*
And knowes not if he wander or go right,
Vnleſſe your fauours their cleare beames diſplay.
But if you daine to guide me through this night,
The acts of Hercules *I ſhall purſue,*
And bring him to the thrice-raz'd wals of Troy:
His labours and his death Il'e ſhew to you.
But if what's paſt your riper iudgements cloy,
Here I haue done: if ill, too much: if well,
Pray with your hands guide HOMER *out of hell.*

FINIS

THE

BRAZEN AGE

The first Act containing,

The death of the Centaure *Nessus,*

THE SECOND,

The Tragedy of *Meleager:*

THE THIRD

The Tragedy of *Iason* and *Medea.*

THE FOVRTH.

VVLCANS NET.

THE FIFTH.

The Labours and death of

HERCVLES:

Written by THOMAS HEYWOOD.

LONDON,
Printed by *Nicholas Okes*, for *Samuel Rand*, dwelling neere *Holborne-Bridge.* 1613.

To the Reader.

THough a third brother ſhould not inherite whilſt the two elder liue, by the laws of the Land, & therfore it might breed in mee a diſcoragement, to commit him without any hereditary means, to ſhift for it ſelfe in a world ſo detractiue & calumnious, yet rather preſuming vpon the ingenious, then affraid of the enuious, I have expos'd him to the fortunes of a yonger brother, which is, moſt commonly, brauely to liue, or deſperately to hazard: yet this is my comfort, that what imperfection ſoeuer it haue, hauing a brazen face it cannot bluſh; much like a Pedant about this Towne, who, when all trades fail'd, turn'd *Pedagogue*, & once inſinuating with me, borrowed from me certaine Tranſlations of *Ouid*, as his three books *De Arte Amandi*, & two *De Remedio Amoris*, which ſince, his moſt brazen face hath moſt impudently challenged as his own, wherefore I muſt needs proclaime it as

far as *Ham*, where he now keeps ſchoole, *Hos ego verſiculos feci tulit alter honores*, they were things which out of my iuniority and want of iudgement, I committed to the view of ſome priuate friends, but with no purpoſe of publiſhing, or further communicating them. Therfore I wold entreate that *Auſtin*, for ſo his name is, to acknowledge his wrong to me in ſhewing them, & his owne impudence, & ignorance in challenging them. But courteous Reader, I can onely excuſe him in this, that this is the *Brazen Age*.

Drammatis Perſonæ.

HOMER.

Oeneus K. of Calidon.
Althea, &
Her two brothers.
Deyaneira.
Meleager.
Hercules.
Achelous.
Neſſus.
Iaſon.
Atreus.
Tellamon.
Neſtor.
Medea.
Oetes.
Abſyrtus.
Adonis.
Atlanta.
Apollo.
Aurora.
Iupiter.
Mercury.
Iuno.
Mars.
Venus.
Gallus.
Vulcan.
Lychas.
Omphale,
Her maids.
Æneas.
Anchiſes.
Laomedon.
Heſione.
Priam.
Philoctetes.
Water Nymphes.
Caſtor.
Pollux.
Pyragmon.

The Brazen Age,

CONTAINING

The labours and death of Hercules.

Enter HOMER.

AS the world growes in yeares ('tis the Heauens curſe
Mens ſinnes increaſe; the priſtine times were beſt:
The Ages in their growth wax worſe & worſe.
The firſt was pretious, full of golden reſt.
Siluer ſucceeded; good, but not ſo pure:
Then loue and harmeleſſe luſts might currant paſſe:
The third that followes we finde more obdure,
And that we title by the Age of Braſſe.
In this more groſſe and courſer mettal'd Age,
Tyrants and fierce oppreſſors we preſent.
Nephewes that 'gainst their Vnckles wreake their rage,
Mothers againſt their children diſcontent,
A ſiſter with her brother at fierce warre,
(Things in our former times not ſeene or knowne)
But vice with vertue now begins to iarre,

And ſinnes (though not at height) yet great are growne.
Still with our hiſtory we ſhall proceed,
And Hercules *victorious acts relate:*
His marriage firſt, next many a noble deed
Perform'd by him: laſt how he yeelds to Fate.
And theſe, I hope, may (with ſome mixtures) paſſe,
So you ſit pleas'd in this our Age of Braſſe.

Actus I. Scœna I.

Enter Oeneus, King of Calidon, Queene Althea, Meleager, Deianeira, Plexippus, and Toxeus, brothers to the Queene.

K. Oen. Thus midſt our brothers, daughter, Queene and ſonne,
Sits *Oeneus* crown'd in fertill *Calidon*
Whoſe age and weakeneſſe is ſupported only,
In thoſe ripe ioyes that I receiue from you.
Plex. May we long ſtand ſupporters of your royaltyes,
And glad ſpectators of your age and peace.
Tox. The like I wiſh.
K. Oen. We haue found you brothers royall,
And ſubiects loyall.
Althea. They are of our line,
Of which no branch did euer periſh yet,
By Cankers, blaſtings, or dry barrenneſſe.
But *Meleager* let me turne to thee,
Whoſe birth the Fates themſelues did calculate.
Mel. Pray mother how was that? I haue heard you ſay
Somewhat about my birth miraculous,
But neuer yet knew the true circumſtance.
Althea. 'Twas thus: the very inſtant thou waſt borne,
The ſiſters, that draw, ſpinne, and clip our liues,

Entred my chamber with a fatall brand,
Which hurling in the fire, thus ſaid: *One day, one date,*
Betide this brand and childe, euen be their fate.
So parted they, the brand begins to burne:
And as it waſted, ſo didſt thou conſume;
Which I perceiuing, leap't vnto the flame,
And quenching that, ſtayd thy conſumption.
The brand I (as a iewell) haue reſeru'd,
And keepe it in a casket, lock't as ſafe
As in thy boſome thou maintainſt thy heart.

Melea. Pray keepe it well: for if not with my mother,
With whom dare *Meleager* truſt his life?
But ſiſter *Deianeira*, now to you.
Two worthy Champions muſt this day contend,
And try their eminence in Armes for you,
Great *Achelous*, and ſtrong *Hercules*.

Deia. We know it: my loue muſt be bought with blowes,
Not Oratory wins me, but the ſword:
He that can brauelieſt in the liſts contend,
Muſt *Deianeira's* nuptiall bed aſcend.

Oen. Brothers, conduct theſe Champions to the liſts,
Meane time *Althea* ſtate thee on that hand,
On this ſide *Deianeira* the rich prize
Of their contention.

Melea. Clamors from a farre,
Tell vs theſe Champions are adreſt for warre.

Enter at one doore the river Achelous, his weapons borne in by Water-Nymphes. At the other Hercules.

K. Oen. Stand forth you warlike Champions, and expreſſe
Your loues to *Deianeira*, in your valours.
As we are *Oeneus* the *Ætolians* King,

And vnder vs command whole *Calidon*,
So we conteſt we make her here the prize
Of the proud victor.
Ache. Dares the *Theban* baſtard
Contend with vs, as we are eldeſt ſonne
Vnto the graue and old *Oceanus*,
And the Nymph *Nais*, borne on *Pindus* mount,
From whence our broad and ſpacious currents riſe
So are we proud to coape with *Hercules*.
Nere let my ſtreames waſh *Acarnania's* bankes,
Or we confin'de in *Thous*, our grand ſeat,
Till (by the ruine of *Alcmena's* ſonne)
We lodge bright *Deianeira* in our armes.
Herc. Haue we the *Cleonean* Lyons torne?
And deck't our ſhoulders in their honored ſpoyles?
The *Calidonian* Boare cruſht with our Club?
The rude *Theſſalian* Centaurs ſunke beneath
Our *Iouiall* hand? pierc'd hell? bound *Cerberus?*
And buffeted ſo long, till from the ſome
The dogge belch't forth ſtrong *Aconitum* ſpring?
And ſhall a petty riuer make our way
To *Deianeira's* bed impaſſable?
Know then the pettieſt ſtreame that flowes through *Greece*,
Il'e make thee run thy head below thy bankes,
Make red thy waters with thy vitall bloud,
And ſpill thy waues in droppes as ſmall as teares,
If thou preſum'ſt to coape with *Hercules*.
Ache. What's *Hercules* that I ſhould dread his name?
Or what's he greater then *Amphitrio's* ſonne?
When we aſſume the name of Demi-god
Not *Proteus* can tranſ-ſhape himſelfe like vs,
For we command our figure when we pleaſe.
Sometimes we like a ſerpent run along
Our medowy bankes: and ſometimes like a Bull
Graze on theſe ſtrands we water with our ſtreames.
We can tranſlate our fury to a fire,
And when we ſwell, in our fierce torrents ſwallow

The Champian plaines, and flow aboue the hils,
Drowne all the continents by which we run ;
Yea *Hercules* himſelfe.
Herc. Me *Achelous !*
I can do more then this : loue *Deianeira*,
Swim with her on my ſhoulders through thy ſtreames,
And with my huge Club beat thy torrents backe,
With thine owne waters quench th' infernall fires
Thy figure ſerpentine, flat on the earth :
And when th' art Bull, catch faſt hold by thy hornes,
And whirle thee 'bout my head thus into ayre.
Thou faire *Ætolian* dame, I cannot wooe,
Nor paint my paſſions in ſmooth Oratory,
But fight for thee I can, 'gainſt *Achelous*,
Or all the horrid monſters of the earth.
Melea. When 'gins your proud and hoſtile enmity ?
Behold the prize propos'd, the victors meed,
Champions your ſpirits inkindle at her eyes.
Ache. It is for her this baſtard I deſpiſe.
Prepare thee *Theban.*
Herc. See, I am adreſt
With this to thunder on thy captiue creſt.
I cannot bellow in thy bombaſt phraſe
Now deafe theſe free ſpectators with my braues.
I cut off words with deeds, and now behold
For me, the eccho of my blowes thus ſcold.

Alarme. Achelous is beaten in, and immediatly enters in the ſhape of a Dragon.

Herc. Bee'ſt thou a God or hell-hound thus tranſhap't,
Thy terrour frights not me, ſerpent or diuell Il'e paſh thee.

Alarme. He beats away the dragon. Enter a Fury all fire-workes.

Herc. Fright vs with fire ? our Club ſhall quench thy flame,

And beat it downe to hell, from whence it came.

When the Fury ſinkes, a Buls head appeares.

Herc. What, yet more monſters? Serpent, Bull, and Fire,
Shall all alike taſte great *Alcides* ire.

He tugs with the Bull, and pluckes off one of his horns.

Enter from the ſame place Achelous with his forehead all bloudy.

Ache. No more, I am thy Captiue, thou my Conqueror:
I ſee, no Magicke, or inchanting ſpell
Haue power on vertue and true fortitude.
No ſleight Illuſion can deceiue the eyes
Of him that is diuinely reſolute.
I lay me at thy feet, a lowly vaſſaile,
Since thou haſt reft me of that precious horne,
Which tearing from my head in ſhape of Bull,
Thus wounded me. Take *Deianeira* freely,
Onely reſtore me that rich ſpoyle thou haſt wonne,
Which all the Nymphes and graces dwelling neere,
Shall fill with redolent flowers, and delicate fruits,
And call it *Cornucopiæ*, plenties horne,
In memory of *Achelous* loſſe,
And this high conqueſt won by *Hercules*.

Hercu. Hadſt thou not ſtoopt thy horrid Taurine ſhape
I would haue peece-meale rent, and thy tough hide
Torne into rags as thicke as Autumn leaues:
Take thee thy life, and with thy life that ſpoile
Pluckt from thy mangled front, giue me my loue,
I'le ſtoare no hornes at winning of a wife.
Giue me bright *Deyaneira*, take that horne,
So late from thy diſſigured Temples torne.

Deyan. I haue my prayers, *Alcides* his deſires,
Both meete in loue.

Oen. Receiue her *Hercules*,

The conqueſt of thy warlike fortitude.
Herc. Wee take but what our valour purchaſt vs,
And beauteous Queene thou ſhalt aſſure his loue,
Whoſe puiſſant arme ſhall awe the triple world,
And make the greateſt Monarches of the earth
To thy diuineſt beauty tributary.
Meleag. Will *Hercules* ſtay heere in *Calidon*,
To ſolemnize the nuptials of our ſiſter?
I *Meleager*, rich *Ætolia's* heire,
Whoſe large dominions ſtretch to *Oeta* Mount,
And to the bounds of fertile *Theſſaly*
Will grace thy Bridals with the greateſt pompe
Greece can affoord, nor is't my meaneſt honour
To be the brother to great *Hercules*.
Herc. Thanks *Meleager*, ſoiourne heere we cannot,
My ſtep-dame *Iuno* tasks me to more dangers:
Wee take thy beauteous ſiſter in our guard,
Whom by *Ioues* aide wee ſtraight will beare to *Thebes*.
Oen. A fathers wiſhes crowne the happineſſe
Of his faire daughter.
Mel. And a brothers loue
Comfort thee where thou goeſt: If not with *Hercules*
Whom dare we truſt thy ſafety.
Herc. Not *Ioues* guard
Can circle her with more ſecurity.
Time cals vs hence, *Ætolian* Lords farewell.
Oen. Adiew braue ſonne, and daughter, onely happy
In being thus beſtowed, come *Achelous*,
With you we'le feaſt, nor let your foyle deiect you,
Or *Deyaniraes* loſſe; he's more then man,
And needes muſt he do this, that all things can.

Exeunt.

Herc. Dares *Deyaneira* truſt her perſons ſafety
With vs a ſtranger, onely knowne by Fame.
Deyn. Wer't gainſt the Lyons in *Chimera* bred,
Or thoſe rude Beares that breed in *Caucaſus*:

The *Hyrcan* Tigers or the *Syrian* Wolues,
Nay gainſt the Giants that aſſaulted heauen
And with their ſhoulders made thoſe baſes ſhake
That prop *Olimpus* : liu'd *Enceladus*
With whom *Ioue* wreſtled, euen againſt thoſe monſters,
I'de thinke me ſafe incircled in theſe armes.

Herc. Thou art as ſafe as if immur'd in heauen,
Pal'd with that Chriſtall wall that girts *Ioues* houſe,
Where all the Gods inhabite, built by fate,
Stay, I ſhould know that Centaure.

Enter Neſſus.

Neſſ. That's *Hercules* I know him by his Club,
Whoſe ponderous weight I felt vpon my Skull
At the great Bridall of the *Lapithes*.
What louely Ladie's ſhee that in her beauty
So much exceedes faire *Hypodamia*?

Herc. Oh *Neſſus*, thou of all thy cloud-bred race,
Alone didſt ſcape by truſting to thy heeles
At *Hypodamia's* Bridals, but we now
Are friends, are wee not *Neſſus*?

Neſſ. Yes great *Hercules*,
(Till I can find fit time for iuſt reuendge)
Methinkes my braines ſtill rattle in my skull)
What Ladie's that in great *Alcides* Guard?

Herc. *Deyaneira*, daughter to the *Ætolian* King,
Siſter to *Meleager*, now our Bride ;
Wonne by the force of armes from *Achelous*,
The boyſterous floud that flowes through *Calidon*.

Neſſ. A double enuy burnes in all my veines,
Firſt for reuenge ; next, that he ſhould enioy
That beauteous maide whom *Neſſus* dearely loues.
Will *Hercules* commande me? or his Bride?
I'le lackey by thee whereſoer'e thou goeſt,
And be the vaſſall to great *Hercules*.

Herc. We are bound for *Thebes*, but ſoft, what torrent's this

That intercepts our way? How ſhall we paſſe
Theſe raging ſtreames?

Neſſ. This is *Euenus* floud,
A dangerous current, full of whirle-pooles deepe,
And yet vnſounded: dar'ſt thou truſt thy Bride
On *Neſſus* backe? I'le vndertake to ſwimme her
Vnto the furtheſt ſtrond, vpon my ſhoulders,
And yet not laue her ſhooe.

Herc. I'le pay thee for thy waftage Centaure, well,
And make thee Prince of all thy by-form'd race,
If thou willt do this grace to *Hercules*:
But ferry her with ſafety, for by *Ioue*,
If thou but make her tremble in theſe ſtreames,
Or let the leaſt waue daſh againſt her skirt;
If the leaſt feare of drowning pale her cheeke,
I'le pound thee ſmaller then the Autumne duſt
Toſt by the warring winds?

Neſſ. Haue I not ſwomme
The *Helleſepont*, when waues high as yon hils
Toſt by the winds, haue crown'd me, yet in ſpight
Of all their briny weight I haue wrought my ſelfe
Aboue the topmoſt billow to ore-looke
The troubled maine: come beauteous *Deyaneira*,
Not *Charon* with more ſafety ferries ſoules,
Then I will thee through this impetuous foord.

Herc. Receiue her Centaure, and in her the wealth
And potency of mighty *Hercules*.

Neſſ. Now my reuenge for that inhumaine banquet,
In which ſo many of the Centaures fell,
I'le rape this Princeſſe, hauing paſt the floud.
Come beauteous *Deyaneira*, mount my ſhoulders,
And feare not your ſafe waftage. *Exeunt.*

Herc. That done returne for vs: faire *Deianeira*,
White as the garden lilly, pyren ſnow,
Or rocks of Chriſtall hardned by the Sunne:

Thou ſhalt be made the potent Queene of *Thebes*,
And all my *Iouiall* labours ſhall to thee
Be conſecrate, as to *Alcides* loue.
Well plunged bold Centaure, how thy boyſterous breſt
Plowes vp the ſtreames: thou through the ſwelling tides,
Sail'ſt with a freight more rich and beautifull,
Then the beſt ſhip cram'd with *Pangeous* gold:
With what a ſwift dexterity he parts
The mutinous waues, whoſe waters claſpe him round.
He plaies and wantons on the curled ſtreames,
And *Deyanira* on his ſhoulders ſits
As ſafe, as if ſhe ſtear'd a pine-tree barke.
They grow now towards the ſhore: my club and armes
I'le firſt caſt or'e the deepe *Euenus* foord,
But from my ſide my quiuer ſhall not part,
Nor this my truſty bow.

Deyan. Helpe *Hercules.* *Within.*

Herc. 'Twas *Deyaneiraes* voyce.

Deyan. The Traytor *Neſſus*
Seekes to deſpoile mine honour, *Ioue*, you Gods:
Out trayterous Centaure: Helpe great *Hercules.*

Herc. Hold, luſt-burnt Centaure, 'tis *Alcides* cals
Or ſwifter then *Ioues* lightning, my fierce vengeance
Shall croſſe *Euenus.*

Deyan. Oh, oh.

Herc. Darſt thou deuill?
Couldſt thou clime Heauen or ſinke below the Center
So high, ſo low, my vengeance ſhould perſue thee,
Hold; if I could but fixe thee in my gripes,
I'de teare thy limbes into more Atomies
Then in the Summer play before the Sunne.

Deyan. Helpe *Hercules* (out dog) *Alcides* helpe.

Herc. I'le ſend till I can come, this poiſonous ſhaft
Shall ſpeake my fury and extract thy bloud,

Till I my ſelfe can croſſe this raging floud.

Hercules ſhoots, and goes in: Enter Neſſus with an arrow through him, and Deianeira.

Neſſ. Thy beauty *Deyaneira* is my death,
And yet that *Neſſus* dies embracing thee,
Takes from my ſences all thoſe torturing pangues
That ſhould aſſociate death: to ſhew I lou'd thee,
I'le leaue thee, in my will, a legacy;
Shall ſtead thee more, then ſhould thy father giue thee
Vnto thy Dower the Crowne of *Calidon.*
Of ſuch great vertue is my liuing bloud,
And of ſuch prize, that couldſt thou valew it,
Thou wouldſt not let one drop fall to the ground:
But oh I die.

Deyan. Teach me to rate it truely.

Neſſ. Now *Neſſus*, in thy death be aueng'd on him
On whom in life thou couldſt not wreake thy rage:
(My bloud is poiſon) all theſe pure drops ſaue,
Which I bequeath thee ere I take my graue:
I know thy Lord laſciuious, bent to luſt,
Witneſſe the fifty daughters of King *Theſpeius*,
Whom in one night he did adulterate:
And of thoſe fifty begot fifty ſonnes:
Now if in all his gueſts, he be with-held
By any Ladies loue, and ſtay from thee,
Such is the vertue of my bloud now ſhed,
That if thou dipſt a ſhirt, ſteept in the leaſt
Of all theſe drops, and ſendſt it to thy Lord,
No ſooner ſhall it touch him, but his loue
Shall die to ſtrangers, and reuiue to thee,
Make vſe of this my loue.

Deyan. Centaure, I will.

Neſſ. And ſo, whom *Neſſus* cannot, do thou kill,
Still dying men ſpeake true: 'tis my laſt cry,
Saue of my bloud, 'tmay ſteede thee ere thou die.

Deyan. Though I my loue miſtruſt not, yet this counſell
I'le not deſpiſe: this if my Lord ſhould ſtray,
Shall to my deſolate bed teach him the way.

Enter Hercules.

Herc. After long ſtrugling with *Euenus* ſtreames,
I forc't the riuer beare me on her breſt,
And land me ſafely on this further ſtrond,
To make an end of what my ſhaft begunne,
The life of *Neſſus*, liues the Centaure yet?
Deyan. Behold him grouelling on the fenceleſſe earth,
His wounded breaſt transfixt by *Hercules*.
Herc. That the luxurious ſlaue were ſencible
Of torture; not th' infernals with more pangues
Could plague the villaine then *Alcides* ſhould.
Ixions bones rackt on the torturing wheele
Should be a paſtime: the three ſnake-hair'd ſiſters,
That laſh offenders with their whips of ſteele,
Should ſeeme to dally, when with euery ſtring
They cut the fleſh like razors: but the dead
Wee hate to touch, as cowardly and baſe,
And vengeance not becomming *Hercules*.
Come *Deyaneira*, firſt to conſumate
Our high eſpowſals in triumphant *Thebes*,
That done, our future labours wee'le perſue,
And by the aſſiſtance of the powers Diuine,
Striue to act more then *Iuno* can aſſigne. *Exit.*

Enter HOMER.

Faire Deyaneira *vnto* Thebes *being guided,*
And Hercules *eſpouſals ſolemnized,*
Hee for his further labours ſoone prouided,
As Iuno *by* Euritius *had deuiſed.*
The Apples of Heſperia *firſt he wan,*
Mauger huge Atlas *that ſupports the ſpheares:*

And whilſt the Gyant on his buſineſſe ran;
Alcides *takes his place, and proudly beares*
The heauens huge frame: thence into Scithia *hies,*
And there the Amazonian Baldricke *gaines,*
By conquering Menalip (*a braue prife*)
The warlike Quene that ore the Scithians *raignes.*
That hee ſupported heauen, doth well expreſſe
His Aſtronomicke skill, knowledge in ſtarres:
They that ſuch practiſe know, what do they leſſe
Then beare heauens weight: ſo of the Lernean *warres,*
Where he the many-headed Hydra *ſlew,*
A Serpent of that nature, when his ſword
Par'd off one head, from that another grew.
This ſhewed his Logicke skill: from euery word
And argument confuted, there ariſe
From one a multiplicity, therefore we
Poets and ſuch as are eſteemed wiſe,
Inſtruct the world by ſuch morality.
To conquer Hydra *ſhowed his powerfull skill*
In diſputation, how to argue well.
(*By all that vnderſtand in cuſtome ſtill*)
And in this Art did Hercules excell.
Now we the Ægyptian tyrant muſt preſent,
Bloudy Buſiris, *a king fell and rude,*
One that in murder plac't his ſole content,
With whoſe ſad death our firſt Act we conclude.

Enter Buſyris *with his Guard and Prieſts to ſacrifice; to them two ſtrangers,* Buſyris *takes them and kils them vpon the Altar: enter* Hercules *diſguis'd,* Buſyris *ſends his Guard to apprehend him,* Hercules *diſcouering himſelfe beates the Guard, kils* Buſyris *and ſacrificeth him vpon the Altar, at which there fals a ſhower of raine, the Prieſts offer* Hercules *the Crowne of Ægypt which he refuſeth.*

HOMER. *In Ægypt there of long time fell no raine,*
For which vnto the Oracle they ſent:
Anſweres return'd, that till one ſtranger ſlaine,

Immou'd ſhall be the Marble firmament.
Therefore the Tyrant all theſe ſtrangers kils
That enter Ægypt, till Alcides *came*
And with the tyrants bulke the Altar fils:
At whoſe red ſlaughter fell a plenteous raine.
For he that ſtranger and vſurper was,
Whoſe bloudy fate the Oracle foreſpake.
But for a while we let Alcides *paſſe,*
Whom theſe of Ægypt would their ſoueraigue make,
For freeing them from ſuch a tyrants rage;
Now Meleager *next muſt fill our ſtage.*

Actus 2. Scœna 2.

Enter Venus *like a Huntreſſe, with* Adonis.

Venus. Why doth *Adonis* flye the Queene of loue?
And ſhun this Iuory girdle of my armes?
To be thus ſcarft the dreadfull God of warre
Would giue me conquered kingdomes: For a kiſſe
(But halfe like this) I could command the Sunne
Riſe 'fore his houre, to bed before his time:
And (being loue-ſicke) change his golden beames,
And make his face pale, as his ſiſter Moone.
Come, let vs tumble on this violet banke:
Pre'thee be wanton; let vs toy and play,
Thy Icy fingers warme betweene my breaſts;
Looke on me *Adon* with a ſtedfaſt eye,
That in theſe Chriſtall glaſſes I may ſee
My beauty, that charmes Gods, makes men amaz'd,
And ſtownd with wonder: doth this roſeat pillow
Offend my loue? come, wallow in my lap,
With my white fingers I will clap thy cheeke,
Whiſper a thouſand pleaſures in thine eare.
Adonis. Madame, you are not modeſt: I affect

The vnſeene beauty that adornes the minde.
This looſeneſſe makes you fowle in *Adons* eye :
If you will tempt me, let me in your face
Reade bluſhfulneſſe, and feare ; a modeſt bluſh
Would make your cheeke ſeeme much more beautifull.
If you will whiſper pleaſure in mine eare,
Praiſe chaſtity, or with your lowd voyce ſhrill
The tunes of hornes, and hunting; they pleaſe beſt :
Il'e to the chaſe, and leaue you to the reſt.

Venus. Thou art not man ; yet wer't thou made of ſtone,
I haue heate to melt thee. I am Queene of loue,
There is no practiue art of dalliance
Of which I am not Miſtreſſe, and can vſe.
I haue kiſſes that can murder vnkinde words,
And ſtrangle hatred, that the gall ſends forth :
Touches to raiſe thee, were thy ſpirits halfe dead :
Words that can powre affection downe thine eares.
Loue me ! thou canſt not chuſe, thou ſhalt not chuſe.
Am I not *Venus ?* Hadſt thou *Cupids* arrowes,
I ſhould haue tooke thee to haue beene my ſonne :
Art thou ſo like him, and yet canſt not loue ?
I thinke you are brothers.

Adonis. Madame, you wooe not well, men couet not
Theſe proffered pleaſures ; but loue-ſweets deny'd :
What I command, that cloyes my appetite ;
But what I cannot come by I adore.
Theſe proſtituted pleaſures ſurfet ſtill,
Where's feare, or doubt, men ſue with beſt good will.

Venus. Thou canſt inſtruct the Queene of loue in loue.
Thou ſhalt not (*Adon*) take me by the hand,
Yet if thou needs wilt force me, theres my palme.
Il'e frowne on him (alas ! my brow's ſo ſmooth

It will not beare a wrinkle :) hye thee hence
Vnto the chace, and leaue me : but not yet,
Il'e ſleepe this night vpon *Endimions* banke,
On which the Swaine was courted by the Moone.
Dare not to come, thou art in our diſgrace ;
(Yet if thou come I can affoord thee place.)
Adonis. I muſt begone.
Venus. Sweet whither ?
Adonis. To the Chace.
Venus. What doeſt thou hunt ?
Adonis. The Calidonian Boare,
To which the Princes and beſt ſpirits of *Greece*
Are now aſſembled.
Venus. I beſhrew thee boy,
That very word ſtrooke from my heart all ioy :
It ſtartled mee, me thinkes I ſee thee dye
By that rude Boare. Hunt thou the beaſts that flye,
The wanton Squirrell, or the trembling Hare,
The crafty Fox : theſe paſtimes feareleſſe are.
The greedy Wolues, and fierce Beares arm'd with claws,
Rough ſhouldred Lyons, ſuch as glut their iawes
With heards at once, Fell Boares, let them paſſe by,
Adon, theſe looke not with thy *Venus* eye.
They iudge not beauty, nor diſtinguiſh youth,
Theſe are their prey ; My pitty, loue and ruth
Liues not in them. Oh to thy ſelfe be kinde,
Thou from their mouthes, my kiſſes ſhalt not find.
Winde hornes within.
Adonis. The ſummons to the chace, *Venus* adue.
Ven. Leaue thoſe, turne head, chuſe thoſe thou maiſt purſue.
Adonis. I am reſolu'd, Il'e helpe to rouze yon beaſt.
Venus. Thou art to deere his ſauadge throat to feaſt.
Forbeare.
Adonis. In vaine.
Venus. Appoynt when we ſhall meet.

Adonis. After the chace. Farewell then.
Venus. Farewell ſweet.
Adonis. This kiſſing.
Venus. *Adon*, guard thee well, expreſſe
Thy loue to me, in being of thy ſelfe
Carefull and chary: they that raze thy skin
Wound me. Be wife my *Adon.*
Adon. Never doubt.
So then. *He kiſſeth her.*
Venus. But lip-labour, yet ill left out. *Exeunt.*

Winde hornes. Enter with Iauelings, and in greene, Meleager, Theſeus, Telamon, Caſtor, Pollux, Iaſon, Peleus, Neſtor, Atreus, Toxeus, Plexippus.

Melea. The cauſe of this conuention (Lords of *Greece*)
Needs no expreſſion; and yet briefly thus:
Oeneus our father, the *Ætolians* King,
Of all his fruits and plenty, gaue due rights
To all the Gods and Goddeſſes, *Ioue*, *Ceres*,
Bacchus, and *Pallas*; but among the reſt,
Diana he neglects: for which inrag'd,
She hath ſent (to plague vs) a huge ſauadge Boare,
Of an vn-meaſured height and magnitude.
What better can deſcribe his ſhape and terror
Then all the pittious clamours ſhrild through *Greece*?
Of his depopulations, ſpoyles, and preyes?
His flaming eyes they ſparkle bloud and fire,
His briſtles poynted like a range of pikes
Ranck't on his backe: his foame ſnowes where he feeds
His tuskes are like the Indian Oliphants.
Out of his iawes (as if *Ioues* lightning flew)
He ſcortches all the branches in his way,
Plowes vp the fields, treads flat the fields of graine.
In vaine the Sheepheard or his dogge ſecures
Their harmleſſe fowlds. In vaine the furious Bull
Striues to defend the heard ore which he lords.

The Collonies into the Citties flye,
And till immur'd, they thinke themſelues not ſafe.
To chace this beaſt we haue met on *Oeta* mount,
Attended by the nobleſt ſpirits of *Greece.*
Tela. From populous *Salamine* I *Telamon*
Am at thy faire requeſt, King *Meleager,*
Come to behold this beaſt of *Calidon,*
And prove my vertue in his ſterne purſuite.
Iaſon. Not *Meleagers* loue, more then the zeale
I beare my honour, hath drawne *Iaſon* hither,
To this aduenture, yet both forcible
To make me try ſtrange maiſteries 'gainſt that monſter,
Whoſe fury hath ſo much amaz'd all *Greece.*
Caſtor. That was the cauſe I *Castor,* with my brother
Pollux, arriu'd, and left our ſiſter *Hellen*
Imbrac't by our old father *Tyndarus,*
To rouze this beaſt.
Pollux. Let vs no more be held
The ſonnes of *Læda,* and begot by *Ioue,*
Brothers, and cal'd the two *Tyndarian* twins
If we returne not crimſon'd in the ſpoiles
Of this fierce Boare.
Neſtor. To that end *Neſtor* came.
Neſtor, that hath already liu'd one age,
And entred on the ſecond, to the third
May I nere reach, if part of that wilde ſwine
I bring not home to *Pylos* where I reigne.
Atr. My yong ſon *Agamemnon,* and his brother
Prince *Menelaus,* in his ſwathes at home,
Without ſome honour purchaſt on this Boare,
May I no more ſee, or *Mycenes* viſit.
Tref. Well ſpeakes *Atreus,* and his noble acts
Stil equalize his language. Shall not *Theſeus*
Venter as farre as any? heauens you know
I dare as much 'gainſt any mortall foe.
Tox. Wher's *Hercules,* that at this noble buſines
He is not preſent, being neere ally'd

To *Meleager*, hauing late eſpowſed
His ſiſter *Deianeira*?
Plex. He's for *Buſiris*, that *Ægyptian* tyrant.
Mel. Elſe noble valour, he would haue bin firſt
To haue purchaſt honour in this hauty queſt.

Enter Atlanta with a Iauelin. Hornes winded.

Atl. Haile princes, let it not offend this troop,
That I a Princes and *Atlanta* cald,
A virgin Huntreſſe, preſſe into the field,
In hope to double guild my Iauelins poynt
In bloud of yon wilde ſwine.
Melea. Virgineam in puero, puerilem in virgine vultum.
Aſpicio. Oh you Gods! or make her mine,
Stated with vs the *Calidonïan* Queene,
Or let this monſtrous beaſt confound me quite,
And in his vaſt wombe bury all my fate.
Beauteous *Atlanta* welcome, grace her princes
For *Meleagers* honour.
Iaſon. Come, ſhal's vncupple Lords,
Some plant the toiles, others brauely mount,
To vn-den this ſauadge.
Melea. Time and my baſhfull loue
Admits no courtſhip, Lady ranke with vs.
Il'e be this day your guardian, and a ſhield
Betweene you and all danger.
Atlant. We are free,
And in the chace will our owne guardian be.
Shals to the field, my Iauelin and theſe ſhafts,
Pointed with death, ſhall with the formoſt flye,
And by a womans hand the beaſt ſhall dye.

Enter Adonis winding his horne.

Melea. As bold as faire; but ſoft, whoſe bugle's that
Which cals vs to the chace? *Adonis* yours?

Adonis. Mine oh you noble *Greekes*, we haue diſ-
couered
The dreadfull monſter wallowing in his den :
The toyles are fixt, the huntſmen plac't on hils
Preſt for the charge, the fierce *Theſſalian* hounds
With their flagge eares, ready to ſweep the dew
From the moiſt earth : their breaſts are arm'd with
ſteele,
Againſt the incounter of ſo grim a beaſt.
The hunters long to vncupple, and attend
Your preſence in the field.
Atlanta. Follow *Atlanta.*
Il'e try what prince will ſecond me in field,
And make his Iauelins point ſhake euen with mine.
Melea. That *Meleagers* ſhall.
Tela. Nor *Telamon*
Will come behinde *Atlanta*, or the Prince.
Iaſon. Charge brauely then your Iauelins, ſend
them ſinging
Through the cleare aire, and aime them at yon fiend,
Den'd in the quechy bogge, the ſignall Lords.
All. Charge, charge.
a great winding of hornes, & ſhouts.
Meleag. Princes, ſhrill your Bugles free,
And all *Atlanta's* danger fall on me.

Enter Iaſon and Telamon.

Iaſon. This way, this way, renowned *Telamon*,
The Boare makes through yon glade ; and from the
hils
He hurries like a tempeſt : In his way
He proſtrates trees, and like the bolt of *Ioue*,
Shatters where ere he comes.
Tela. *Diana's* wrath
Sparkles grim terrour from his fiery eyes :
One Iauelin pointed with the pureſt braſſe,
I haue blunted 'gainſt his ribs ; yet he vnſcar'd,
The head, as darted 'gainſt a rocke of marble,

Rebounded backe.
Iaſon. He ſhakes off from his head
Our beſt *Theſſalian* dogges, like Sommer flyes :
Nor can their ſharpe phangs faſten on his hide.
Follow the cry.

A ſhout. Enter Caſtor and Pollux.

Caſtor. Wher's noble *Telamon* ?
Pollux. Or warlike *Iaſon* ?
Iaſon. Here you *Tyndarides*,
Speake, which way bends this plague of *Calidon* ?
Caſtor. Here may you ſtand him, for behold he comes
Like a rough torrent, ſwallowing where he ſpreads,
Ouer his head a cloud of terrour hangs
In which leane death (as in a Chariot) rides,
Darting his ſhafts on all ſides : 'mongſt the Princes
Of fertill *Greece*, *Anceus* bowels lye
Strewd on the earth, torne by his rauenous tuskes :
And had not *Neſtor* (by his Iauelins helpe)
Leap't vp into an Oke to haue ſcap't his rage,
He had now periſht in his ſecond Age.
Pollux. *Peleus* is wounded, *Pelegon* lies ſlaine,
Eupalemon hath all his body rent
With an oblique wound : yet *Meleager* ſtill,
And *Theſeus*, and *Atreus*, with the reſt,
Purſue the chace, with Boare-ſpeares caſt ſo thicke,
That where they flye, they ſeeme to darke the ayre,
And where they fall, they threaten imminent ruine.
Iaſon. To theſe wee'l adde our fury, and our fire,
And front him, though his brow bare figured hell,
And euery wrinkle were the gulfe of Styx
By which the Gods conteſt : Come noble *Telamon*
Diana's monſter by our hands ſhall fall,
Or (with the Princes ſlaine) let's periſh all. *Exeunt.*

Hornes and ſhouts. Enter Meleager, Atlanta.

Meleag. Thou beauteous *Nonacris*, *Arcadia's* pride,

How hath thy valour with thy fortune ioyn'd,
To make thee ſtaine the generall fortitude
Of all the Princes we deriue from *Greece*,
Thy launces poynt hath on yon armed monſter,
Made the firſt wound, and the firſt crimſon droppe
Fell from his ſide, thy ayme and arme extracted,
Thy fame ſhall neuer dye in *Calidon*.

Atl. We trifle heere, what ſhall *Atlanta* gaine
The firſt wounds honour, and be abſent from
The monſters death, we muſt haue hand in both.

Melea. Thou haſt purchaſt honour and renowne enough,
Oh ſtaine not all the generall youth of *Greece*,
By thy too forward ſpirit. Come not neere
Yon rude blood-thirſty ſauadge, leſt he prey
On thee, as on *Anceus*, and the reſt,
Let me betweene thee and all dangers ſtand. *Hornes.*
Fight, but fight ſafe beneath our puiſſant hand.

Atl. The cry comes this way, all my ſhafts Il'e ſpend.
To giue the fury that affrights vs, end.

Melea. And ere that monſter on *Atlanta* pray,
This point of ſteele ſhal through his hart make way.

Exeunt.

After great ſhouts, enter Venus.

Venus. *Adonis*, thou that makeſt *Venus* a Huntreſſe,
Leaue *Paphos*, *Gnidon*, *Eryx*, *Erecine*,
And *Amathon*, with precious mettals bigge,
Mayſt thou this day liue bucklerd in our wing,
And ſhadowed in the amorous power of loue:
My ſwannes I haue vnyoakt, and from their necks
Tane of their bridles made of twiſted ſilke.
And from my chariot ſtucke with Doues white plumes
Lighted vpon this verdure, where the Boare
Hath in his fury ſnow'd his ſcattered foame.

A cry within.

What cry was that? It was *Adonis* ſure.
That pierceſant ſhrike ſhrild through the muſicall
pipes
Of his ſweete voyces organs, thou *Diana*
If thou haſt ſent this fiende to ruin loue,
Or print the leaſt skarre in my *Adons* fleſh
Thy chaſtity I will abandon quite,
And with my looſeneſſe, blaſt thy *Cinthian* light.

Enter Theſeus and Neſtor, bringing in Adonis wounded to death.

Theſ. There lie moſt beauteous of the youths of
Greece,
Whoſe death I will not mourne, ere I reuenge.
Neſt. I'le ſecond thee, thou pride of *Greece*
adiew,
Whom too much valor in thy prime ore-threw. *Exit.*
Ven. Y'are not mine eyes, for they to ſee him
dead
Would from their ſoft beds drop vpon the earth:
Or in their owne warme liquid moiſture drowne
Their natiue brightneſſe: th'art not *Venus* heart,
For wert thou mine, at this ſad ſpectacle
Th'dſt breake theſe ribs though they were made of
braſſe,
And leap out of my boſome inſtantly.
My ſorrowes like a populous throng, all ſtriuing
At once to paſſe through ſome inforced breach,
In ſtead of winning paſſage ſtop the way,
And ſo the greateſt haſt, breeds the moſt ſtay.
Oh mee! my multiplicity of ſorrowes,
Makes me almoſt forget to grieue at all.
Speake, ſpeake, my *Adon*, thou whom death hath fed
on
Ere thou waſt yet full ripe; and this thy beautie's
Deuour'd ere taſted. Eye, where's now thy bright-
neſſe?
Or hand thy warmth? Oh that ſuch louely parts

Should be by death thus made unſeruiceable.
That (liueſt then) had the power to intrance *Ioue*:
Rauiſh, amaze, and ſurfet, all theſe pleaſures
Venus hath loſt by thy vntimely fall.
And therefore for thy death eternally
Venus ſhall mourne, *Earth* ſhall thy trunke deuoure,
But thy liues blood I'le turne into a flower,
And euery Month in ſollemne rights deplore,
This beauteous *Greeke* ſlaine by *Dianaes* Boare. *Exit.*

The fall of the Boare being winded, Meleager with the head of the Boare, Atlanta, Neſtor, Toxeus, Plexippus, Iaſon, Theſeus, &c. with their iauellins bloudied.

Mel. Thus lies the terror that but once to day
Aw'd all the boldeſt hearts of *Calidon*
Wallowing and weltering in his native bloud,
Transfixt by vs, but brauely ſeconded,
By noble *Iaſon*, *Theſeus*, *Peleus*,
Telamon, *Neſtor*, the *Tyndarides*,
And our bold vnkles, al our bore-ſpeares ſtain'd
And gory hands lau'd in his reeking bloud,
To whom belongs this braue victorious ſpoile?
All. To *Meleager* Prince of *Calidon.*
Mel. Is that your generall ſuffrage?
Iaſon. Let not *Greece*
Suffer ſuch merite vnregarded paſſe,
Or valour liue vnguerdon'd, that fel Swine
Whom yet, euen dead, th' amazed people feare,
And dare not touch but with aſtoniſhment
Fell by thy hand.
Tel. Thou ſtodſt his violence,
Til thy ſharpe Iauelin grated gainſt his braines,
Beneath his ſhield thou entred'ſt to his heart.
At that we guirt him till a thouſand wounds,
Hee from a thouſand hands receiu'd at once:
And in his fall it ſeem'd the earth did groane,
And the fixt Center tremble vnder him.

Caſtor. The ſpoile is thine, the yong *Adonis* death,
Anceus ſlaughter, and the maſſacre
Of *Archas*, *Pelagon*, *Eupateinon*
And all the *Grecian* Princes loſt this day,
Thou haſt reueng'd, therefore be thine the fame,
Which with a generall voyce *Greece* ſhall proclaime.
Mel. Princes wee thanke you, 'tis mine giuen me free.
Which faire *Atlanta* we beſtow on thee.
Tox. Ha, to a woman.
Plex. And ſo many men,
Ingag'd in't, call backe thy gift againe.
Caſt. *Greece* is by this diſparaged, and our fame
Fowly eclipſt.
Pollux. Snatch't from that emulous Dame.
Mel. Murmur you Lords at *Meleagers* bounty,
We firſt beſtow'd it as our owne by guift,
Yea, and by right, but now we render it
To bright *Atlanta*, as her owne by due
As ſhee that from the Boare the firſt bloud drew.
Neſt. We muſt not ſuffer this diſgrace to *Greece.*
Atre. Let women claime 'mongſt women eminence,
Our Lofty ſpirits, that honour haue in chace,
Cannot diſgeſt wrongs womaniſh and baſe.
Caſt. Reſtore this woman and thy ſex enuy
For fortitude, aime not at queſts ſo hye.
Iaſon. *Caſtor* forbeare.
Tella. Hee giues but what's his owne.
Theſ. Tis the Kings bounty.
Mel. By the immortall Gods,
That gaue vs this daies honour, the ſame hand
By which the *Calidonian* terror fell,
Shall him that frownes or murmurs lanch to hell.
All. That will we try.
Mel. Then reskue for *Atlanta*,
This day ſhall fall for thee, that art diuine,
Monſters more ſauadge then *Dianaes* ſwine.

A ſtrange confuſed fray, Toxeus and Plexippus are ſlaine by Meleager, Iaſon and Tellamon ſtand betweene the two factions.

Iaſ. No more, no more, behold your vnkles ſlaine,
Saue in this act two Noble Gentlemen,
Purſue not fury to the ſpoile of *Greece*,
And death of more braue Princes: let your rage
Be here confin'de, cut off this purple ſtreame
In his mid courſe, and turne this torrent backe
Which in his fury elſe may drown'd vs all.
Tel. I ſecond *Iaſon* and expoſe my ſelfe,
Betweene theſe factions to compoſe a peace.
Mel. Wee haue done too much already, impious fury,
How boundleſſe is thy power: vncircumſcribed
By thought or reaſon, th'art all violence,
Thy end repentance, ſorrow and diſtaſt:
How will *Althea* take her brothers death
From her ſons hand, but raſh deeds executed
May be lamented, neuer be recal'd.
Shall the furuiuers bee atton'd?
Atreus. So it be done with honour on both parts
Wee haue ſwords to guard our fortunes and our liues,
And but an equall language will keepe both
Thus at the point.
Theſ. Ioyne hands renowned *Princes*,
The fury of the Prince of *Calidon*
Hath prey'd but on his owne, there let it end,
No further by your vrgent ſpleenes extend.
Caſtor. We are appeas'd.
Iaſon. Lords freely then embrace.
Mel. Firſt then, wee'le royally interre our vnkles,
And ſpend ſome teares vpon their funerall rites,
That done we'le in our Palace feaſt theſe Princes,
With bright *Atlanta*, whom wee'le make our Queene.
Our Vnkles once beſtow'de into the earth,
Our mournings ſhall expire in Bridall mirth. *Exeunt.*

Enter K. Oeneus and Althea, meeting the bodies of their two brothers borne.

Oen. Come to the Temple there to ſacrifice
For theſe glad tydings, ſince the Boare lies dead,
That fil'd our kingdome with ſuch awe and dread.
Alth. What ioy names *Oeneus* in this ſpectacle?
This of a thouſand the moſt ſad and tragicke,
Whoſe murdered trunkes be theſe?
Seru. Your royall brothers,
Prince *Toxeus* and *Plexippus*.
Althea. Speake, how ſlaine?
Seru. Not by the Boare, but by your ſons owne hand.
Althea. By *Meleagers*, how? vpon what quarrell
Could the proud boy ground ſuch a damned act?
Seru. Your ſonne to faire *Atlanta* gaue the priſe
Of this daies trauell, which for, they with-ſtood
In mutinous armes they loſſe their vitall blouds.
Alth. Shall I reuenge or mourne them.
Oen. O ſtrange fate.
An obiect that muſt ſhorten *Oeneus* daies,
And bring theſe winter haires to a ſad Tombe
Long ere their date; I ſinke beneath theſe ſorrowes
Into my blacke and timeleſſe monument.
Althea. My ſorrowes turne to rage, my teares to fire,
My praiers to curſes, vowes into reuenge.
Oen. Peace, peace my Queene, let's beare the Gods vindiction
With patience, as wee did *Dianaes* wrath:
Where Gods are bent to puniſh, we may grieue
But can our ſelues nor ſuccour, nor relieue.
Come, let vs do to them their lateſt rites,
Wait on their Hearſes in our mourning blacke;
Their happy ſoules are mounted 'boue the ſpheares,
We'le waſh their bodies in our funerall teares. *Exit.*

Manet Althea.

Althea. *Althea* what diſtraction's this within thee?

A ſiſter or a mother wilt thou bee?
Since both I cannot, (for theſe Princes ſlaine)
Siſter I chuſe, a mothers name diſdaine:
The fatall brand in which the murderers life
Securely lies, I'le hurle into the fire
And as it flames, ſo ſhall the ſlaue expire.
Miſcheife I'le heape on miſcheife, bad on ill,
Wrong pay with wrongs, and ſlaughter theſe that kill.
And ſince the Gods would all our glories thrall,
I will with them haue chiefe hand in our fall.
But hee's my ſonne: oh pardon me deere brothers,
Being a mother if I ſpare his life,
Though it be fit his ſinne bee plaug'd with death,
And that his life lie in yon fatall brand,
'Twill not come fitly from a mothers hand.
Is this the hope of all my ten months paine,
Muſt he by th' hand that nurſt him now be ſlaine?
Would he had periſht in his cradle, when
I gaue him twice life: in his birth, and then
When I the brand ſnatcht from the rauenous flame,
And for this double good, haſt thou with ſhame
And iniury repaide me? I will now
A ſiſter be, no mother, for I vow
Reuenge and death; Furies, aſſiſt my hand
Whilſt in red flames I caſt his vitall brand. *Exit.*

A banquet, enter Meleager, Iaſon, Theſeus, Caſtor, Pollux, Neſtor, Peleus, Atreus, Atlanta.

Meleag. For faire *Atlanta*, and your Honours, Lords
We banquet you this day: and to beginne
Our feſtiuals we'le crowne this *Iouiall* health
Vnto our brother, *Theban Hercules*,
And *Deyaneira*, will you pledge it Lords?
Iaſon. None but admire and loue their matchleſſe worths,
Not faire *Atlanta* will refuſe this health.
Atlan. You beg of mee a pledge, I'le take it *Iaſon*,

As well for his ſake that beginnes the round,
As thoſe to whom 'tis vow'd.
Tell. Well ſpoke *Atlanta*, but I wonder Lords
What Prouince now holds *Theban Hercules ?*
Theſ. He is the mirrour and the pride of *Greece*,
And ſhall in after ages be renoun'd,
But we forget his health, come *Tellamon*
Aime it at mee.

A fire. Enter Althea with a brand.

Althea. Aſſiſt my rage you ſterne *Eumenides*,
To you this blacke deed will I conſecrate.
Pitty away, hence thou conſanguine loue,
Maternall zeale, parentall piety.
All cares, loues, duties, offices, affections,
That grow 'tweene ſonnes and mothers, leaue this place ;
Let none but furies, murders, paracides,
Be my aſſiſtants in this dam'd attempt :
All that's good and honeſt, I confine,
Blacke is my purpoſe ; Hell my thoughts are thine.
Mel. To bright *Atlanta* this lowd muſicke ſownd,
Her health ſhall with our loftieſt ſtraines be crown'd.
Althea. Drinke, quaffe, be blith ; oh how this feſtiue ioy
Stirs vp my fury to reuenge and death,
Thus, thus (you Gods aboue, abiect your eies
From this vnnaturall act) the murderer dies.

Shee fires the brand.

Mel. Oh, oh.
Atlan. My Lord.
Mel. I burne, I burne.
Iaſon. What ſuddaine paſſion's this ?
Mele. The flames of hell, and *Pluto's* ſightleſſe fires,
Are through my entrals and my veines diſpierſt,
Oh !
Tell. My Lord take courage.

Mel. Courage, *Tellamon*?
I haue a heart dares threate or challenge hell,
A brow front heauen ; a hand to challenge both :
But this my paine's beyond all humane ſufferance,
Or mortall patience.

Althea. What haſt thou done *Althea*? ſtay thy fury,
And bring not theſe ſtrange torments on thine owne.
Thou haſt too much already, backe my hand,
And ſaue his life as thou conferuſt this brand.

She takes out the brand.

Atlan. How cheeres the warlike Prince of *Calidon*?

Mel. Well now, I am at eaſe and peace within,
Whither's my torture fled? that with ſuch ſuddenneſſe
Hath freed me from diſturbance, were we ill?
Come ſit againe to banquet, muſicke ſownd,
Till this to *Deyaneiraes* health go round.

Althea. Shall mirth and ioy crowne his degenerate head?
Whilſt his cold Vnkles on the earth lie ſpread?
No, wretched youth whilſt this hand can deſtroy,
I'le cut thee off in midſt of all thy ioy.

She fires the brand.

Mel. Againe, Againe.

Althea. Burne, periſh, waſt, fire, ſparkle, and conſume
And all thy vitall ſpirits flie with this fume.

Mel. Still, ſtill, there is at *Ætna* in my boſome
The flames of *Stix*, and fires of *Acheron*
Are from the blacke *Chimerian* ſhades remou'd,
And fixt heere, heere ; oh for *Euenus* floud,
Or ſome coole ſtreame, to ſhoote his currents through
My flaming body, make thy channell heere
Thou mighty floud that ſtreameſt through *Calidon*
And quench me, all you ſprings of *Theſſaly*
Remoue your heads, and fixe them in my veines
To coole me, oh !

Iaſon. Defend vs heauen, what ſuddaine extaſy

Or vnexpected torture hath disturb'd
His health and mirth?
Mel. Worse then my torment,
That I must die thus, thus, that the Boare had slaine me
Happy *Anceus* and *Adonis* blest,
You died with fame, and honour crownes your rest;
My flame increaseth still, oh father *Oeneus*
And you *Althea*, whom I would call mother
But that my genius prompts me th'art vnkind,
And yet farewell, *Atlanta* beauteous maide,
I cannot speake my thoughts for torture, death,
Anguish and paines, all that *Promethean* fire
Was stolne from heauen, the Thiefe left in my bosome.
The Sunne hath cast his element on me,
And in my entralls hath he fixt his Spheare,
His pointed beames he hath darted through my heart,
And I am still on flame.
Althea. So, now 'tis done,
The brand consum'd, his vitall threed quite spun.
Exit.
Meleag. Now 'gins my fire waste, and my naturall heat
To change to Ice, and my scortch't blood to freeze.
Farewell, since his blacke enfigne death displayes,
I dye, cut off thus in my best of dayes. *He dyes.*
Jason. Dead is the flower and pride of *Calidon*.
Who would displease the Gods? *Diana's* wrath
Hath stretch't euen to the death, and tragicke ruine
Of this faire hopefull Prince, here stay thy vengeance
Goddesse of chastity, and let it hang
No longer ore the house of *Calidon*:
Since thou hast cropt the yong, spare these old branches
That yet suruiue.

Enter Althea.

Althea. She ſhall not, *Jaſon* no,
She ſhall not: Do you wonder Lords of *Greece*,
To ſee this Prince lye dead? why that's no nouell,
All men muſt dye, thou, he, and euery one,
Yea I my ſelfe muſt: but Il'e tell you that
Shall ſtiffe your haire, your eyes ſtart from your heads,
Print fixt amazement in your wondring fronts,
Yea and aſtoniſh all: This was my ſonne,
Borne with ſick throws, nurſt from my tender breſt
Brought vp with feminine care, cheriſht with loue:
His youth, my pride; his honour all my wiſhes,
So deere, that little leſſe he was then life.
But will you know the wonder ('laſſe) too true,
Him (all my ſonnes) this my inrag'd hand ſlue,
This hand, that *Dians* quenchleſſe rage to fill,
Shall with the ſlaine ſonnes ſword the mother kill.

Althea kils herſelfe with Meleagers ſword.

Tela. The Queene hath ſlaine her ſelfe: who'l beare theſe newes
To the ſad King?

Enter a ſeruant.

Seru. That labour may be ſpar'd:
The King no ſooner heard of his ſonnes death,
(Wrought by his mother in the fatall brand)
But he ſunke dead: ſorrow ſo chang'd his weakeneſſe,
And without word or motion he expir'd.

Jaſon. Wee'l ſee them (ere we part from *Calidon*)
Inter'd with honour: But we ſoiourne long
In this curſt Clime; oh let vs not incurre
Diana's fury, our next expedition
Shall be for *Colchos*, and the golden Fleece,
Vnto which (Princes) we inuite you all.
Our ſtately *Argoe* we haue rig'd and trim'd,
And in it we will beare the beſt of *Greece*,
Stil'd from our ſhip by name of *Argonauts*.

Great *Hercules* will with his company,
Grace our aduenture, and renowne all *Greece*,
By the rich purchaſe of the *Colchian* Fleece. *Exit.*

HOMER.

Let not euen Kings againſt the Gods conteſt,
Leſt in this fall their ruines be expreſt.
Thinke Hercules, *from clenſing the fowle ſtall*
And ſtable of Augeus, *in which fed*
Three hundred Oxen, (neuer freed at all,
Till his arriue) return'd where he was bred,
To Thebes; *there* Deianeira *him receiues*
With glad imbraces, but he ſtaies not long,
Iaſon *the Lady of her Lord bereaues:*
For in the new-rig'd Argoe, *with the yong*
And ſprightly Heroes, he at Colchos *aimes,*
Where the rich Fleece muſt publiſh their high fames.

Enter Deianeira and Lychas: to her Hercules, *receiued with ioy, after the preſentment of ſome of his labours. To them march in all the Argonauts, Iaſon, Telamon, Atreus, Caſtor, Pollux, Theſeus, &c. Iaſon perſwades Hercules to the aduenture; hee leaues Deianeira, and marcheth off with the Argonauts.*

Imagine now theſe Princes vnder ſaile,
Stearing their courſe as farre as high-rear'd Troy,
Where King Laomedon *doth much bewaile*
His daughter, whom a Sea-whale muſt deſtroy.
Obſerue this well: for here begins the iarre
Made Troy rack't after in a ten yeares warre.

Sownd. Enter King Laomedon, Anchiſes, yong Priam, Æneas, Heſione bound, with other Lords and Ladyes.

Laomed. *Heſione*, this is thy laſt on earth,

Whoſe fortunes we may mourne, though not preuent:
Would *Troy*, whoſe walles I did attempt to reare,
Had nere growne higher then their ground-ſils, or
In their foundation buried beene, and loſt,
Since their high ſtructure muſt be thus maintain'd,
With bloud of our bright Ladyes: Oh *Heſione!*
Th'onely remainder of theſe female dames
Begot by vs, I muſt bequeath thy body
To be the food of *Neptunes* monſtrous Whale.

Priam. Had you kept troth and promiſe with the Gods,
This had not chanc't: You borrowed of the Prieſts
Of *Neptune* and *Apollo*, Sea, and Sunne,
That quantity of gold, which to this height
And ſpacious compaſſe, hath immur'd great *Troy*;
But the worke finiſh't, you deny'd to pay
The Prieſts their due, for which inraged *Neptune*
Aſſembled his high tides, thinking to drowne
Our lofty buildings, and to ruine *Troy*:
But when the Moone, by which the Seas are gouern'd,
Retir'd his waters by her powerfull wane,
He left behind him ſuch infectious ſlime,
Which the Sunne poyſoning by his perſant beames,
They by their mutuall power, raiſ'd a hot plague.
To ſlacke this hot peſt, *Neptune* made demand,
Monthly a Lady to be chus'd by lot,
To glut his huge Sea-monſters rauenous iawes:
The lot this day fell on *Heſione*
Our beauteous ſiſter.

Laom. *Priam* 'tis too true,
Till now *Laomedon* nere knew his guilt,
Or thought the Gods could puniſh.

Heſio. Royall father,
Mourne not for me, the Gods muſt be appeas'd,
And I in this am happy, that my death
Is made the attonement 'tweene thoſe angry powers
And your afflicted people, though my Innocence
Neuer deſeru'd ſuch rigor from the Gods.

Come good *Anchiſes*, binde me to this rocke,
And let my body glut th' inſatiate fury
Of angry *Neptune*, and th' offended Sunne.
Anchiſ. A more unwilling monſter neuer paſt
Anchiſes hand.
Laom. Now, now, the time drawes nye,
That my ſweet childe by *Neptunes* whale muſt dye.
Priam. The very thought of it ſwallowes my heart
As deepe in ſorrow, as the monſter can
Bury my ſiſter.

A great ſhowt within.

Laom. Soft, what clamor's that?
Æneas. A ſtately ſhip, well rig'd with ſwelling ſailes,
Enters the harbour, bound (by their report)
For *Colchos*: but when they beheld the ſhores
Couered with multitudes, and ſpy'd from farre,
Your beauteous daughter faſtned to the rocke,
They made to know the cauſe; which certified,
One noble *Greeke* amongſt theſe Heroes ſtands,
And offers to incounter *Neptunes* whale,
And free from death the bright *Heſione.*
Laom. Thou haſt (*Æneas*) quickned me from death,
And added to my date a ſecond Age.
Admit them.

Enter Hercules, Iaſon, Caſtor, Pollux, Theſeus, and all the Argonauts.

Herc. 'Tis told vs that thy name's *Laomedon*,
And that thy beauteous daughter muſt this day
Feed a ſea-monſter: how wilt thou reward
The man that ſhall incounter *Neptunes* whale?
Tugge with that fiend vpon thy populous ſtrond,
And with my club ſowſe on his armed ſcales?

Haſt thou not heard of *Theban Hercules*?
I that haue aw'd the earth, and ranſack't hell,'
Will through the Ocean hunt the God of ſtreames,
And chace him from the deepe Abiſmes below.
Il'e dare the Sea-god from his watery deepes
If he take part with this Leuiathan.

Laom. Thy name and courage warlike *Hercules*
Aſſures her life, if thou wilt vndertake
This hauty queſt: two milke white ſteeds, the beſt
Aſia ere bred, ſhall be thy valours prize.

Herc. We accept them; keepe thy faith *Laomedon*,
If thou but break'ſt with *Ioue*-borne *Hercules*,
Theſe marble ſtructures, built with virgins bloud,
Il'e raze euen with the earth. When comes the monſter?

Heſione. Now, now, helpe *Ioue*. *A cry within.*

Herc. I ſee him ſweepe the ſeas along.
Blow riuers through his noſtrils as he glides,
As if he meant to quench the Sunnes bright fire,
And bring a palped darkneſſe ore the earth:
He opes his iawes as if to ſwallow *Troy*,
And at one yawne whole thouſands to deſtroy.

Lao. Fly, flye into the Citty. *Exeunt the Troians.*

Herc. Take along
This beauteous Lady, if he muſt haue pray,
In ſtead of her *Alcides* here will ſtay.

Iaſon. The heartleſſe Troians fly into the towne
At ſight of yon ſea-diuell: here wee'l ſtand
To wait the conqueſt of thy *Iouiall* hand.

Herc. Gramercy *Iaſon*, ſee he comes in tempeſt,
Il'e meet him in a ſtorme as violent,
And with one ſtroke which this right hand ſhall aime,
Ding him into th' abiſſe from whence he came.

Hercules kils the Sea-Monſter, the Troians on the walles, the Greekes below.

Priam. The monſter's ſlaine, my beauteous ſiſter freed.

Iaſon. Be euer for this noble deed renown'd,
Let *Aſia* ſpeake thy praiſe.
Telam. The *Argonauts*
Are glorifi'd by this victorious act.
Priam. All *Troy* ſhall conſecrate to *Hercules*
Temples and Altars : lets deſcend and meet him.
Laom. Stay, none preſume to ſtirre, wee'l parly them
Firſt from the walles.
Herc. Why doth not *Troy's* King from thoſe wals deſcend ?
And ſince I haue redeem'd *Heſione*,
Preſent my trauels with two milke-white ſteeds,
The prize of my indeuours ?
Lao. *Hercules*
We owe thee none, none will we tender thee,
Thou haſt won thee honour, a reward ſufficient
For thy attempt : our gates are ſhut againſt thee,
Nor ſhall you enter, you are *Greekiſh* ſpies,
And come to pry but where our land is weake.
Priam. Oh royall father !
Laom. Peace boy : *Greekes* away :
For imminent death attends on your delay.
Herc. The Sea nere bred a monſter halfe ſo vile
As this Land-fiend. Darſt threaten *Hercules* ?
Would vniuerſall *Troy* were in one frame,
That I might whelme it on thy curſed head,
And crowne thee in thy ruine. Menace vs ?
Laom. Depart our walles, or we will fire your *Argoe*,
Lying in our harbour, and preuent your purpoſe
In the atchieuement of the golden fleece.
Herc. *Laomedon*, Il'e toſſe thee from thy walles,
Batter thy gates to ſhivers with my Club,
Nor will I leaue theſe broad Scamander plaines,
Til thy aſpiring Towers of *Illium*
Lye leuell with the place on which we ſtand.
Iaſon. Great *Hercules*, th' aduenture fals to me,
Our voyage bent for *Colchos*, not for *Troy*,

The golden fleece, and not *Laomedon*:
Why ſhould we hazard here our *Argonauts*?
Or ſpend our ſelues on accidentall wrongs?
Telam. *Iaſon* aduiſeth well, great *Hercules*,
We ſhould diſhonour him, and th' expectation
Greece hath of vs, delude by this delay.
Thef. Then let vs from this harbour launch our *Argoe*,
To *Colchos* firſt, and in our voyage home
Reuenge vs on this falſe *Laomedon*.
Herc. You ſway me princes: farewell trecherous King,
Nought, ſaue thy bloud, ſhall ſatisfie this wrong
And baſe diſhonour done to *Hercules*.
Expect me; for by *Olimpicke Ioue* I ſweare
Nere to ſet foot within my natiue *Thebes*,
See *Deianeira*, or to touch in *Greece*,
Till I haue ſcal'd theſe mures, inuaded *Troy*,
Ranſack't thy Citty, ſlaine *Laomedon*,
And venge the Gods that gouerne Sea and Sunne.
Come valiant *Heroes*, firſt the fleece to enioy,
And in our backe returne to ranſacke *Troy*.

Exeunt.

Lao. We dread you not, wee'l anſwere what is done,
As well as ſtand 'gainſt *Neptune* and the *Sunne*.

Enter Oetes, King of Colchos, Medea, yong Abſyrtus, with Lords.

Oetes. How may we glory aboue other kings
Being (by our birth) deſcended from the Gods?
Our wealth renowned through the world tripartite,
Moſt in the riches of the golden fleece,
And not the leaſt of all our happineſſe,
Medea for her powerfull magicke skill,
And Negromanticke exorciſmes admir'd,
And dreaded through the *Colchian* territories.

Medea. I can by Art make riuers retrograde,
Alter their channels, run backe to their heads,
And hide them in the ſprings from whence they grew.
The curled Ocean with a word Il'e ſmooth,
(Or being calme) raiſe waues as high as hils,
Threatning to ſwallow the vaſt continent.
With powerfull charmes Il'e make the Sunne ſtand ſtill,
Or call the Moone downe from her arched ſpheare.
What cannot I by power of *Hecate*?

Abſyr. Diſcourſe (faire ſiſter) how the golden fleece
Came firſt to *Colchos*.

Medea. Let *Abſyrtus* know,
Phrixus the ſonne of *Theban Athamas*,
And his faire ſiſter *Helles*, being betraid
By their curſt ſtep-dame *Ino*, fled from *Greece*,
Their Innocence pittied by *Mercury*,
He gaue to them a golden-fleeced Ramme,
Which bore them ſafe to the Sygean ſea,
Which ſwimming, beauteous *Helles* there was drown'd,
And gaue that ſea the name of *Helleſpont*,
That which parts *Seſtus* and *Abidos* ſtill:
Phrixus arriues at *Colchos*, and to *Mars*
There ſacrific'd his Ramme in memory
Of his ſafe waftage, fauoured by the Gods.
The golden Fleece was by the Oracle
Commanded to be fixt there, kept and guarded
By two fierce Buls, that breath infernall fires,
And by a wakefull Dragon, in whoſe eyes
Neuer came ſleepe: for in the ſafe conſeruing
Of this diuine and worthy monument,
Our kingdomes weale and ſafety moſt conſiſts.

Oetes. And he that ſtriues by purchaſe of this fleece,
To weaken vs, or ſhake our Royalty,
Muſt taſt the fury of theſe fiery fiends.

A ſhoote. Enter a Lord.

The nouell: ſpeake.

Lord. Vpon the *Colchian* ſhores
A ſtately veſſell, man'd it ſeemes from *Greece*
Is newly lancht, full fraught with Gentlemen
Of braue aſpects and preſence.

Oetes. Whoſe their Generall?

Lord. *Iaſon*, he ſtiles himſelfe a Prince of *Greece*
And Captaine o're the noble *Argonautes.*

Oetes. Vſher them in, that we may know their queſt
And what aduenture drew them to theſe ſhoares.

Sound, Enter Iaſon, Hercules, Theſeus, Caſtor, Pollux, &c.

Iaſon. Haile king of *Colchos*, thou beholdſt in vs
The nobleſt Heroes that inhabite *Greece*
Of whom I, though vnworthieſt, ſtile my ſelfe
The Generall; the intent of this our voyage
Is to reduce the rich and golden priſe
To *Greece*, from whence it came, know I am come
To tug and wraſtle with the infernall Buls,
And in their hot fiers double guild my armes
To place vpon their necks the ſeruile yoake,
And bondage, force them plow the field of *Mars*,
Till in the furrowes I haue ſowed the teeth
Of vipers, from which men in armour grow
To enter combat with the ſleepeleſſe Dragon,
And mauger him fetch thence the golden Fleece.
All this *Oetes*, I am preſt to atchieue
Againſt theſe horrid tasks my life to ingage
Buls fury, Vipers poyſon, Dragons rage.

Medea. Such a bold ſpirit, and noble preſence linkt
Neuer before were ſeene in *Phaſis* Iſle,
Colchos be proud, a Prince demands thy Fleece,

Richer then that he comes for; let the *Greekes*
Our *Phaſian* wealth and *Oetes* treaſure beare,
So they in liew will leaue me *Iaſon* here.

Oetes. Princes, you aime at dangers more in proffe
Then in report, which if you ſhould behold
In their true figure, would amaze your ſpirits:
Yea, terifye the Gods; let me aduiſe you,
As one that knowes their terrour, to deſiſt
Ere you enwrap your ſelfe into theſe perils,
Whence there is no euaſion.

Herc. *Oetes*, know
Peril's a babe, the greater dangers threaten
The greater is his honour that breaks through.
Haue we in th' *Argoe* rowed with ſixty oares
And at each Oare a Prince; pierc't *Samo-thrace*,
The *Cherſoneſon* ſea, the *Helleſpont*,
Euen to the waues that breake on *Colchos* ſhoares?
And ſhall we with diſhonour turne to *Greece*?
Know *Oetes*, not the leaſt of ſixty *Heroes*
That now are in thy Confines, but thy monſters
Dare quell and baffle.

Tellamon. Much more *Hercules*.

Oetes. *Hercules*.

Iaſon. Starts *Oetes* at the name of *Hercules*,
What would he do to ſee him in his eminence;
But leauing that, this muſt be *Iaſons* queſt,
A worke not worthy him; where be theſe monſters?

Medea. May all inchantments be confinde to hell,
Rather then he encounter fiends ſo fell.

Oetes. Princes, ſince you will needs attempt theſe dangers
You ſhall; and if atchieue the Golden Fleece
Tranſport it where you pleaſe, meane time, this day
Repoſe your ſelues, wel'e feaſt you in our Pallace.
To morrow morning with the riſing Sunne,
Our golden priſe ſhall be conſeru'd or wonne. *Exit.*

Medea. If he attempts he dies, what's that to mee?
Why ſhould *Medea* feare a ſtrangers life?
Or what's that *Iaſon* I ſhould dread his fall?
If he o're-come, my fathers glory waines,
And all our fortunes muſt reward his paines.
Let *Iaſon* periſh then, and *Colchos* flouriſh.
Our priſtine glories let vs ſtill enioy,
And theſe our braſſe-head buls the Prince deſtroy.
Oh! what diſtraction's this within me bred,
Although he die, I would not ſee him dead?
The beſt I ſee, the worſt I follow ſtill,
Hee nere wrong'd mee, why ſhould I wiſh him ill?
Shall the Buls toſſe him whom *Medea* loues,
A Tygreſſe, not a Princeſſe, ſhould I proue?
To ſee him tortured whom I deerely loue?
Bee then a traitreſſe to thy fathers life,
A robber of the clime where thou waſt bred,
And for ſome ſtraggler that hath loſt his way,
Thy fathers Kingdome and his State betray.
Tuſh, theſe are nothing, firſt his faith I'le craue,
That couenant made, him by enchantments ſaue.

Enter Iaſon.

Iaſon. My task is aboue ſtrength, Duke *Peleus* ſent me
Not to atchieue, but die in this purſuite,
And to preuent the Oracle that told him
I muſt ſucceed; *Iaſon* bethinke thee then
Thou com'ſt to execution, not to act
Things aboue man; I haue obſeru'd *Medea*
Retort upon me many an amorous looke,
Of which I'le ſtuddy to make proſperous vſe.
If by her art the Inchantments I can bind
Immur'd with death, I certaine ſafety find.
Medea. Shall I o're-whelme vpon my captiue head,
The curſe of all our Nation, the Crownes ruin?

Clamours of men, and woemens loud exclaimes.
Burnings of children ; the vniuerſall curſe
Of a great people, all to ſaue one man,
A ſtraggler (God knowes whence deriu'd, where borne,
Or whether Noble?) let the proud *Greeke* die,
Wee ſtill in *Colchos* ſit inſtated hye.
Oh me ! that looke vpon *Medea* caſt
Drownes all theſe feares, and hath the reſt ſurpaſt.
Iaſon. Madam, becauſe I loue I pitty you,
That you a beauteous Lady, art-full wife,
Should haue your beauty and your wiſedome both
Inuelopt in a cloud of Barbariſme :
That on theſe barren Confines you ſhould liue,
Confin'd into an Angle of the world.
And ne're ſee that which is the world indeed,
Fertile and populous *Greece*, *Greece* that beares men,
Such as reſemble Gods, of which in vs
You ſee the moſt deiected, and the meaneſt.
How harſhly doth your wiſedome ſound in th'eares
Of theſe Barbarians, dull, vnapprehenſible,
And ſuch, in not conceiuing your hid Arts,
Depriue them of their honour ; In *Greece* ſprings
The fountaines of Diuine Phyloſophy,
They are all vnderſtanders ; I would haue you
Bright Lady with vs, enter to that world
Of which this *Colchos* is no part at all.
Shew then your beauty to theſe iudging eies,
Your wiſedome to theſe vnderſtanding eares.
In which they ſhall receiue their merited grace,
And leaue this barraine, cold, and ſtirrill place.
Medea. His preſence without all this Oratory
Did much with vs, but where they both conioyne
To entrap *Medea*, ſhee muſt needs bee caught.
Iaſon. I long to ſee this *Colchian* Lady clad
In *Hymens* ſtatelieſt roabes, whom the glad Matrones,
Bright Ladies, and Imperiall Queenes of *Greece*
Shall welcome and applaud, and with rich gifts

Preſent, for ſauing of their ſonnes and kinſmen
From theſe infernall monſters: As for *Iaſon*
If you *Medea* ſhall deſpiſe his loue,
He craues no other life then to die ſo,
Since life without you is but torturing paine,
And death to men diſtreſt is double gaine.

Medea. That tongue more then *Medeaes* ſpels inchants,
And not a word, but like our exorciſmes
And power of charmes preuailes. Oh loue! thy Maieſty
Is greater then the triple *Hecates*,
Bewitching *Circes*, or thoſe hidden skils,
Aſcrib'd vnto the infernall *Proſerpine*.
I that by incantations can remoue
Hils from their ſyts, and make huge mountaines ſhake,
Darken the Sunne at noone, call from their graues
Ghoſts long ſince dead, that can command the earth,
And affright heauen, no ſpell at all can find
To bondage loue, or free a captiue minde.

Iaſon. Loue *Iaſon* then, and by thy Diuine aide,
Giue me ſuch power, that I may tug vnſcorcht
Amidſt the flames with theſe thy fiery fiends,
That I vnuenom'd may theſe Vipers teeth
Caſt from my hand, through *Morpheus* leaden charmes,
Ouer that wakefull ſnake that guards the Fleece,
For which liue *Iaſons* happy Bride in *Greece*.

Medea. A match, what hearbs or ſpels, what Magicke can
Command in heauen, earth, or in hell below,
What either aire, or ſea can miniſter,
To guard thy perſon, all theſe helps I'le gather
To girdle thee with ſafety.

Iaſon. Be thou then
For euer *Iaſons*, and through *Greece* renown'd
In whom our *Heroes* haue ſuch ſafety found,

Our bargaine thus I ſeale. *He kiſſeth her.*
Meaea. Which I'le make good
With *Colchos* fall, and with my fathers bloud.

Enter Abſyrtus.

Abſyr. Prince *Iaſon*, all the *Heroes* at the ban-
quet
Inquire for you, twice hath my father *Oetes*
Made ſearch for you; Oh ſiſter!
Medea. No word you ſaw vs two in conference.
Abſyr. Do you take me to be a woman, to tell all I ſee, and blab all I know, I that am in hope one day to lie with a woman, will once lie for a woman, Siſter I ſaw you not.
Iaſon. Remember; come Prince, will you leade the way?
Abſyr. I have parted you that neuer parted fray
Come ſir will you follow. *Exit. Manet Medea.*
Medea. The night growes on, and now to my black
Arts,
Goddeſſe of witchcraft and darke ceremony,
To whom the elues of Hils, of Brookes, of Groues,
Of ſtanding lakes, and cauernes vaulted deepe
Are miniſters; three-headed *Hecate*
Lend me thy Chariot drawne with winged ſnakes,
For I this night muſt progreſſe through the Aire.
What ſimples grow in Tempe of *Theſſaly*,
Mount *Pindus*, *Otheris*, *Oſſa*, *Appidane*,
Olimpus, *Caucaſ.* or high *Teneriff*,
I muſt ſelect to finiſh this great worke,
Thence muſt I flye vnto *Amphriſus* Foords,
And gather plants by the ſwift *Sperchius* ſtreames,
Where ruſhy *Bebes*, and *Anthedon* flow,
Where hearbes of bitter iuice and ſtrong ſent grow;
Theſe muſt I with the haires of *Mandrakes* vſe,
Temper with *Poppy-ſeeds* and *Hemlocke* iuice:
With *Aconitum* that in *Tartar* ſprings,
With *Cypreſſe*, *Ewe*, and *Veruin*, and theſe mix

With incantations, Spels, and Exorciſmes
Of wonderous power and vertue; oh thou night,
Mother of darke Arts hide mee in thy vaile,
Whilſt I thoſe banks ſearch, and theſe mountaines skale.

Sownd. Enter King Oetes, Abſyrtus, and Lords.

Oetes. Vpon the ſafeguard of this golden Fleece
Colchos depends, and he that beares it hence
Beares with it all our fortunes; the *Argonautes*
Haue it in queſt, if *Iaſon* ſcape our monſters
I'le rather at ſome banquet poyſon him,
And quaffe to him his death, or in the night
Set fire vpon his *Argoe*, and in flames
Conſume the happy hope of his returne,
This purpoſe we, as we are *Colchos* King,
Abſyrtus, where's your ſiſter?

Abſyrtus. In her chamber.

Oetes. When you next ſee her giue to her this noate,
The manner of our practiſe, her fell hand
Cannot be miſt in this, but it ſhall fall
Heauy on theſe that *Colchos* ſeekes to thrall.
The howre drawes nigh, the people throng on heapes,
To this aduenture in the field of *Mars*,
And noble *Iaſon* arm'd with his good ſhield,
Is vp already and demands the field.

Enter Iaſon, Hercules, and the Argonauts.

Iaſon. *Oetes*, I come thus arm'd, demanding combat
Of all thoſe monſters that defend thy Fleece:
And to theſe dangers ſingly, I oppoſe
My perſon as thou ſeeſt, when ſetſt thou ope
The gates of hell to let thy deuils out?
Glad would I wraſtle with thy fiery Buls,
And from their throats the flaming dewlops teare.

Vnchaine them, and to *Iaſon* turne them looſe,
That as *Alcides* did to *Achelous*,
So from their hard fronts I may teare their hornes,
And lay the yoake vpon their vntam'd necks.

Oetes. Yet valiant *Greeke* deſiſt, I, though a ſtranger
Pitty thy youth, or if thou wilt perſiſt
So dreadfull is the aduenture thou perſueſt,
That thou wilt thinke I ſhall vnbowell hell,
Vnmanacle the fiends, and make a paſſage
Free for the Infernals.

Iaſon. I ſhall welcome all,
Medea now if there be power in loue,
Or force in Magicke ; if thou haſt or will
Or Art, try all the power of Characters,
Vertue of Symples, Stones, or hidden ſpels,
If earth Elues, or nimble airy Spirits,
Charmes, Incantations, or darke Exorciſmes,
If any ſtrength remaine in Pyromancy,
Or the hid ſecrets of the aire or fire,
If the Moones ſpheare can any helpe infuſe,
Or any influent Starre, collect them all
That I by thy aide may theſe monſters thrall.

Oetes. Diſcouer them.

Two fiery Buls are diſcouered, the Fleece hanging ouer them, and the Dragon ſleeping beneath them : Medea with ſtrange fiery-workes, hangs aboue in the Aire in the ſtrange habite of a Coniureſſe.

Medea. The hidden power of Earth, Aire, Water, Fire,
Shall from this place to *Iaſons* helpe conſpire.
Fire withſtand fire, and magicke temper flame,
By my ſtrong ſpels the ſauadge monſter's tame :
So, that's perform'd, now take the Vipers teeth
And ſow them in the furrowed field of *Mars*.
Of which ſtrange ſeed, men ready arm'd muſt grow
To aſſault *Iaſon*. Already from beneath

Their deadly pointed weapons gin to appeare,
And now their heads, thus moulded in the earth,
Streight way ſhall teeme; and hauing freed their fate
(The ſtalkes by which they grow) all violently
Purſue the valiant *Greeke*, but by my ſorcery
I'le turne their armed points againſt themſelues
And all theſe ſlaues that would on *Iaſon* flie *ſhoutes.*
Shall wound themſelues and by ſedition die.
Yet thriues the *Greeke*, now kill the ſleeping ſnake
Which I haue charm'd, and thence the Trophy take,
Theſe ſhouts witneſſe his conqueſt, Ile diſcend,
Heare *Iaſons* feares and all my charmes take end.

Hercules. *Oetes*, now is this rich and pretious Fleece,
By *Iaſons* ſword repurchaſt, and muſt turne
Vnto the place whence *Phrixus* brought his Ramme.

Oetes. That practiſe by your ruines Ile preuent,
And ſooner then with that returne to *Greece*,
Your ſlaughtered bodies leaue with this rich fleece.

Iaſon. Since our aduenture is atchieu'd and done,
The prize is ours, we ceize what we haue wone.

Oetes. Enioy it *Iaſon*, I admire thy worth,
Which as it hath exceeded admiration,
So muſt we needs applaud it. Noble gentlemen,
Depart not *Colchos*, ere you worths and valour
We with ſome rich and worthy gifts preſent.
The conqueſt of our Buls, and Dragons death,
(Though we eſteem'd them) yet they ſad vs not,
Since we behold the ſafety of this prince.
Enter our palace, and your praiſe ſownd hye,
Where you ſhall feaſt, (or all by treaſon dye.)

Exeunt.

Abſyr. I haue not ſeene my ſiſter to day, I muſe ſhe hath not beene at this ſolemnity, me thinkes ſhe ſhould not haue loſt this triumph; I haue a note to deliuer her from my father. Here ſhe comes.

Enter Medea.

Siſter, peruſe this briefe, you know the character,
It is my fathers. This is all. *Exit. She reads.*
Medea. Iaſon with his *Argonauts* this night muſt periſh, the fleece not be tranſported to *Greece*—*Medea* your aſſiſtance.
This is my fathers plot to ouerthrow
Prince *Iaſon*, and the noble *Argonauts*,
Which Il'e preuent: I know the King is ſudden,
And if preuention be delay'd, they dye:
I that haue ventured thus farre for a loue,
Euen to theſe arts that Nature would haue hid
As dangerous and forbidden, ſhall I now
Vndoe what I haue done, through womaniſh feare,
Paternall duty, or for filiall loue?
No *Iaſon*, thou art mine, and my deſire,
Shall wade with thee through bloud, through ſeas, through fire.

Enter Iaſon.

Iaſon. Madam.
Medea. My Lord, I know what you would ſay,
Thinke now vpon your life, the King my father
Intends your ruine, to redeeme the fleece,
And it repurchaſe with your tragicke deaths:
Therefore aſſemble all your *Argonauts*,
And let them (in the ſilence of the night)
Lanch from the *Colchian* harbour; Il'e aſſociate you
As *Iaſons* bride.
Iaſon. You are my patroneſſe,
And vnder you I triumph: when the leaſt
Of all theſe graces I forget, the Gods
Reuenge on me my hated periury.
Muſt we then lanch this night? you are my direc-treſſe,
And by your art Il'e manage all my actions.

Medea. Then flye, Il'e ſend to ſee your *Argoe* trim'd,
Rig'd and made tight: night comes, the time growes on:
Hye then aboord.
Iaſon. I ſhall. *Exit.*
Medea. Now populous *Greece*,
Thanke vs (not *Iaſon*) for this conquer'd fleece.

Enter Oetes.

Oetes. *Medea*, we are rob'd, deſpoil'd, diſhonored,
Our Fleece rap't hence, we muſt not ſuffer it,
Since all our ominous fortunes it includes,
I am reſolu'd *Iaſon* this night ſhall dye.
Medea. Should he ſuruiue, you might be held vnworthy
The name of King; my hand ſhall be as deepe
As yours in his deſtruction.
Oetes. A ſtrong guard
I will ſelect, and in the dead of night,
When they are ſunke in Lethe, ſet vpon them,
And kill them in their beds.
Medea. Il'e ſecond you,
And laue my ſtain'd hands in their reeking blouds
That practiſe your diſhonour.
Oetes. *Iaſon* then dyes,
When he moſt hopes for this rich *Colchian* prize.
Exit.

Medea. But ere the leaſt of all theſe ils betide,
This Colchian ſtrond ſhall with thy bloud be dy'd,
For *Iaſon* and his *Argonauts* I ſtand,
And will protect them with my art and hand.

Enter Iaſon with the Fleece, and all the Greekes muffled.

Iaſon. Madam *Medea.*

Medea. Leaue circumſtance, away,
Hoyſe vp your ſayles, death and deſtruction
Attends you on the ſhoare.
Iaſon. You'l follow Madam. *Exit.*
Medea. Inſtantly :
Blow gentle gales, aſſiſt them winds and tide,
That I may *Greece* ſee, & liue *Iaſons* bride.

Enter Abſyrtus.

Abſyr. How now ſiſter, ſo ſolitary ?
Medea. Oh happy met, though it be late *Abſyrtus*,
You muſt along with me.
Abſyr. Whither pray ?
Medea. I'le tell you as we walke.
This lad betweene me and all harme ſhall ſtand ;
And if the King purſue vs with his Fleet,
His mangled limbes ſhall (ſcattered in the way)
Worke our eſcape, and the Kings ſpeed delay.
Come brother.
Abſyr. Any where with you ſiſter. *exeunt.*

Enter HOMER.

Hom. *Let none to whom true Art is not deny'd,*
Our monſtrous Buls, and magicke Snakes deride.
Some thinke this rich Fleece was a golden Booke,
The leaues of parchment, or the skins of Rammes,
Which did include the Art of making gold
By Chimicke skill, and therfore rightly ſtild,
The Golden Fleece, *which to attaine and compaſſe,*
Includes as many trauels, myſteries,
Changes and Chymicke bodies, fires and monsters,
As euer Iaſon *could in* Colchos *meet.*
The ſages, and the wiſe, to keepe their Art
From being vulgar : yet to haue them taſted
With appetite and longing, giue thoſe gloſſes,
And flouriſhes to ſhadow what they write,
Which might (at once) breed wonder and delight.

So did th' Ægyptians in the Arts beſt try'd,
In Hierogliphickes *all their Science hide.*
But to proceed, the Argonauts *are fled,*
Whom the inrag'd Oetes *doth purſue,*
And being in fight, Medea *takes the head*
Of yong Abſyrtus, *whom (vnkinde) ſhe ſlue,*
And all his other limbes ſtrawes in the way
Of the old father, his purſute to ſtay.

The Shew.

In memory of this inhumane deed,
Theſe Iſlands where his ſlaughtered limbes lye ſpred,
Were cal'd Abſyrtides : *But we proceed*
With King Laomedon, *'gainſt whom are led*
The Argonauts, Troy *by* Alcides *rac'd,*
Askes the next place, and muſt in ranke be plac'd.

Enter Laomedon, Priam, Anchiſes, Æneas, Heſione, &c.

Lao. The *Argonauts* return'd?
Anchi. They are my Lord.
Lao. And landed?
Anchi. Landed.
Lao. Where?
Anchi. At *Tenedos.*
Lao. Could not thoſe *Colchian* monſters in their bowels
Bury the *Greekes*, but muſt they all ſuruiue
To threat vs with inuaſion. Speake *Anchiſes*,
March they towards *Troy?*
Anchiſ. In conduct of the mighty *Hercules*,
Waſting with ſword and fire where ere they march:
Scamander fields they haue ſtrew'd with carkaſſes,
And *Simois* ſtreames already purpled are
With bloud of *Troians.*
Priam. Let vs giue them battell,
Lao. In vaine, our forces are diſperſt abroad,

Nor haue we order to withſtand their fury :
Beſt were we to immure our ſelues in *Troy*,
And truſt vnto the vertue of our walles. *Shouts.*
Æneas. Do not delay your ſafety, you may heare
Their cryes, and lofty clamors, threatning *Troy* :
They dogge vs to our gates, and without ſpeed
And expedition, they will enter with vs.
Come then, our threatned liues we will immure,
And thinke vs in our ſtrong built walles ſecure.
Exeunt.

After an alarme, enter Hercules, Iaſon, Theſeus, Telamon, and all the other Argonauts.

Herc. Purſue the chace euen to the gates of *Troy*,
Then call th' ingrate *Laomedon* to parlee.
Iaſon. The periur'd King ſhall pay vs for the wrong
Done to *Alcides* in his promis'd ſteeds.
Telam. Better he had the monſter had deuour'd
His beauteous daughter, then t' abide our furies.
Neſtor. He did exclude our vertue from the Citty,
And now therefore he ſhall admit our fury.
Caſtor. Theſe wals firſt rear'd at the great Gods expence,
Wee'l ruine to the earth : let's ſummon him.
Herc. We will call him to parlee. *A parlee.*

Enter vpon the wals, Laomedon, Anchiſes, Æneas, Priam, &c.

Herc. *Laomedon*, we do not ſummon thee
To parlee, but to warne thee guard thy walles,
Which (without pauſe) we now intend to ſcale.
Laom. Wilt heare me *Hercules*?
Herc. I liſten'd thy periurious tongue too late.
Scale, batter, mount, aſſault, ſacke, and deface,
And leaue (of *Troy*) nought ſaue the name and place.

Alarme. Telamon firſt mounts the walles, the reſt after, Priam flyes, Laomedon is ſlaine by Hercules, Heſione taken. Enter with victory.

Herc. Thus is the tyrant, that but late aw'd *Troy*,
Buried amidſt his ruines ; he chaſtis'd,
And we reueng'd : the ſpoyle of this rich Towne
Rated as high as *Iaſons Colchian* prize,
You ſhall diuide : but firſt theſe lofty walles,
Builded by periury, and maintain'd by pride,
Wee'l ruine to the earth : Who ſaw yong *Priam*?

Iaſon. Hee's fled, and tooke the way to *Samothrace*,
With him *Anchiſes*, that on *Venus* got
The yong *Æneas*, they are fled together,
And left the ſpoyle of all the towne to vs.

Herc. Which ſhall enrich *Thebes*, and the townes of *Greece*,
And *Telamon*, to do thy valour right,
For mounting firſt ouer the walles of *Troy*,
The firſt and choyce of all the ſpoyle be thine.

Telam. Then let *Alcides* honour *Telamon*
With this bright Lady, faire *Heſione*,
Siſter to *Priam*, daughter to *Laomedon*,
Whoſe beauty I preferre before the ſtate
And wealth of *Troy*.

Herc. Receiue her *Telamon*,
Shee is thine owne by gift of *Hercules*.

Telam. A preſent more delighting *Telamon*,
Then were I made Lord of high *Illiums* Towers,
And heire vnto the dead *Laomedon*.

Heſio. I am a Princeſſe, ſhall my fathers ils
Fall on my head? If he offended *Hercules*,
He hath made ſatisfaction with his life.
Oh be not ſo ſeuere, to ſtretch his puniſhment
Euen after life ; haſt thou from death redeem'd me,
To giue me captiue, and to ſlaue my youth?
Things worſe then death : rather let *Hercules*
Expoſe me to the rocke, where firſt he found me,

To abide the wrath both of the Sea and Sunne.
Oh! rather make my body food for monſters,
Then brand my birth with bondage.
Telam. Faire *Heſione*,
I will not looſe thy beauty, nor thy youth,
Nor part with this my honour, couldſt thou giue me
For ranſome of them, both our *Argoes* cram'd
With gold and gemmes; you are my valours prize,
And ſhall with me to populous *Salamine*.
Heſione. Can you ſo wrong the daughter of a king,
To giue her as a Dukes baſe Concubine?
Touch me not *Telamon*, for I deuine,
If ere my brother *Priam* re-build *Troy*,
And be the king of *Aſia*, hee'l reuenge
This baſe diſhonour done *Heſione*;
And for his ſiſter, rauiſh't hence perforce,
Do the like out-rage on ſome *Grecian* Queene,
In iuſt reuenge of my iniurious wrong.
Herc. Should all the kings in *Aſia*, or the world,
Take part with *Priam* in that proud deſigne,
Like fate, like fortune with *Laomedon*
They ſhall abide: renowned *Telamon*,
She is the warlike purchaſe of thy ſword,
Enioy her as the gift of *Hercules*.
And now braue *Grecian Hero's*, lets towards *Greece*
With al theſe honored ſpoiles from *Colchos* brought
And from the treaſures of defaced *Troy*.
Faire *Deianeira* longs for vs in *Thebes*,
Whom we will viſit next, and thence proceed
Vnto our future labours. *Cacus* liues
A bloudy tyrant, whom we muſt remoue:
And the three-headed *Gerion* ſwayes in *Spaine*,
Notorious for his rapes and out-rages;
Both theſe muſt periſh by *Alcides* hand,
And when we can the earth from tyrants cleare,
In the worlds vtmoſt bounds our pillers reare. *Exit.*

HOMER.

Loath are we (curteous auditors) to cloy

Your appetites with viands of one taſt,
The beauteous Venus *we muſt next imploy,*
Whom we ſaw mourning for Adonis *laſt.*
Suppoſe her ſtill for the yong Adon *ſad,*
But cheer'd by Mars, *their old loues they renue,*
And ſhe, that (whil'ſt he liu'd) preferd the Lad,
Hath quite forgot him, ſince the Boare him ſlue.
Mars *is in grace, a meeting they deuiſe,*
Iealous of all, but fearing moſt the Sunne,
Hee that ſees all things from his firſt vp-riſe,
And like a blab, tels all that hee knowes done.
Our mortals muſt a while their ſpleenes aſſwage,
And to the Gods, for this Act, leaue the Stage.

Enter Mars and Venus.

Mars. I knew loues Queene could not be long vnkind,
Though (whil'ſt I abſent, to teach Armes in *Thrace*)
You tooke th' aduantage to forget your *Mars*,
To doate on *Adon*, and *Anchiſes* too ;
Yet (thoſe worne out) let vs renue our loues,
And practiſe our firſt amorous dalliance.
Venus, How can I hate, that am the Queene of loue ?
Or practiſe ought againſt my natiue power ?
As I one day, playd with my *Cupids* ſhafts,
The wanton with his arrow raz'd my skin.
Truſt me, at firſt I did neglect the ſmart :
At length it rankled, and it grew vnſound,
Till he that now lies wounded, cur'd my wound.
Mars. Come ſhall we now, whilſt *Vulcan* plyes his forge,
Sweats at his Anuill, choakes himſelfe with duſt,
And labours at his bellowes, kiſſe and toy ?
Venus. Why met we elſe ? Here is a place remote,
An obſcure caue, fit for our amorous ſport :
In this darke cauerne wee'l ſecurely reſt,

And *Mars* ſhall adde vnto my *Vulcans* creſt.
But how if we be ſpy'd?
Mars. Whom need we feare?
Vnleſſe the Sunne, who now the lower world
Lights with his beames; I meane the *Antipodes*,
The tell-tale blab is buſie now elſe-where:
And I will ſet to watch at the caues doore,
My truſty groome, who (ere the Sunne ſhall riſe
With his bright beames to light our Hemiſpheare)
Shall waken vs.
Venus. For all the world I would not haue the Sunne
Diſcouer our ſweet ſport, or ſee whats done.
Mars. Be that my charge. Wher's *Gallus*?

Enter Gallus.

Gal. At hand ſir: I am not that *Gallows* that is made of three trees, or one that is neuer without hangers on: nor that *Gallus* that is latine for a French-man; but your owne *Gallus gallinacius*, ſeruant and true ſquire to God *Mars*.
Mars. Syrrah you know this Lady.
Gallus. Yes, Miſtreſſe *Vulcan*, ſhee is as well knowne in *Paphos* here for her Meretrix, as any Lady in the land, ſhee was the firſt that deuis'd ſtew'd meate, and proclaim'd pickle-oyſters to bee good for the backe; ſhee is the firſt that taught wenches the trade of Venery, and ſuch as were borne to nothing but beauty, ſhe taught them how to vſe their Talent: Yes, I know her I warrant you.
Mars. Syrrah attend, this night yon Queene and I
Muſt haue ſome priuate conference, in yon caue,
Where whilſt we ſtay, 'tmuſt be thy care to watch
That no ſuſpicious eye pry through theſe chinks,
Eſpecially I warne thee of the *Sunnes*.
Gallus. I ſmell knauery, if my Lady *Venus* play the whoore

What am I that keepe the dore ?

Mars. See thou do call vs, e're the *Sunne* vpriſe,
But ſleepe not, for by all my Armes I ſweare,
If by thy careleſſe ſloth, or negligence
We be deſcride, thy body I'le tranſlate,
To ſome ſtrange Monſter.

Gallus. I'me hard fauor'd enough already, you need not make my face worſe then it is.

Mars. Com enter then faire Queene, we are ſecure,
Now ſafely maiſt thou claſpe the God of warre,
Spight of *Sunne*, *Moone*, or any iealous ſtarre.

Venus. Loue anſwers loue, deſire with ardor meetes,
Both which this night ſhall taſt a thouſand ſweetes.

Exeunt.

Gallus. I ſee you can make ſhift to go too't without ſheetes: How ſhall I paſſe this night away till morning, I am as drowſy as a dormouſe, the very thought that I muſt wake, charmes mee a ſleepe already, I would I durſt venture on a nap; Hey ho, ſure I may wake againe afore they riſe, and neuer the wiſer, I will ſtand to't, there is not a more ſleepy trade in the world then a watchman, nor one that is more acquainted with deeds of darkeneſſe, tell mee of the Sunne! the Sunne will not riſe this two houres; well, let them watch that will, or can, I muſt haue a nod or two, God night to you all, for here am I faſt till morning.

Enter Aurora, attended with Seaſons, Daies, and Howers.

Aurora. The day-ſtarre ſhines and cals me bluſhing vp,
From *Tithons* bed to harneſſe *Phœbus* Steeds.
My roſeate fingers haue already ſtroakt
The element where light beginnes to appeare,
And ſtraight *Apollo* with his gliſtering beames,

Will guild the Eaſt, the Seaſons, Months, and Daies
Attend him in the pallace of the Sunne.
The Howers haue brought his Chariot to the gate
Of Chriſtall, where the Sunne-God mounts his throne,
His fiery Steeds haue all their traces ſet,
The vnruly ſtalions fed with Ambroſy
(With their round hoofes ſhod with the pureſt gold)
Thunder againſt the Marble floores of Heauen,
And waite till *Phœbus* hath but don'd his beames,
Which I the bluſhing Morning ſtill put on.
And now's the howre (for thus time fleeteth ſtill)
That the Sunnes vp to clime the Eaſterne hill.

Enter Phœbus to them, kiſſes Aurora, and they all exeunt.

Phœbus. Beauteous *Aurora*, for full twice twelue howers
Till in my ſpheare I haue compaſt round the world
Farewell, I with my beames will dry theſe teares
Thou ſhedſt at parting; we haue chac't hence night,
And frighted all the twinkling ſtarres from heauen,
And now the ſteepe *Olimpus* we muſt clime,
Till from the high Meridian we peruſe
The ſpacious bounds of this large vniuerſe,
And thence decline our Chariot towards the Weſt,
Till we haue waſht our Coach-ſteeds and our ſelfe
In *Iſters* icy ſtreames: Wee with this eye
Can all things ſee that mortals do on earth,
And what wee find inhumane, or to offend,
Wee tell to *Ioue*, that he may puniſh ſinnes.
For this I am term'd a tel-tale and a blab,
And that I nothing can conceale abroad.
But let ſpight ſpit the worſt and wrong me ſtill,
Day hateth ſinnes, and ligh deſpiſeth ill.

Hee ſpies Mars & Venus.

And now behold a moſt abhorred deed,
Mars beds with *Venus*, ſhall not *Vulcan* know it?

By my light hee ſhall ; I haue ſeene, and I will tell,
The Sunne hates ſinne but crownes them that do well.
Exit.

Enter Mars.

Mars. *Venus* awake, wee haue ore-ſlept our ſelues,
The Sunne's aboue in his diurnall taske,
I ſaw his piercing beames pry through a cranny,
And caſt his right eye full vpon our bed.

Enter Venus.

Venus. We are betraide, the blab will tell the Smith,
Our loue will come to th' eare of *Iupiter*
And all the other Gods, what will *Diana*
Say when ſhee heares of our inchaſtity?
Or how will *Iuno* take this ſpouſe-breach from vs?
Mars. Nay rather, how will *Vulcan* taſt our ſport?
He might ſuſpect, but neuer proue till now,
Where is the villaine *Gallus* ſet to watch?
Venus. See where he ſnorts, the ſlaue is dead aſleep.
Mars. Awake thou drowſy Groome, thy chaſtiſement
Shall exceed torture.
Gallus. Hey ho, what's the matter there, ha?
Mars. Looke, haſt thou eies? is not the Sun two howres
Mounted aloft? hath he not ſeene thee ſleeping
At the Caues dore, Yea beheld vs too?
Gallus. More ſhame for him to looke in at any bodies window.
Mars. Speake, how canſt thou excuſe this?
Gallus. Oh great God *Mars.*
Mars. Behold, this is thy doome, thy negligence
Thus I'le chaſtice, thou ſhalt thy humane ſhape

Henceforth forgo, I will tranſlate thy body
Into a bird ſhall euer beare thy name,
Bee *Gallus* ſtill, a Cocke, and be thy nature
Euer hereafter this ; to watch the Sunne,
And by thy crowes and clamours warne the world
Two howres before he riſe, that the Sunne comes
Clap with thy wings, and with thy ſhrieking loud,
Proclaime his comming when thou thrice haſt crowed.

Gallus ſinkes, and in his place riſeth a Cocke and crowes.

Venus. The ſlaues right ſeru'd, let this his puniſhment
Liue to all ages, and let *Gallus* name
Thy iuſt reuenge to all the world proclaime.
But whither ſhall we now ?

Mars. I will to *Thrace*, go you to *Lemnos.*

Venus. Will you leaue me then
To *Vulcans* rage, no let vs once more meete
In *Paphos*, and if *Vulcan* needs will chide
Giue him ſome cauſe.

Mars. Content faire Queene of loue.
For more, he cannot be much more diſpleas'd,
Let's ſcore on ſtill, and make our reckoning full,
As yet, alas faire Queene, the debts but ſmall,
Make vp the ſumme, and anſwere once for all.

Venus. Content ſweete *Mars*, and ſince that he was borne
To be a Cuckold, let's augment his horne. *Exeunt.*

Enter Vulcan with two Ciclops, Pyragmon, and Berontes.

Vulcan. Make haſt with that ſhield, ſee't hammer'd well,
For when 'tis done I'le giue't my father *Ioue*,
'Tis of the pureſt mettall *Lemnos* yeelds.

Pyrag. I ſhall ſir, muſt the plate of two cubes high,
Be put into the Forge ?

Vulcan. *Pyragmon* yes, that maſſe muſt be wrought well
And ſoundly temper'd, bid your fellow *Cyclops*
Worke luſtily, it muſt be ſoone diſpatcht.
Pyrag. When ſaw you my Lady *Venus?*
Vulcan. No matter when, the Huſwiffe's too fine finger'd,
And faith, the very ſmoake my Fordge doth caſt
Choakes her, the very aire of *Lemnos* (man)
Blaſts her white cheekes, ſhe ſcarce will let me kiſſe her,
But ſhee makes vergiſſe faces, faith my viſadge
Smug'd thus with cole-duſt, doth infect her beauty,
And makes her weare a beard, ſhee's, ſure, in *Paphos*,
Cypreſſe, or *Candy*, ſhee's all for play,
Whilſt we *Ioues* thunders hammer hard all day.
Pyrag. I heard her once mocke that polt-foote of yours
How came it pray?
Vulcan. I'le tell thee man, I was when I was borne
A pretty ſmug knaue, and my father *Ioue*
Delighted much to dance me in his lap.
Vpon a time as hee was toying with mee
In his high houſe aboue, that *Phaeton*
Had at that inſtant ſet the world a fire,
My father when he ſaw heauens baſes ſmoake,
Th' earth burne, and *Neptunes* broth to ſeeth with heate;
But ſtartles vp to thunder-ſtrike the lad,
And lets me fall: downe tumbled I towards the earth:
I fell through all the Planets by degrees,
From *Saturne* firſt, ſo by the *Moone* at laſt:
And from the *Moone* downe into *Lemnos* Iſle
Where I ſtill liue, and halt vpon my fall,
No maruell if't lam'd mee, for, *Pyragmon*,
How high I tumbled, who can geſſe aright,

Falling a Summers day from morne to night?
Pyrag. 'Twas maruell you did not breake your necke.
Vulcan. Had I not bene deriu'd from God-like feed,
Truſt me *Pyragmon* I had don't indeed.

The Cocke crows and enter Phœbus.

But to the Forge, for I *Appollo* ſpie,
Hee that ſees all things with the daies bright eye.
Good morrow *Phœbus*, whats the newes abroad?
For thou ſeeſt all things in the world are done,
Men act by day-light, or the ſight of Sunne.
Phœbus. Sometime I caſt mine eie vpon the ſea,
To ſee the tumbling *Seale*, or *Porpoiſe* play,
There ſee I Marchants trading, and their ſayles
Big bellied with the wind; ſea fights ſometimes
Riſe with their ſmoake, thicke clouds to darke my beames.
Sometimes, I fixe my face vpon the earth
With my warme feruour, to giue mettals, trees,
Hearbes, plants, and flowers life; here in gardens walke
Looſe Ladies with their louers arme in arme,
Yonder the labouring Plow-man driues his Teeme.
Further, I may behold maine battels pitcht,
And whom I fauour moſt (by the winds helpe)
I can aſſiſt with my tranſparant raies.
Heere, ſpye I Cattell feeding, Forreſts there
Stor'd with wilde beaſts; here Shepeheards with their laſſes
Piping beneath the trees, whilſt their flockes graze.
In Cities, I ſee trading, walking, bargening,
Buying, and ſelling, goodneſſe, badneſſe, all things
And ſhine alike on all.
Vulcan. Thrice happy *Phœbus*,
That whilſt poore *Vulcan* is confin'd to *Lemnos*,
Haſt euery day theſe pleaſures. What newes elſe.

Phœbus. No Emperour walks forth, but I ſee his State,
Nor ſports, but I his paſtimes can behold,
I ſee all Coronations, Funerals,
Marts, Faires, Aſſemblies, Pageants, Sights, and Showes.
No hunting, but I better ſee the chaſe
Then they that rowſe the game, what ſee not I?
There's not a window but my beames breake in,
No chinke or cranny but my raies pierce through,
And there I ſee (oh *Vulcan*) wondrous things.
Things that thy ſelfe nor any God beſides
Would giue beliefe to.

Vul. What, good *Phœbus* ſpeake.

Phœ. Here, wantons on their day-beds, I ſee ſpread
Claſping their amorous louers in their armes,
Who euen before my face, are not ſometimes
Aſham'd to ſhew all.

Vulcan. Could not god *Phœbus* bring mee
To ſee this paſtime.

Phœbus. Sometimes euen meane fellowes
A bed with noble Ladies whom they ſerue,
Seruant with ſeruant, married men with maides,
And wiues with Batchelours.

Vulcan. There's ſimple doing.

Phœbus. And ſhall I tell thee *Vulcan*, tother day
What I beheld, I ſaw the great God *Mars.*

Vulcan. God *Mars.*

Phœbus. As I was peeping through a cranny; a bed.

Vulcan. A bed; with whom? ſome pretty wench I warrant.

Phœbus. Shee was a pretty wench.

Vulcan. Tell me good *Phœbus*,
That when I meete him, I may floute God *Mars*,
Tell mee, but tell me truely on thy life.

Phœbus. Not to diſſemble *Vulcan*, 'twas thy wife!

Vulcan. Out on her whore, out on him Cuckold-maker,
Phœbus I'le be reuenged on great God *Mars*,
Who, whilſt I hammer here his ſwords and ſhields,
Hammers vpon my head, I will complaine
To *Ioue*, and all the Gods, and tell them flat
I am a Cuckold.
Phœ. *Vulcan* be aduis'd,
I haue had notice where they vſe to meete,
Couldſt not deuiſe to catch them by ſome wile?
And lay their guilt, wide open to the Gods,
Then mightſt thou haue fit colour of complaint.
Vulcan. Enough, I haue deuis'd a ſecret ſnare,
A draw-net, which I'le place vpon the Couch
Where they ſtill vſe to bed, a wire ſo temper'd,
And of ſuch fineneſſe to deceiue the eie.
So catch them when they are at it, and by this
I may preſume, and be ſure I am Cuckold.
Phœbus. That's the way to be ſatisfied.
Vulcan. If I can catch them, all the Gods I'le call
To ſee my wrongs, their ſports I'le neere to marre,
And venge me on that letcherous God of warre.

Enter the Nymph, Cloris, with two more, with floures in their laps.

1. *Nym.* *Cloris*, you are the *Nymph* whoſe office is
To ſtrow faire *Venus* bed with hearbes and flowers,
Here is the place ſhee meanes to ſport her ſelfe.
Clo. I am the hand-maide to the Queene of loue,
And vnto all her pleaſures miniſter,
When ſhe drinkes *Nectar*, 'tis from *Cloris* hand,
If feede on ſweete *Ambrotia*, or thoſe fruits
That *Cornu-copia* yeelds, I ſerue them vp,
Come let vs with freſh Roſes ſtrow her Couch,
With pances and the buds of Eglantine,
Her pillow is the purple Violet banke,
About whoſe verges the blancht Lillies grow,
Whoſe bodies twin'd about with wood-byne leaues

Make a confuſed ſweetneſſe, ſo 'tis well,
Come *Venus* when ſhee pleaſe to take her reſt,
Her Arbour's dight, and all things well addreſt.

Enter Vulcan and Pyragmon with his net of wire.

Vulcan. By her baud *Charis*, this I know the place,
Which with adulterate paſtimes they pollute.
Here will I ſet my pitfall for theſe birds,
And catch them in the cloſure of this wire,
So, ſo, al's fit, my ſnare in order plac't,
Happy the time, that I this *Charis* trac't.

Enter Mars and Venus.

Mars. Once more in ſpight of *Phœbus* and theſe eies,
That dog our paſtimes, we are cloſely met,
And whilſt the Cuckold *Vulcan* blowes the fire,
Our amorous ſoules their ſportiue bliſſe conſpire.
Venus. Hee's limping thus, and like a cripple halts
From Forge to Fornace; where were *Venus* eies,
When ſhe made choiſe of that foule polt-foote Smith,
He ſmels all ſmoake, and with his naſty ſweate
Tawnies my skinne, out on him vgly knaue,
Mars is my loue, and he my ſweets ſhall haue.
Vulcan. Gramercy my kind wife.
Venus. Come God of warre,
I'le teach thee a new skirmiſh, better farre
Then thy ſterne battails, meete me with a kiſſe
Which I retort thus, there's ſpirit in this,
What's he would play the coward and turne face,
When ſuch ſweete amorous combats are in place?
My hot incounters, leaue me wound nor skarre
Yet naked I dare meete the God of Warre.
Vulcan. Out of her Whoore.
Mars. I am arm'd for thee, prepare thee, for this night

Il'e breaſt to breaſt dare thee to ſingle fight.
Venus. Come tumble in my lap, great *Mars* I dare
To do his worſt. *Vulcan catcheth them faſt in his net.*
Vul. 'Tis well, your ſports are faire.
Mars. Betraid? bound? catcht? releaſe me, or by *Ioue*,
Thou dy'ſt what ere thou art.
Vul. God *Mars*, good words;
This is a fight in which you vſe no ſwords.
Your haue left you ſteele behinde.
Ven. Sweet *Vulcan.*
Vulc. No more.
Venus. Canſt thou vſe *Venus* thus?
Vul. Away you whore,
I'le keepe you faſt, and call the Gods to ſee
Your practiſe, *Neptune*, *Ioue*, and *Mercury*,
Phœbus and *Iuno*, from your ſpheares looke downe,
And ſee the cauſe I weare a forked crowne.

All the Gods appeare aboue, and laugh, Iupiter, Iuno, Phœbus, Mercury, Neptune.

Mars. The Gods are all ſpectators of our ſhame,
And laugh at vs.
Venus. Oh! I could cry for anger.
Sweet *Vulcan* let me looſe.
Vulc. When Gods and men
Haue ſeene thy ſhame, but (ſtrumpet) not till then.
Iup. See how *Mars* chafes.
Iun. But *Venus* weeps for rage.
Nept. Why ſhould *Mars* fret? if it ſo tedious be,
Good God of warre beſtow thy place on me.
Merc. By all the Gods, would ſhe do me that grace,
I would fall too't euen before *Vulcans* face.
Vul. To Gods and men let it be fully knowne
I am a Cuckold.
All. *Vulcan* is no leſſe.

Vul. Now ſince red ſhame your cheeks with bloud hath dy'd,
I am reueng'd, and ſee my net's vnti'd.
Phœb. The Gods haue laught their fill, *Vulcan's* reueng'd,
And now all friends: ſpeake, are we?
Iup. *Mars* ſtill frownes.
Iuno. And *Venus* ſcarce well pleas'd.
Vul. For my part (oh you Gods!) what's paſt is paſt,
And what is once done, cannot be recald:
If *Vulcan* in this ieaſt hath pleas'd the Gods,
All his owne wrongs he freely can forgiue.
Venus we are friends, to *Lemnos* we will haſt,
And neuer more record what's done and paſt.
Ven. No foole, before I did offend with feare,
My guilt was but ſuſpected, but not prou'd:
And therefore I ſelected priuacy,
Cloſeneſſe of place, and baſhfully tranſgreſt;
But ſince both Gods and men now know my ſinne,
Why ſhould I dread to ſay I loue God *Mars*?
What helpe haſt thou in prouing thy wife falſe?
Onely to make me doe with impudence,
What I before with feare did, on thy ſelfe
Brought a moſt certaine ſhame, where it before
Was but ſuſpected.
Vul. *Venus* ſpeakes good ſence,
That's certaine now, which was before ſuſpence.
Ven. Now farewell iealous foole, for my diſgrace,
Him whom I loue, I bluſhleſſe thus imbrace,
And may all ſuch as would their wiues ſo take,
(Although they might) be ſeru'd thus for thy ſake.
Vul. I am vndone, be warn'd by me oh men,
Although you know your wiues falſe, where and when,
Take them not in the manner, though you may:
They that with feare before, now bluſhleſſe ſtray,
Their guilt 'tis better to ſuſpect then know,
So you may take ſome part of that you owe.

Where I by ſeeking her good name to thrall,
Haue made my ſelfe a ſcorne, and quite left all.
Iup. To *Lemnos* then, to make our Thunders fit,
Which againſt mortals we haue cauſe to vſe,
Mars, you to *Thrace*, *Venus* in *Paphos* ſtay,
Or where you pleaſe, we to our ſeuerall ſpheares.
Vulcan, thy morrall this good vſe contriues,
None ſearch too farre th' offences of their wiues.

Exeunt.

5.d.

HOMER.

Our laſt Act comes, which leſt it tedious grow,
What is too long in word, accept in ſhow.
Thinke Hercules *his labours hauing ended,*
The Spaniſh Gerion *kild, and* Cacus *ſlaine,*
As farre as Lydea *he his palme extended,*
Where beauteous Omphale *this time doth raigne.*
He that before to Deianeira *ſent,*
As preſents, all the ſpoyles that he could win,
Now fils her heart with iealous diſcontent,
She heares how Hercules *doth card and ſpin*
With Omphale, *and ſerues her as a ſlaue.*
(*She quite forgot in* Thebes) *her griefe to cheare,*
Th' aſſembled Princes with their Counſels graue,
Are come to comfort and remoue her feare.
By theſe all his ſtor'd labours he hath ſent
To call him home, to free her diſcontent.

A ſhew. Enter Deianeira *ſad, with* Lychas: *to her* Iaſon, Telamon, Caſtor, Pollux, Neſtor, &c. *They ſeeme to comfort her, ſhe ſends* Lychas, *who brings the Trophies of his twelue labours, ſhe deliuers them to the Princes, to beare to her husband. They part ſeuerall waies.*

Hom. Iaſon, *and the other Hero's for her ſake,*
Trauell to Lydia, *to perſwade him thence*
And by his twelue knowne labours, vndertake

To moue him, quite t' abandon his faire wench.
Further then this her iealouſie extends,
A farre worſe preſent ſhe by Lychas *ſends.*

Enter Deianeira, and her ſeruant Lychas.

Lych. Madam, theſe ſorrowes are too violent
For your weake ſex, I do not thinke tis true,
Your husband can preferre that *Omphale*
Before your beauty.
Deian. Hee's forgot in *Greece.*
Greece that was wont to clangor with his fame,
Is now all ſilent, who but *Iaſon* now,
And *Telamon*, that ſcal'd the walles of *Troy*,
Alcides is a name forgot amongſt vs,
And *Deianeira* too forgot with him.
Oh ! that I had the tempting ſtrumpet here
That keepes my Lord away, confining me
Vnto the coldneſſe of a widowed bed.
Lyc. Madam, theſe preſents ſent, and ſo wel knowne
Coming from you, muſt needs preuaile with him.
Theſe Princes haue great intereſt in his loue,
And can perſwade much.
Deia. But that ſtrumpet more.
Lychas, he doates vpon her tempting lookes,
And is ſo much with her inchantments blear'd,
That hee's turn'd woman : woman *Lychas*, ſpinnes,
Cards, and doth chare-worke, whilſt his miſtres ſits
And makes a cuſhion of his Lyons skin,
Makes of his club a rocke. I looſe my ſelfe
In this my ſorrow, and forget the meanes
I ſtill keepe by me, to reſtore my loue ;
Lychas, fetch me the ſhirt within my chamber,
I haue bethought me now.
Lych. Madam I ſhall.
Dei. This ſhirt (in bloud of Centaur *Neſſus* dipt,
And ſince waſht out) Il'e ſend my *Hercules*,
Which hath the power to make his hot loue dye
To any ſtranger, and reuiue to me.

This (as his laſt) the dying Centaur ſpake,
To this Il'e truſt, all other hopes forſake.

Enter Lychas.

Lych. Madam the ſhirt.
Dei. This as my beſt and deereſt,
Preſent me (truſty *Lychas*) to my Lord,
Intreat withall, that if he haue not quite
Put off my loue, hee'le daine to put on this.
If he deſpiſe my gift, returne it backe,
And in it my death.
Lych. Feare not faire Princeſſe,
I hope to proue as fortunate as faithfull.
Dei. Farewell, proue as thou ſpeakeſt. If my gift faile,
I haue ſentenced all my ſorrowes to one death,
Whilſt *Deianeira* hath a hand to vſe,
Shee'l not liue hated where ſhe once did chuſe. *Exit.*

Enter Omphale, Queene of Lydia, with 4 *or* 5 *maids, Hercules attired like a woman, with a diſtaffe and a ſpindle.*

Omph. Why ſo, this is a power infus'd in loue,
Beyond all magicke; Is't not ſtrange to ſee
A womans beauty tame the Tyrant-tamer?
And the great Monſter-maiſter ouer-match?
Haue you done your taske?
Herc. Beauteous Queene, not yet.
Omph. Then I ſhall frowne.
Herc. Before that (louely faire)
Augment my taske, vnto a treble chare.
For one ſweet ſmile from beauteous *Omphale*,
I'le lay before thee all the monſtrous heads
Of the grim tyrants that oppreſſe the earth.
I that before, at *Iuno's* ſtrict beheſt,
The hundred gyants of *Cremona* ſlue,
Will twice fiue hundred kill for *Omphale*.

Finde me a *Cacus* in a caue of fire,
Il'e dragge him from the mountaine *Auentino*,
And lay his bulke at thy victorious feet.
Finde me another *Gerion* to captiue,
All his three heads Il'e tumble in thy ſkirt.
Bid me once more ſacke hell, to binde the furies,
Or to preſent thee with the Gods in chaines,
It ſhall be done for beauteous *Omphale.*

Omph. Leaue prating, ply your worke.

Herc. Oh what a ſweetneſſe
Liues in her lookes! no bondage, or baſe ſlauery
Seemes ſeruitude, whilſt I may freely gaze
(And vncontrold) on her: but for one ſmile,
Il'e make her Empreſſe ore the triple world,
And all the beauteous Queenes from Eaſt to Weſt,
The *Lydians* vaſſails, and my fellow-ſlaues.
There is no Lord but *Loue*, no vaſſailage
But in affection, and th' Emperious Queene
Doth tyranize ore captiue *Hercules.*

Enter a maid.

Maid. Madam, ſome Dukes of *Greece* attend without,
And craue to ſee your captiue *Theban* here.

Omph. Admit them, they ſhall ſee what pompe we haue,
And that our beauty can the loftieſt ſlaue.

Enter Iaſon, Telamon, Caſtor, Pollux, Neſtor, Atreus, &c.

Iaſon. Our buſineſſe was to *Theban Hercules*,
'Twas told vs he remain'd with *Omphale*,
The *Lydian* Queene.

Tel. Speake, which is *Omphale*?
Or which *Alcides*?

Omph. We are queene of *Lydia*,
And this our vaſſaile. Do you know him Lords?

Stoope ſlaue, and kiſſe the foot of *Omphale.*
Herc. I ſhall.
Neſt. Oh wondrous alteration!
Caſt. Till now I truſted this report was falſe,
And ſcarcely can I yet beleeue mine eyes.
Pol. Lady, our purpoſe was to *Hercules,*
Shew vs the man.
Omph. Behold him *Greekes* there.
Atreus. Where?
Omph. There at his taske.
Iaſon. Alas! This *Hercules?*
This is ſome baſe effeminate groome, not hee
That with his puiſſance frighted all the earth:
This is ſome woman, ſome *Hermophrodite.*
Herc. Hath *Iaſon, Neſtor, Caſtor, Telamon,*
Atreus, Pollux, all forgot their friend?
We are the man.
Iaſon. Woman we know thee not.
We came to ſeeke the *Ioue*-borne *Hercules,*
That in his cradle ſtrangled *Iuno's* ſnakes,
And triumpht in the braue *Olimpicke* games,
He that the *Cleonean* Lyon ſlue,
The *Eremanthian* Boare, the Bull of *Marathon,*
The *Lernean Hydra,* and the winged Hart.
He that drag'd *Cerberus* from hell in chaines,
And ſtownded *Pluto* in his *Ebon* Chaire,
That *Hercules* by whom the Centaurs fell,
Great *Achelous,* the *Stymphalides,*
And the *Cremona* giants? Where is he?
Tel. That traiterous *Neſſus* with a ſhaft tranſ-fixt,
Strangled *Antheus,* purg'd *Augeus* ſtalles,
Won the bright Apples of the *Heſperides,*
And whilſt the Giant *Atlas* eaſ'd his limbes,
Bore on his ſhoulders the huge frame of heauen.
Herc. And are not we the man? ſee *Telamon.*
Tel. A woman do this? we would ſee the *Theban*
That *Cacus* ſlue, *Buſiris* ſacrific'd,
And to his horſes hurl'd ſterne *Diomed*
To be deuour'd.

Pol. That freed *Heſione*
From the Sea-whale, and after ranſackt *Troy*,
And with his owne hand ſlue *Laomedon.*
Neſt. He by whom *Dercilus* and *Albion* fell,
He that *Oecalia* and *Betricia* wan.
Atr. That monſtrous *Gerion* with his three heads vanquiſht
With *Linus*, *Lichas* that vſurp't in *Thebes*,
And captur'd there his beauteous *Megara.*
Iaſon. He that the *Amazonian Baldricke* wan,
That *Achelous* with his club ſubdu'd,
And wan from him the pride of *Calidon*
Bright *Deianeira*, that now mournes in *Thebes*
The abſence of that noble *Hercules.*
To him we came, but ſince he liues not here,
Come Lords, we wil returne theſe preſents backe
Vnto the conſtant Lady, whence they came.
Herc. Stay Lords.
Iaſon. 'Mongſt women?
Herc. For that *Thebans* ſake
Whom you profeſſe to loue, and came to ſeeke,
Abide awhile, and by my loue to *Greece*,
Il'e bring before you that loſt *Hercules*,
For whom you came to enquire.
Iaſon. On that condition (Princes) lets ſtay a little.
Tela. It workes, it workes.
Herc. How haue I loſt my ſelfe?
Did we all this? where is that ſpirit become
That was in vs? no maruell *Hercules*,
If thou beeſt ſtrange to them, that thus diſguiſ'd,
Art to thy ſelfe vnknowne. Hence with this diſtaffe
And baſe effeminate chares.
Omp. How ſlaue? ſubmit and to thy taske againe.
Dar'ſt thou rebell?
Herc. Pardon great *Omphale.*
Iaſ. Will *Telamon* perſwade me this is *Hercules*
The *Libian* Conquerer, now a ſlaues ſlaue.
He liu'd in midſt of battailes, this 'mongſt truls:

This welds a diſtaffe, he a conquering Club.
Shall we beſtow faire *Deianeiraes* preſents
On this (heauen knowes) whether man or woman?
Herc. Who nam'd my *Deianeira?* *Iaſon* you?
How fares my loue? how fares my beauteous wife?
I know theſe preſents, did they come from her?
What ſtrumpet's this that hath detain'd my ſoule?
Captiu'd my fame, tranſ-ſhap't me to a foole?
Made me (of late) but little leſſe then God,
Now ſcarce a man? Hence with theſe womaniſh tyres,
And let me once more be my ſelfe againe.
Tel. Keep from him *Omphale*, be that your charge,
Wee'l ſecond theſe good thoughts.
Omph. *Alcides* heare me.
Caſt. By your fauour madam.
Herc. Who ſpake?
Iaſon. Thinke that was *Deianeira's* voyce,
That cals thee home to dry her widowed teares,
And to bring comfort to her deſolate bed.
Herc. Oh *Deianeira.*
Om. Heare me *Hercules.*
Herc. Ha *Omphale?*
Pollux. You ſhall not trouble him.
Iaſ. 'Twas ſhe that made *Alcides* womaniſh,
But *Deianeira* to be more then man.
For thy wiues ſake thou art renown'd in *Greece*,
This Strumpet hath made *Greece* forget thee quite,
And ſcarce remember there was ſuch a man.
Thebes that was wont to triumph in thy glories,
Is now all ſilent. Tyrants euery where
Beginne to oppreſſe, thinking *Alcides* dead
For ſo the fame's already. Shall a Strumpet
Do this vpon the *Theban Hercules*?
And *Deyaneira*, faire, chaſt, abſolute
In all perfections, liue deſpis'd in *Thebes*?
Herc. By *Ioue* ſhe ſhall not, firſt I'le rend theſe eies out,
That ſotted with the loue of *Omphale*

Hath tranſhapt mę, and deepely iniur'd her.
Come we will ſhake off this effeminacy
And by our deeds repurchaſe our renowne.
Iaſon and you braue *Greekes*, I know you now,
And in your honours I behold my ſelfe
What I haue bene, hence Strumpet *Omphale*,
I caſt thee off, and once more will reſume
My natiue vertues, and to proue this good
This day vnto the Gods I'le ſacrifice,
To grace which pompe, and that we may appeare
The ſame we were, before vs ſhall be borne
Theſe of our labours twelue, the memory,
Vnto *Ioues* Temple, grace vs worthy *Heroes*
To aſſiſt vs in this high ſollemnity.
Whilſt we vpon our manly ſhoulders beare
Theſe maſſy pillars we in Gades muſt reare.

Exeunt.

Manet Omphale.

Omphale. We haue loſt our ſeruant, neuer yet had Lady
One of the like ranke. All King *Theſpius* daughters,
Fifty in number, childed all one night,
Could not preuaile ſo much with *Hercules*
As we haue done ; no not faire *Yole*
Daughter to *Cacus*, beauteous *Megara*,
Nor all the faire and amorous queenes of *Greece*,
Could ſlaue him like the *Lydian Omphale*.
Therefore where e're his labours be renown'd,
Let not our beauty paſſe vnregiſtred.
Bondaging him that captiu'd all the earth,
Nor will we leaue him, or yet looſe him thus.
What either beauty, cunning, flattery, teares
Or womans Art can, we will practiſe on him.
But now the Prieſts and Princes are prepar'd
For the great ſacrifice, which we will grace
With our high preſence, and behold aloofe

Theſe rights vnto the gods perform'd and done
We'le gaine by Art, what we with beauty won.

Enter to the ſacrifice two Prieſts to the Altar, ſixe Princes with ſixe of his labours, in the midst Hercules bearing his two brazen pillars, ſix other Princes, with the other ſix labours, Hercules ſtaies them.

Herc. Now *Ioue* behold vs from thy ſpheare of Starres,
And ſhame not to acknowledge vs thy ſonnes.
Thus ſhould *Alcides* march amidſt his ſpoiles,
Inguirt with ſlaughtered Lyons, Hydraes, Whales,
Boares, Buls, grim Tyrants, Hel-hounds, Monſters, Furies,
And Princes his ſpectators: oh you Gods,
To whom this day we conſecrate our praiers,
And dedicate our ſacred oriſons,
Daine vs your eies, behold theſe ſhoulders beare
Two brazen pillars, trophies of our fame,
That haue eas'd *Atlas*, and ſupported heauen,
And had we ſhrunke beneath that heauenly ſtructure
The Spheares, Orbs, Planets, Zeniths, Signes, and Stars,
With *Ioues* high Pallace, all confuſedly
Had ſhattered, falne, and o're-whelm'd earth and ſea,
Wee haue done that, and all theſe labours elſe,
Which we this day make ſacred, *Iuno* ſee
Theſe we ſurrender to thy *Ioue* and thee.

ſet on.

As they march ouer the Stage, enter Lychas with the ſhirt.

Lych. From *Deianeira* I preſent this guift,
Wrought with her owne hand, with more kind commends
Then I haue meaſured ſteps to *Lydia*

From *Thebes*, which ſhe intreats you weare for her.
Herc. More welcome is this guift to *Hercules*
Then *Iaſon's* Fleece, *Laomedon's* white Steeds,
Or ſhould *Ioue* grace me with eternity.
Here ſtand our pillars, with *non vltra* inſculpt,
Which we muſt reare beyond the Pyrene Hils
At *Gades* in *Spaine* (*Alcides* vtmoſt bounds)
Whilſt we put on this ſhirt, the welcome preſent
Of *Deianeira*, whom we deerely loue,
Lychas thy hand, In this wee'le ſacrifice
And make our peace with her and *Iupiter*.
Iaſon. Never was *Hercules* ſo much himſelfe,
How will this newes glad *Deyaneiraes* heart,
Or how this ſight inrage faire *Omphale*?
Tell. All his dead honours he reuiues in this,
And *Greece* ſhall once more echoe with his fame.
Hercules puts on the ſhirt.
Herc. With this her preſent, I put on her loue,
Witneſſe heauen, earth, and all you Peeres of *Greece*,
I wed her once more in this ornament,
Her loue and her remembrance fit to me
More neere by thouſands then this roabe can cleaue.
So, now before *Ioues* Altar let vs kneele,
And make our peace with heauen, attone our ſelfe
With beauteous *Deyaneira* our chaſt wife
And caſt away the loue of *Omphale*.
All the Princes kneel to the Altar.
Prieſt. Princes of *Greece* aſſiſt vs with your thoughts,
And let your prayers with ours aſcend the Speares,
For mortals oriſons are ſonnes to *Ioue*,
And when none elſe can, they haue free acceſſe
Vnto their fathers eare, haile ſonne of *Saturne*,
To whom when the three lots of heauen, of ſea,
And hell were caſt, the high *Olimpus* fell.
Herc. Oh, oh.
Prieſt. That with a nod canſt make heauens col-lomes bend,
And th' earths Center tremble, whoſe right hand

Is arm'd with lightning, and the left with feare.
Herc. No more, are all the furies with their tortures,
Their whips and laſhes crept into my skin?
Hath any ſightleſſe and infernall fire
Laid hold vpon my fleſh? when did *Alcides*
Thus ſhake with anguiſh? thus change face, thus ſhrinke?
Shall torture pale our cheeke? no, Prieſt proceed,
We will not feele the paine, thou ſhalt not breed.
Iaſon. What alteration's this? a thouſand pangues
I ſee euen in his viſage, in his ſilence
He doth expreſſe euen hell.
Prieſt. Thou ſacred *Ioue*
Behold vs at thy Altar proſtrate here
To beg attonement 'tweene our ſins and thee,
Lend vs a gracious eare and eye.
Herc. Prieſt no more,
I'le rend thy Typet, hurle *Ioues* Altars downe,
Hauock his Offerings, all his Lamps extinguiſh,
Raze his high Temples, and skale heauen it ſelfe
Vnleſſe he ſtay my tortures.
Iaſon. Warlike *Theban*,
Whence comes this fury? is this madnes forc't,
That makes *Alcides* thus blaſpheme the Gods.
Tell. Patient your ſelfe.
Herc. I will not *Iaſon*, cannot *Tellamon*,
A ſtipticke poyſon boyles within my veines,
Hell is within me, for my marrow fries,
A vulture worſe then that *Prometheus* feeles,
Fiers on my entrails, and my bulke in flames.
Iaſou. Yet be your ſelfe, renowned *Hercules*,
Striue with your torture, with your rage contend
Seek to ore-come this anguiſh.
Herc. Well, I will,
See *Iaſon*, ſee renowned *Tellamon*,
I will be well, I'le feele no poiſon boyle,
Though my bloud skal'd me, though my hot ſuſpires,
Blaſt where I breath like lightning, though my lungs

Seeth in my bloud, I will not pale a cheeke,
Nor change a brow, I will not, ſpight of torture
Anguiſh, and paine, I will not.
Omp. What ſtrange fury
Hath late poſſeſt him to be thus diſturb'd ?
Iaſon. Why this is well, once more repaire *Ioues* Altar.
Kindle theſe holy Tapers and proceed.
Herc. To plucke the Thunderer from his Chriſtall throne,
And throw the Gallaxia, by the locks,
And amber treſſes, drag the Queene of heauen.
Neſtor. Alcides.
Herc. Princes, *Iaſon*, *Tellamon*,
Helpe me to teare of this infernall ſhirt,
Which rawes me where it cleaues, vnskin my brawnes,
And like one nak't rowl'd in a Tun of ſpikes
Of thouſands, make one vniuerſall wound,
And ſuch is mine : oh *Deyaneira* falſe,
Treacherous, vnkind, diſloyall ; plucke, teare, rend
Though you my bones leaue naked, and my fleſh
Frying with poyſon you caſt hence to dogs.
Dread *Neptune*, let me plundge me in thy ſeas,
To coole my body, that is all on flame.
Or with thy tri-ſulke thunder ſtrike me *Ioue*,
And ſo let fire quench fire, vnhand me Lords,
Let me ſpurne mountaines downe, and teare vp rockes
Rend by the roots huge Okes, till I haue dig'd
A way to hell, or found a skale to heauen.
Something I muſt, my torments are ſo great,
To quench this flame and qualify this heate. *Exit.*
Iaſon. Let vs not leaue him Princes leaſt this outrage
Make him lay violent hands vpon him ſelfe.
If *Deyaneiraes* heart, were with her hand,
Shee is her ſexes ſcandall, and her ſhame
Euen whilſt Time liues, ſhall euery tongue proclaime.
Exit.

Omph. I'le follow to, and with what Art I can,
Striue this his rage and torture to allay. *Exit.*
Lych. What's in this ſhirt vnknowne to me that brought it?
Or what hath iealous *Deyaneira* done?
To employ me, an vnwilling meſſenger,
In her Lords death: well, whoſoe're it proue
My innocence I know, I'le, if I may
Looke to my life, and keepe out of his way.

Enter Hercules.

Herc. *Lychas*,
Lychas, where's he that brought this poyſon'd ſhirt,
That I may teare the villaine lim from lim,
And flake his body ſmall as Winters ſnow,
His ſhattered fleſh ſhall play like parched leaues,
And dance in th' aire, toſt by the ſommer winds.
Lychas. Defend me heauen.
Herc. Oh that with ſtamping thus,
I could my ſelfe beneath the Center ſinke,
And tombe my tortured body beneath hell.
Had I heauens maſſy columns in my gripes,
Then with one ſway I would or'e-turne yon frame,
And make the marble Elementall sky
My Tomb-ſtone to enterre dead *Hercules.*
Oh father *Ioue* thou laiſt vpon thy ſonne
Torments aboue ſupporture, *Lichas*, oh!
I'le chaſe the villaine o're *Oetaes* rockes,
Till I haue nak't thoſe hils, and left no ſhade
To hide the Traytor.
Lichas. Which way ſhall I flye
To ſcape his fury? if I ſtay I dye. *Hercules ſees him.*
Herc. Stay, ſtay, what's he that creeps into yon caue?
Is not that *Lychas Deyaneiraes* ſquire,
That brought this poyſoned ſhirt to *Hercules?*
I thanke thee *Ioue*, yet this is ſome allayment
And moderation to the pangues I feele,

Nay, you ſhall out ſir *Lychas* by the heeles.

Hercules ſwings Lychas about his head, and kils him.

Thus, thus, thy limbs about my head I twine,
Eubœan ſea receiue him, for he's thine.

Enter Iaſon, Tellamon, and all the Princes, after them Omphale.

Iaſ. Princes, his torments are 'boue Phyſicke helpe,
And they that wiſh him well, muſt wiſh his death,
For that alone giues period to his anguiſh.
Tell. In vaine we follow and purſue his rage,
There's danger in his madneſſe.
Neſt. Yet aloofe,
Let's obſerue him, and great *Ioue* implore
To qualifie his paines.
Phy. As I am *Philoctetes* I'le not leaue him,
Vntill he be immortall, Princes harke,

Hercules within.

Cannot theſe grones peirce heauen and moue to pitty
The obdure *Iuno.*
Omph. Beneath this rocke where we haue often kiſt,
I will lament the noble *Thebans* fall,
The *Lydian Omphale* will be to him
A truer Myſtreſſe, then his wife, whoſe hate
Hath brought on him this ſad and ominous fate.
Nor hence, for any force or prayer remoue,
But die with him whom I ſo deerely loue. *cry within.*
Caſt. His torments ſtill increaſe, heare oh you Gods,
And hearing pitty.

Enter Hercules from a rocke aboue, tearing downe trees.

Herc. Downe, downe, you ſhadowes that crowne *Oeta* Mount,

And as you tumble beare the Rockes along.
I will not leaue an Oake or ſtanding Pine
But all theſe mountaines with the dales make euen,
That *Oetaes* ſelfe may mourne with *Hercules*.
Hah! what art thou?
Omph. I am thy *Omphale*.
Herc. Art thou not *Deyaneira* come to mocke
Alcides madneſſe, and his pangues deride?
Yes, thou art ſhe, thou, thou haſt fier'd my bones,
And mak'ſt me boyle in poyſon, for which (minion)
And for (by fate) thou haſt ſhortned my renowne,
Behold, this monſtrous rocke thy death ſhal crowne.
Hercules kils Omphale, with a peece of a rocke.
So *Deyaneira* and her ſquire are now
Both in their ſins extinct.
Theſ. What hath *Alcides* done? ſlaine *Omphale*,
A guiltleſſe queene that came to mourne his death.
Herc. Torment on torment. Bnt ſhall *Hercules*
Dye by a womans hand? No, ayd me Princes,
(If you haue in you any generous thoughts)
In my laſt fabricke: Come, toſſe trees on trees,
Till you haue rear'd me vp a funerall pile,
Which all that's mortall in me ſhall conſume.
Caſt. Princes, let none deny their free aſſiſtance,
In his releaſe of torture. Ther's for me.
Pol. My hand ſhall likewiſe helpe to bury him,
And of his torments giue him eaſe by death.
All the Princes breake downe the trees, and make a fire, in which Hercules *placeth himſelfe.*
Her. Thanks, thus I throne me in the midſt of fire,
And with a dreadleſſe brow confront my death.
Olimpicke thunderer now behold thy ſonne,
Of whoſe diuine parts make a ſtarre, that *Atlas*
May ſhrinke beneath the weight of *Hercules*.
And ſtep-dame *Iuno*, glut thy hatred now,
That haſt beene weary to command, when we
Haue not beene weary to performe and act.
I that *Buſiris* ſlue, *Antheus* ſtrangled,

And conquer'd ſtill at thy vnkinde beheſt,
The three-ſhap't *Gerion*, and the dogge of hell,
The Bull of *Candy*, and the golden *Hart*,
Augeus and the fowles of *Stymphaly*,
The *Heſperian* fruit, and bolt of *Thermidon*,
The *Lernean Hydra*, and *Arcadian* Boare,
The Lyon of *Nœmea*, Steeds of *Thrace*,
The monſter *Cacus;* thouſands more then theſe,
That *Hercules* in death dares thee to chide,
And ſhewes his ſpirit, which torments cannot hide.
Lye there thou dread of Tyrants, and thou ſkin,

He burnes his Club, and Lyons Skin.

Invulner'd ſtill, burne with thy maiſters bones:
For theſe be armes which none but we can weild.
My bow and arrowes *Philoctetes* take,
Reſerue them as a token of our loue,
For theſe include the vtmoſt fate of *Troy*,
Which without theſe, the *Greekes* can nere deſtroy.
You Hero's all fare-well, heape fire on fire,
And pile on pile, till you haue made a ſtructure
To flame as high as heauen, and record this
Though by the *Gods* and *Fates* we are ore-throwne,
Alcides dies by no hand but his owne.

Iupiter aboue ſtrikes him with a thunder-bolt, his body ſinkes, and from the heauens diſcends a hand in a cloud, that from the place where Hercules was burnt, brings vp a ſtarre, and fixeth it in the firmament.

Iaſon. *Iuno* thou haſt done thy worſt; he now defies
What thou canſt more, his fame ſhall mount the ſkies.
What heauenly muſicke's this?

Tel. His ſoule is made a ſtar, and mounted heauen,
I ſee great *Ioue* hath not forgot his ſonne:
All that his mothers was is chang'd by fire,

But what he tooke of *Ioue*, and was deuine,
Now a bright ſtar in the high heauens muſt ſhine.

Enter Atreus.

Neſt. We all haue ſeene *Alcides* deifi'd.
But what newes brings *Atreus*?
Atr. A true report of *Deianeira's* death,
Who when ſhe heard the tortures of her Lord,
And what effect her fatall preſent tooke,
Exclaim'd on *Neſſus*, and to proue herſelfe
Guiltleſſe of treaſon in her husbands death,
With her owne hand ſhe boldly ſlue herſelfe.
Pel. That noble act proclaim'd her innocent,
And cleares all blacke ſuſpition : but faire princes,
Let vniuerſall *Greece* in funerall blacke,
Mourne for the death of *Theban Hercules*.
Iaſ. Who now ſhal monſters quel, or tyrants tame?
Th' oppreſſed free, or fill *Greece* with their fame.
Princes your hands, take vp theſe monuments
Of his twelue labours in a marble Temple
(We will erect and dedicate to him)
Reſerue them to his laſting memory :
His brazen pillers ſhall be fixt in *Gades*,
On which his monumentall deeds wee'l graue.
Arm'd with theſe worthy Trophies lets march on
Towards *Thebes*, that claimes the honour of his birth.
His body's dead, his fame ſhall nere expire,
Earth claimes his earth, heauen ſhewes his heauenly fire.
Exeunt omnes.

HOMER.

He that expects fiue ſhort Acts can containe
Each circumſtance of theſe things we preſent,
Me thinkes ſhould ſhew more barrenneſſe then braine:
All we haue done we aime at your content,
Striuing to illuſtrate things not knowne to all,

In which the learnd can onely cenſure right:
The reſt we craue, whom we vnlettered call,
Rather to attend then iudge; for more then ſight
We ſeeke to pleaſe. The vnderſtanding eare
Which we haue hitherto moſt gracious found,
Your generall loue, we rather hope then feare:
For that of all our labours is the ground.
If from your loue in any point we ſtray,
Thinke HOMER *blind, and blind men miſſe their way.*

FINIS.

The Iron Age:

Contayning the Rape of *Hellen*: The ſiege of *Troy*: The Combate betwixt *Hector* and *Aiax*: *Hector* and *Troilus* ſlayne by *Achilles*: *Achilles* ſlaine by *Paris*: *Aiax* and *Vliſſes* contend for the Armour of *Achilles*: The Death of *Aiax*, *&c.*

Written by THOMAS HEYVVOOD.

Aut prodeſſe ſolent, aut delectare.

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Drammatis Perſonæ.

Of the party of the Troians.

King *Priam.*
Hector.
Paris.
Troilus.
Æneas.
Anthenor.
Deiphobus.
Margareton.
Aſtianax, *Hectors* ſonne.
Queene *Hecuba.*
Caſſandra a Propheteſſe.
Creſſida, *Calchas his* daughter.
Polixina, daughter to *Priam.*
Oenon, *Paris* his firſt loue.
Andromache, *Hectors* wife.
Hectors Armour-bearer.
Troian fouldiers.

Of the party of the Grecians.

King *Agememnon* Generall.
King *Menelaus.*
King *Diomed.*
Vlyſſes, King of *Ithacus.*
Achilles.
A *Spartan* Lord.
An Embaſſador of *Creete.*
Caſtor and *Pollux*, the two brothers of *Hellena.*
Aiax Duke of *Salamine.*
Therſites a raylor.
Queene *Hellena.*
Calchas, *Apolloes* Prieſt.
Patroclus, *Achilles* his friend.
Achilles his Mermidons.
Grecian fouldiers.
Attendants.

To my VVorthy and much Reſpected
Friend, Mr. Thomas *Hammon*,
of Grayes Inne Eſquire.

SIR,

IF the noble Scholler *Nichod. Friſcelimus*, thought that his labour in Transferring ſix of *Ariſtophanes* his Comedies out of the Originall *Greeke* into the *Roman* tongue, was worthy to be dedicated to ſix ſeueral, the moſt eminent Princes of his time, for Learning and Iudgement: Thinke it then no diſparagment to you, to vndertake as well the *Patronage*, peruſall of this Poem: Which as it exceedes the ſtrict limits of the ancient Comedy (then in vſe) in forme, ſo it tranſcends them many degrees; both in the fulneſſe of the Sceane, and grauity of the Subiect.

The Hiſtory whereon it is grounded, hauing beene the ſelected Argument of many exquiſite Poets; For what Pen of note, in one page or

other hath not remembred *Troy*, and bewayl'd the facke and ſubuerſion of ſo illuſtrious a Citty: Which, although it were ſcituate in *Aſia*, yet out of her aſhes hath riſen two the rareſt Phœnixes in *Europe*, namely *London* and *Rome*. *Sir* my acquaintance with your worth, and knowledge of your iudgement, were the chiefe motiues, inducing me to ſelect you before many others: accept it, I intreate you, as fauourably as hee expoſeth it willingly, who as he hath antecedently long, ſo futurely euer,

Shall remayne yours:

Thomas Heywood.

To the Reader.

COurteous Reader: *The* Gold, Siluer, *and* Braſſe Ages *hauing beene many yeares ſince in the Preſſe, continuing the Hiſtory from* Iupiters *Birth (the ſonne of* Saturne) *to the Death of* Hercules. *This* Iron Age *(neuer till now Publiſhed,) beginneth where the other left, holding on, a plaine and direct courſe, from the ſecond Rape of* Hellen: *(For ſhe was in her minority rauiſhed by* Theſeus *the Friend of* Hercules) *not onely to the vtter ruine, and deuaſtation of* Troy; *but it, with the ſecond Part, ſtretcheth to the Deathes of* Hellen, *and all thoſe Kings of* Greece, *who were the vndertakers of that Ten yeares Bloody and fatall Seige. I prefume the reading thereof ſhall not prooue diſtaſtfull vnto any: Firſt in regard of the Antiquity and Nobleneſſe of the Hiſtory: Next becauſe it includeth the moſt things of eſpeciall remarke, which haue beene ingeniouſly Commented, and labouriouſly Recorded, by the Muſes Darlings,*

the Poets : *And* Times *learned Remembrancers,* *the* Hiſtriographers.

Laſtly, I deſire thee to take notice, that theſe were the Playes often (and not with the leaſt applauſe,) Publickely Acted by two Companies, vppon one Stage at once, and haue at ſundry times thronged three ſeuerall Theaters, with numerous and mighty Auditories, if the grace they had then in the Actings, take not away the expected luſter, hoped for in the Reading, I ſhall then hold thee well pleaſed, and therein, my ſelfe fully ſatisfied ; Euer remaining thine as ſtudious

Prodeſse vt Delectare :

Thomas Heywood.

The Iron Age.

Actus primus, Scœna prima.

Enter King Priamus, *Queene* Hecuba, Hector, Troilus, Æneas, Deiphobus, *&c.*

Priamus.

DRinces and Sonnes of *Priam*, to this end
Wee cal'd you to this ſolemne Parleance.
There's a deuining ſpirit prompts mee ſtill,
That if we new begin Hoſtility,
The *Grecians* may be forc't to make repayre
Of our twice ruin'd walls, and of the rape
Done to our ſiſter faire *Heſione.*

Æneas. I am my princely Soueraigne of your minde,
And can by grounded arguments approoue
Your power and potency : what they twice demoliſh't,
Is now with ſtrength and beauty rear'd againe.
Your Kingdome growne more populous and rich,

The youth of *Troy* irregular and vntam'd,
Couetous of warre and martiall exercife.
From you and filuer treffed *Hecuba*
Fifty faire fonnes are lineally deriu'd,
All *Afiaes* Kings are in your loue and league,
Their royalties as of your Empire held.
Hector and *Hectors* brothers are of power
To fetch your fifter from the heart of *Greece*,
Where fhe remaines imbrac't by *Telamon*.
Pria. *Æneas*, your aduife affents with vs.
How ftand our fonnes vnto thefe wars inclin'd?
Hect. In mine opinion we haue no iuft caufe
To rayfe new tumults, that may liue in peace:
Warre is a fury quickly coniured vp,
But not fo foone appeafed.
Par. What iufter caufe
When the whole world takes note to our difgrace,
Of this our *Troy*, twice rac't by *Hercules*.
Troy. And faire *Hefione* rapt hence to *Greece*,
Where fhe ftill liues coopt vp in *Salamine*.
Hect. *Troy* was twice rac't, and *Troy* deferu'd that wracke,
The valiant (halfe Diuine bred) *Hercules*,
Redeem'd this Towne from blacke mortality,
And my bright Aunt from death, when he furcharg'd
The virgin fedde Sea-monfter with his club.
For my owne Grand-fire, great *Laomedon*,
Denied the Heroe, both the meede propos'd,
And (moft ingratefull) fhut him from the Gates:
Troy therefore drew iuft ruine on it felfe:
Tis true, our Aunt was borne away to *Greece*,
Who with more iuftice might tranfport her hence,
Then he whofe prife fhe was? bold *Telamon*
For ventring firft vpon the wals of *Troy*,
Alcides gaue her to the *Salmine* Duke.
Detayning her? whom keepes he but his owne?
Were fhe my prifoner I fhould do the like.
By *Ioue* fhe's worth the keeping.
Par. Then of force,

Shee muſt be worth the fetching.
Hect. Fetch her that liſt: my reuerent King and
father,
If you purſue this expedition,
By the vntaunted honor of theſe armes
That liue imblazon'd on my burniſh't ſhield,
It is without good cauſe, and I deuine
Of all your flouriſhing line, by which the Gods
Haue rectified your fame aboue all Kings,
Not one ſhal liue to meate your Sepulchre,
Or trace your funerall Heralds to the Tombes
Of your great Anceſtours: oh for your honour
Take not vp vniuſt Armes.
Æne. Prince *Hectors* words
Will draw on him the imputation
Of feare and cowardeſie.
Troi. Fie brother *Hector*,
If our Aunts rape, and *Troyes* deſtruction
Bee not reueng'd, their ſeuerall blemiſhes
The aged hand of Time can neuer wipe
From our ſucceſſion.
Par. 'Twill be regiſtred
That all King *Priams* ſonnes ſaue one were willing
And forward to reuenge them on the *Greekes*,
Onely that *Hector* durſt not.
Hect. Ha, durſt not didſt thou ſay? effeminate boy,
Go get you to your Sheepe-hooke and your Scrip,
Thou look'ſt not like a Souldier, there's no fire
Within thine eyes, nor quills vpon thy chinne,
Tell me I dare not? go, riſe, get you gone,
Th'art fitter for young *Oenons* company
Then for a bench of ſouldiers: here comes one,
Antenor is returned.

Enter Antenor.

Pri. Welcome *Antenor*, what's the newes from
Greece?
Ante. Newes of diſhonour to the name of *Priam*,

Your Highneſſe Siſter faire *Heſione*:
Eſteem'd there as a ſtrumpet, and no Queene;
(After complaint) when I propos'd your Maieſty
Would fetch her thence perforce, had you but ſeene
With what diſdainefull pride, and bitter taunts
They toſt my threats: 'twould haue inflam'd your ſpleene
With more then common rage, neuer was Princeſſe
So baſely vſ'd: neuer Embaſſadour
With ſuch diſhonour ſent from Princes Court,
As I was then from that of *Telamons*,
Of *Agamemnons* and the *Spartan* Kings.

Priam. I ſhall not dye in peace, if theſe diſgraces
Liue vnreueng'd.

Hect. By *Ioue* wee'le fetch her thence,
Or make all populous *Greece* a Wilderneſſe,
Paris a hand, wee are friends, now *Greece* ſhall finde
And thou ſhalt know what mighty *Hector* dares.
When all th' vnited Kings in Armes ſhall rue
This baſe diſhonour done to *Priams* blood.

Par. Heare Gracious ſir, my dreame in *Ida* Mount,
Beneath the ſhadow of a Cedar ſleeping.
Celeſtiall *Iuno*, *Venus*, and the Goddeſſe
Borne from the braine of mighty *Iupiter*.
Theſe three preſent me with a golden Ball,
On which was writ, *Detur pulcherrimæ*,
Giue't to the faireſt: *Iuno* proffers wealth,
Scepters and Crownes: faith, ſhe will make me rich.
Next ſteps forth *Pallas* with a golden Booke,
Saith, reach it me, I'le teach thee Litterature,
Knowledge and Arts, make thee of all moſt wiſe.
Next ſmiling *Venus* came, with ſuch a looke
Able to rauiſh mankinde: thus beſpake mee,
Make that Ball mine? the faireſt Queene that breathes,
I'le in requitall, caſt into thine armes.
How can I ſtand againſt her golden ſmiles,
When beautie promiſt beauty? ſhee preuayl'd:

To her I gaue the priſe, with which ſhee mounted
Like to a Starre from earth ſhott vp to Heauen.
Now if in *Greece* (as ſome report) be Ladies
Peereleſſe for beauty, wherefore might not *Paris*
By *Venus* ayde ſayle hence to *Grecia*,
And quit the rape of faire *Heſione*,
By ſtealing thence the Queene moſt beautifull,
That feedes vpon the honey of that ayre?

Pri. That amorous Goddeſſe borne vpon the waues
Aſſiſt thee in thy voyage, we will rigge
A royall fleete to waft thee into *Greece*.
Æneas with our ſonne *Deiphobus*,
And other Lords ſhall beare thee company.
What thinke our ſonnes *Hector* and *Troylus*
Of *Paris* expedition?

Hect. As an attempt the Heauens haue cauſe to proſper.
Go brother *Paris*, if thou bring'ſt a Queene,
Hector will be her Champion; then let's ſee
What *Greeke* dare fetch her hence.

Fri. Straight giue order
To haue his Fleet made ready.

Enter Caſſandra *with her haire about her eares.*

Caſſan. Stay *Priam*, *Paris* ceaſe, ſtay *Troian* Peeres
To plot your vniuerſall ouerthrow.
What hath poore *Troy* deſeru'd, that you ſhould kindle
Flames to deſtroy it?

Pa. What intends *Caſſandra*?

Caſſ. To quench bright burning *Troy*, to ſecure thee,
To ſaue old *Priam* and his fifty ſonnes.
(The royal'ſt iſſue, that e're King enioy'de)
To keepe the reuerent haires of *Hecuba*,
From being torne off by her owne ſad hands.

Pri. *Caſſandra's* madde.
Caſſ. You are mad, all *Troy* is madde.
And railes before it's ruine.
Hect. What would my ſiſter?
Caſſ. Stay this bold youth my brother, who by water
Would ſayle to bring fire which ſhall burne all *Troy*.
Stay him, oh ſtay him, ere theſe golden roofes
Melt o're our heads, before theſe glorious Turrets
Bee burnt to aſhes. Ere cleare *Simois* ſtreames
Runne with bloud royall, and *Scamander* Plaine,
In which *Troy* ſtands bee made a Sepulchre
To bury *Troy*, and *Troians*.
Pri. Away with her, ſome falſe deuining ſpirit
Enuying the honour we ſhall gaine from *Greece*,
Would trouble our deſignements.
Hect. Royall ſir,
Caſſandra is a Veſtall Propheteſſe,
And conſecrate to *Pallas*; oft inſpir'd.
Then lend her gracious audience.
Troil. So let our Aunt
Bee ſtill a ſlaue in *Greece*, and wee your ſonnes
Bee held as cowards.
Æne. Let *Antenors* wrongs
Bee baſely ſwallowed, and the name of *Troy*
Be held a word of ſcorne.
Caſſ. Then let *Troy* burne,
Let the *Greekes* clap their hands, and warme themſelues
At this bright Bone-fire: dream'd not *Hecuba*
The night before this fatall Youth was borne,
That ſhee brought forth a fire-brand?
Hecu. 'Tis moſt true.
Caſſ. And when King *Priam* to the Preiſt reueal'd
This ominous dreame, hee with the Gods conſulted,
And from the Oracle did this returne,
That the Childe borne ſhould ſtately *Ilion* burne.
Par. And well the Prophet gueſt, for my deſire
To viſit *Greece*, burnes with a quenchleſſe fire:

Nor from this flaming brand ſhall I be free,
Till I haue left rich *Troy*, and *Sparta* ſee.
Caſſ. Yet *Hecuba*, ere thou thy *Priam* looſe,
And *Priam* ere thou looſe thy *Hecuba*,
Pri. Away with her.
Caſſ. Why ſpeakes not in this caſe *Andromache?*
Thou ſhalt looſe a *Hector*, who's yet thine.
Why good *Æneas* doſt thou ſpeech forbeare?
Thou hop'ſt in time another *Troy* to reare,
When this is ſackt, and therefore thou ſtandſt mute,
All ſtrooke with ſilence; none aſſiſt my ſuite.
Pri. Force her away and lay her faſt in hold.
Caſſ. Then *Troy*, no *Troy*, but aſhes; and a place
Where once a Citty ſtood: poore *Priam*, thou
That ſhalt leaue fatherleſſe fifty faire ſonnes,
And this thy fruitfull Queene, a deſolate widdow,
And *Ilium* now no Pallace for a King,
But a confuſed heape of twice burnt bricke.
They that thy beauty wondred, ſhall admire
To ſee thy Towers defac'd with *Greekiſh* fire. *Exit.*
Pri. Thou art no Sibill, but from fury ſpeak'ſt,
Not inſpiration we reguard thee not.
Come valiant ſonnes, wee'le firſt prepare our ſhips,
And with a royall Fleete well rigg'd to ſea
Seeke iuſt reuenge for faire *Heſione.*

Exeunt omnes, manet Paris, *to him* Oenon *who in his going out plucks her backe.*

Oen. Know you not mee?
Par. Who art thou?
Oen. View mee well.
And what I am, my lookes and teares will teach thee.
Par. *Oenon*? what brought thee hither?
Oen. To ſee *Ida* bare
Of her tall Cedars, to ſee ſhipwrights ſquare
The trunks of new feld Pines: Asking the cauſe,

So many Hatchets, Hammers, Plowes and Sawes
Were thither brought: They gan mee thus to greete,
With theſe tall Cedars we muſt build a fleete
For *Paris*; who in that muſt ſayle to *Greece*,
To fetch a new wife thence.
Par. And my faire *Oenon*,
Know that they told truth, for 'tis decreed
Euen by the Gods beheſt, that I ſhould ſpeed
Vpon this new aduenture: The Gods all,
That made mee iudge to giue the golden Ball.
Harke, harke, the Saylers cry aboard, aboard;
The Winde blowes faire, fare-well.
Oenon. Heare me one word.
By our firſt loue, by all our amorous kiſſes,
Courtings, imbraces, and ten thouſand bliſſes
I coniure thee, that thou in *Troy* may'ſt ſtay.
Par. They cry aboard, and *Paris* muſt away.
Oen. What need'ſt thou plowe the ſeas to ſeeke
a Wife,
Hauing one here, to hazard thy ſweete life,
Seeking a Strumpet through warres fierce alarmes,
And haue ſo kind a wife lodg'd in thine armes.
Par. Sweete *Oenon*, ſtay me not, vnclaſpe thine
hold.
Oen. Not for *Troyes* crowne or all the Sun-gods
Gold.
Canſt thou? oh canſt thou thy ſweete life indanger,
And leaue thine owne wife to ſeeke out a ſtranger?
Pa. I can, farewell.
Oen. Oh yet a little ſtay.
Pa. Let go thine hold, or I ſhall force my way.
Oen. Oh do but looke on me, yet once againe.
Though now a Prince, thou waſt an humble ſwaine,
And then I was thine *Oenon.* (Oh ſad fate)
I craue thy loue, I couet not thy ſtate;
Still I am *Oenon*; ſtill thou *Paris* art
The ſelfe-ſame man, but not the ſelfe-ſame heart.
Par. Vntie, or I ſhall breake thy charming band,

Neptune aſſiſt my courſe: thou *Ioue* my hand. *Exit.*
Oen. Moſt cruell, moſt vnkind, hadſt thou thus ſaid
The night before thou hadſt my Maiden-head,
I had beene free to chuſe, and thou to wiue;
Not widdowed now, my husband ſtill aliue.

Enter King Menelaus, *King* Diomed, Therſites, *a Lord Embaſſadour with Attendants.*

Mene. King *Diomed, Sparta* is proud to ſee you,
Your comming at this time's more ſeaſonable,
In that wee haue imployment for your wiſedome
And royall valour.
Diom. The *Chritian* Scepter now in contrauerſie
(As this Embaſſadour hath late inform'd)
Deſpiſing that vſurping hand, which long
Hath againſt Law and Iuſtice ſwayd and borne it,
Offers it ſelfe to your protection.
Is it not ſo my Lord?
Embaſſa. You truely vnderſtand our Embaſie.
Ther. *Menelaus!*
Mene. What ſaith *Therſites?*
Ther. That Heauen hath many Starres in't, but no eyes,
And cannot ſee deſert. The Goddeſſe *Fortune*
Is head-winkt, why elſe ſhould ſhe proffer thee
Another Crowne that hath one: (Grand Sir *Ioue*)
What a huge heape of buſineſſe ſhalt thou haue,
Hauing another Kingdome? being in *Creete*,
Sparta will go to wracke, being in *Sparta*,
Creete will to ruine: To haue more then theſe
Such a bright Laſſe as *Hellen*: *Hellen*? oh!
'Muſt haue an eye to her too, fie, fie, fie,
Poore man how thou'lt bee puſl'd!
Mene. Why thinkes *Therſites* my bright *Hellens* beauty
Is not with her faire vertues equaliz'd?
Ther. Yes, I thinke ſo, and *Hellen* is an aſſe,

But thou beleeu'ſt ſo too.

Diom. *Therſites* is a rayler.

Ther. No, I diſclaim't, I am a Counſellor.
I haue knowne a fellow matcht to a faire wife,
That hath had ne're a Kingdome : thou haſt two
To looke to, (ſcarce a houſe) thou many Pallaces,
Hee ſcarce a Page, and thou a thouſand ſeruants :
Yet hee hauing no more, yet had too much
To looke to one faire wife.

Diom. Were not the King
Well grounded in the vertues of his Queene,
Thy words *Therſites* might ſet odds betwixt them.

Mene. My *Hellen* ? therein am I happieſt :
Know *Diomed*, her beauty I preferre
Before the Crownes of *Sparta*, and of *Creete*.
Muſicke ! I know my Lady then is comming,

Muſicke within.

To giue kind welcome to King *Diomed*,
Strowe in her way ſweete powders, burne Perfume,
And where my *Hellen* treads no feete preſume.

Ther. 'Twere better ſtrowe horne-ſhauings.

Enter Hellen *with waiting Gentlewomen and Seruants.*

Hel. 'Tis told vs this Embaſſadour doth ſtay
To take my husband, my deare Lord away.

Men. True *Hellen*, 'tis a Kingdome calls me hence.

Hel. A Kingdome ! hath your *Hellen* ſuch ſmall grace,
That you preferre a Kingdome 'fore her face ?
You value me too cheape, and doe not know
The worth and value of the face you owe.

Ther. I had rather haue a good Calues face.

Hel. *Theſeus*, that in my non-age did aſſaile mee :
And being too young for paſtime, thence did haile me :
Hee, to haue had the leaſt part of your bliſſe

Oft proffered mee a Kingdome for a kiſſe.
You ſurfeit in your pleaſures, ſwimme in ſport,
But ſir, from henceforth I ſhall keepe you ſhort.
Dio. Faire Queene, 'tis honour calls him hence away.
Hel. What's that to *Hellen*, if ſhee'le haue him ſtay?
Say I ſhould weepe at parting, (which I feare)
Some for ten Kingdomes would not haue a teare
Fall from his *Hellens* eye, but hee's vnkind,
And cares not though I weepe my bright eyes blind.

Enter a Spartan *Lord.*

Sp. L. Great King, we haue diſcouer'd from the ſhoare
A gallant Fleete of ſhips, that with full ſayle
Make towards the Port.
Mene. What number?
Sp. L. Some two and twenty Sayle.
Men. Diſcouer them more amply, and make good
The Hauen againſt them, till we know th' intent
Of their arriue.
Sp. L. My Royall Lord I ſhall.
Men. Embaſſadour this buſines once blowne o're,
You ſhall receiue your anſwer inſtantly.
Hel. You ſhall not goe and leaue your *Hellen* here,
Can I a Kingdome gouerne in your abſence,
And guide ſo rude a people as yours is?
How ſhall I doe my Lord, when you are gone,
So many bleake cold nights to lye alone?
Y'haue vſ'd mee ſo to fellowſhip in bed,
That ſhould I leaue it, I ſhould ſoone be dead:
Troth I ſhall neuer indure it.
Men. My ſweete *Hellen*,
Was neuer King bleſt with ſo chaſte a wife.

Enter the Spartan *Lord.*

Men. The newes? whence is their Fleete?

Sp. L. From *Troy.*
Men. The Generall?
Sp. L. *Priams* ſonne.
Men. Their expedition?
Sp. L. To ſeeke aduentures and ſtrange Lands abroad,
And though now weather-beat, yet brauer men
More rich in Iewells, coſtlier araide,
Or better featur'd ne're eye beheld,
Eſpecially the Prince their Generall,
Paris of *Troy* one of King *Priams* ſonnes.
Hel. Brauer then theſe our *Lacedemons* are?
Sp. L. Madam, by much.
Hel. How is the Prince of *Troy*
To *Menelaus* mighty *Spartans* King?
Sp. L. Prince *Menelaus* is my Soueraigne Madam,
But might I freely ſpeake without offence,
(Excepting *Menelaus*) neuer breath'd
A brauer Gallant then the *Troian* Prince.
Men. What Intertainment ſhall wee giue theſe ſtrangers?
Hel. What? but the choyce that *Lacedemon* yeelds,
If they come braue, our brauery let vs ſhow,
That what our *Sparta* yeelds, their *Troy* may know:
Let them not ſay they found vs poore and bare.
Or that our *Grecian* Ladies are leſſe faire
Then theirs: giue them occaſion to relate
At their returne, how wee exceede their ſtate.
Mene. *Hellen* hath well aduis'd, and for the beſt
Her counſell with our honour doth agree,
All *Spartaes* pompe is for the *Troians* free.
Hell. Oh had I known their Landing one day ſooner,
That *Hellen* might haue trim'd vp her attire
Againſt this meeting, then my radiant beauty
I doubt not, might in *Troy* be tearm'd as faire,
As through all *Greece* I am reputed rare.

A flouriſh. Enter Paris, Æneas, Deiphobus, Antenor, Menelaus *and* Diomed *embrace* Paris *and the reſt*: Paris *turnes from them and kiſſeth* Hellen, *all way ſhee with her hand puts him backe.*

Hell. 'Tis not the *Spartan* faſhion thus to greet
Vpon the lips, when royall ſtrangers meete.
I know not what your *Aſian* Court-ſhip is.
Oh *Ioue*, how ſweetely doth this *Troian* kiſſe?
Par. Beare with a ſtranger Lady, though vnknowne;
That's practis'd in no faſhion ſaue his owne.
Hee that his fault confeſſeth ne're offends,
Nor can hee iniure, that no wrong intends.
Hell. To kiſſe mee! why before ſo many eyes
The King could do no more: would fortune bring
This ſtranger there where I haue met the King.
Mene. Patience, ſweet *Hellen*, *Troians* welcome all,
You ſhall receiue the princelieſt entertaine
Sparta can yeeld you, but ſome late affaires
About the *Cretan* ſcepter calls vs hence,
That buſineſſe once determin'd wee are yours,
In the meane time faire *Hellen* bee't your charge
To make their welcome in my abſence large.

They all goe off with a flouriſh, onely Paris *and* Hellen *keepe the Stage.*

Par. Oh *Ioue* my dreame! ſweete *Venus* ayde my prayer,
And keepe thy word: behold a face more faire
Then thou thy ſelfe canſt ſhewe, this is the ſame
Thou promiſt me in *Ida*, this I claime.
Giue me this face faire *Venus*, and that's all
I'le aske in guerdon of the golden Ball.
Hel. Of what rare mettall is this *Troian* made?
That one poore kiſſe hath power ſo to perſwade,
Here at my lips the ſweetneſſe did beginne,
And ſince hath paſt through all my powers within:
Oh kiſſe mee if thou lou'ſt me once againe,

I feele the firſt kiſſe thrill through euery veine.
Par. Queene I muſt ſpeake with you.
Hell. Muſt?
Par. *Hellen*, I,
I haue but two wayes to take, to ſpeake, or dye:
Grant my tongue pardon then, or turne your head
And ſay you will not, and ſo ſtrike me dead.
Hel. Liue and ſay on, but if your words offend,
If my tongue can deſtroy, you're neare your end.
Par. Oh *Ioue*, that I had now an Angels voyce
As you an Angels ſhape haue, that my words
Might ſound as ſpheare-like muſicke in your eare.
That *Ioue* himſelfe whom I muſt call to witneſſe,
Would now ſtand forth in perſon to approoue
What I now ſpeake, *Hellen*, *Hellen* I loue.
Chide mee, I care not; tell your husband, doe,
Feareleſſe of death, behold, I boldly woe.
For let mee liue, bright *Hellen* to inioy,
Or let mee neuer backe reſayle to *Troy*:
For you I came, your fame hath hither driuen mee,
Whom golden *Venus* hath by promiſe giuen mee.
I lou'd you ere I ſaw you by your fame,
Report of your rare beauty to *Troy* came.
But more then bruite can tell, or fame emblazon
Are theſe diuine perfections that I gaze on.
Hel. Inſolent ſtranger, is my Name ſo light
Abroad in *Troy*, that thou at the firſt ſight
Shouldſt hope to ſtrumpet vs? thinks *Priams* ſonne,
The *Spartan* Queene can be ſo eaſily wonne?
Becauſe once *Theſeus* rauiſht vs from hence,
And did to vs a kind of violence:
Followes it therefore wee are of ſuch price,
That ſtolne hence once, we ſhould be rauiſh't twice?
Par. That *Theſeus* ſtole you hence (by Heauen)
I praiſe him,
And for that act I to the skies will raiſe him.
That hee return'd you backe by *Ioue* I wonder,
Had I beene *Theſeus*, hee that ſhould aſunder
Haue parted vs, and ſnatcht you from my bed:

Firſt from my ſhoulders ſhould haue tane this
head.
Oh that you were the prize of ſome great ſtrife,
And hee that winnes might claime you as his
wife,
Your ſelfe ſhould finde, and all the world ſhould ſee
Hellen, a priſe alone ordain'd for mee.
Hel. I am not angry ; who can angry be
With him that loues her ? they that *Paris* ſee,
And heare the wonders and rare deedes you boaſt,
And warlike ſpoyles in which you glory moſt :
By which you haue attaind 'mongſt ſouldiers grace,
None can beleeue you that beholds your face.
They that this louely *Troian* ſee, will ſay ;
Hee was not made for warre, but amorous play.
Pa. Loue amorous *Paris* then.
Hel. My fame to endanger ?
Par. I can be ſecret Lady.
Hel. And a ſtranger ?
Say I ſhould grant thee loue, as thou ſhouldſt clime
My long wiſht bed ; if at th' appointed time
The Winde ſhould alter, and blow faire for *Troy*,
Thou muſt breake off in midd'ſt of all thy Ioy.
Par. Not for great *Spartaes* Crowne, or *Aſiaes*
Treaſure,
(That exceedes *Spartaes*) would I looſe ſuch pleaſure.
Hel. Would it were come to that.
Par. Your Husband *Menelaus* hither bring,
Compare our ſhapes, our youth and euery thing,
I make you Iudgeſſe, wrong me if you can :
You needes muſt ſay I am the properer man.
Hel. I muſt confeſſe that too.
Par. Then loue mee Lady.
Hel. Had you then ſett ſayle,
When my virginity, and bed to enioy
A thouſand gallant princely Suiters came ?
Had I beheld thee firſt, I here proclaime,
Your feature ſhould haue borne mee from the reſt.
You come too late, and couet goods poſſeſt.

Par. I came for *Hellen*, *Hellens* loue I craue,
Hellen I loue, and *Hellen* I muſt haue :
Or in this Prouince where I vent my mones,
I'le begge a Tombe for my exiled bones.

A flouriſh. Enter Menelaus, Diomed, Therſites, *with* Spartan *Lords* : Æneas, Deiphobus, Antenor, *&c.*

A banquet is brought in.

Men. Now Prince of *Troy*, our buſineſſe being o're
This day in *Lacedemon*, you ſhall feaſt
Paris, wee are proud of ſuch a Princely gueſt.
Ther. Thus euery man is borne to his owne Fate.
Now it raines Hornes, let each man ſhield his Pate.
Hel. This royalty extended to the welcome
Of *Priams* ſonne, is more then *Aſiaes* King
Would yeeld vnto the greateſt Prince of *Greece.*
What is this *Paris* whom you honour ſo ?
Men. Why askes my Queene ?
Hel. May not this proud, this beauty vanting *Troian*,
In a ſmooth browe hide blacke and rugged Treaſon ?
Men. Hee ſuch an one ? rather a giddy braine,
A formall traueller. King *Diomed*
Your cenſure of this *Troian ?*
Diom. A Capring, Carpet Knight, a Cuſhion Lord,
One that hath ſtald his Courtly trickes at home,
And now got leaue to publiſh them abroad
Hee's a meere toy.
Men. *Therſites* your opinion.
Did'ſt euer ſee wiſdome thus attir'd ?
Ther. I haue knowne villany hath lookt as ſmooth
As yon briske fellow.
Mene. I am a foole then ſay.
Ther. And ſo thou art,

To hugge the Serpent fraud ſo neere your heart.
Men. Shallow *Therſites*, my faire Prince of *Troy*
Welcome, come ſit betwixt my Queene and mee.
Ther. Hee'le one day ſtand betwixt thy Queene and thee.
I haue obſeru'd, 'tis ſtill the Cuckolds fate
To hugge that knaue who helps to horne his pate.
Men. Fill me a ſtanding Bowle of *Greekiſh* wine :
Prince *Paris*, to your Royall Fathers health.
Par. Thankes *Menelaus.* Here King *Diomed.*
Dio. To you *Æneas.*
Æne. *Therſites*, 'tmuſt go round.
Ther. Not I, full bowles make empty braines, not I.
Mene. *Hellen*, the more to dignifie his welcome
Beginne a health to aged *Hecuba.*
Ther. Men may be drunke, but hee's a drunken foole
That brings his wife vp in the Drinking-ſchoole.
Hel. Prince *Paris*, to the reuerent *Hecuba.*
Par. Will the *Spartan* King vouchſafe the pledge of *Priams* Queene?
Men. Prince *Diomed*, and ſo to you *Therſites*,
This health muſt needes paſſe round.
Ther. 'Twill make you all turne round before you part.
Diom. To you *Therſites.*
Ther. 'Tis better liue in fire, then dye in wine :
That burnes but earth, this drownes a thing diuine.
I'le ſcald my ſoule no more.
Hel. You looke not well Prince *Paris*, on my life
His Colour comes and goes, are you not ſicke?
Ther. Sicke! and ſo many healths, how can that bee?
Par. Peace Cinicke, barke not dogge : King, by your leaue
I'le haue one health to beauteous *Hellena.*

Men. It ſhall be pledg'd Prince *Paris.*
Ther. Drinke till you all drop downe, but when you fall,
Looke that the Queene lie vnder-moſt of all.
Par. I'le haue *Therſites* pledge this.
Ther. I'le be no drunkard, Kings and Queene I'le riſe.
Par. Drinke this or eate my ſword.
Ther. Say ſo, I'le kiſſe the cup.
Hel. You are not well Prince *Paris*, walke with mee.
Par. With you! what you? you are the Queene of hearts.
Hel. This Chayre ſerue for your bed, lye downe and ſleepe.
Par. Thankes Queene: to all good night.
Hee ſleepes.
Men. How now *Therſites*? this your polititon?
A ſhallow weake braine Courtier.
Dio. Alas poore puny Prince, in troth *Therſites*
You were deceiu'd in him.
Ther. I knewe hee was either a politician or a drunkard, your younger Brothers for the moſt part are ſo.
Men. Well my faire Queene, whil'ſt wee prepare for *Creete*,
Feaſt you the Prince: though his behauiour's rude,
Let vs be royall, bounty of all things
Doth beſt expreſſe the Maieſty of Kings.

Exeunt all, but Paris *and* Hellen, *at which hee ſtarts vp from his Chaire and takes her by the hand.*

Par. Are they all gone? then pardon mee ſweete Queene,
I was not as I ſeem'd, but I am now
What once I vow'd, a Prince captiu'd to you.
Hel. No *Paris* no, I am the Queene of hearts.
Par. And ſo you are, the Empreſſe of all hearts:

Celeſtiall *Hellen*, ſhall I bee eterniz'd
In the fruition of your heauenly loue?
Hel. And you deſerue it well: O Prince! fie, fie,
Diſſemble with your friends ſo cunningly?
Par. My loue faire Queene exceedes the loue of friends,
And therefore had the royall King your Husband
Expreſt more loue to mee then euer Monarch
Did to a ſtranger Prince, it could not though
Leaſen my zeale to you: ſpeake fayreſt Queene
That euer ſpake, this night ſhall we agree
To conſecrate to pleaſure and delights:
Your husband left me charge I ſhould inioy
All that the Court can yeeld: if all? then you
I would not for the world, but you ſhould doe
All that the King your Lord commands you too:
Your King and husband, you ſinne doubly ſtill
When you aſſent not to obay his will:
Speake beauteous Queene. No? then it may be
Shee meanes by ſilence to accord with me:
I'le trye that preſently, lend me your hand
'Tis this I want, and by the Kings command
You are to let me haue it: more then this,
I want your lips to helpe me make a kiſſe. *Kiſſeth her.*
Hel. Oh Heauen!
Par. Oh loue, a ioy aboue all meaſure,
To touch theſe lips is more then heauenly pleaſure.
Hel. Beſhrew your amorous rhetorick that did proue
My husbands will commanded me to loue,
Or but for that iniunction, *Paris* know
I would not yeeld ſuch fauours to beſtow
On any ſtranger, but ſince he commands,
You may take more then eyther lips or hands.
Do I not bluſh ſweete ſtranger? if I breake
The Lawes of modeſty, thinke that I ſpeake,
But with my husbands tongue, for I ſay ſtill
I would not yeeld, but to obey his will.
Par. This night then without all ſuſpition,

The rauiſhing pleaſures of your royall bed
You may affoord to *Paris*: bitter *Therſites*,
King *Diomed*, and your ſeruants may ſuppoſe
By my late counterfeite diſtemperature
I ayme at no ſuch happineſſe, alas
I am a puny Courtier, a weake braine,
A braine-ſicke young man; but Deuineſt *Hellen*,
When we get ſafe to *Troy*.

Hel. To *Troy*?

Par. Yes Queene, by all the gods it is decreed,
That I ſhould beare you thither; *Priam* knowes it,
And therefore purpoſely did rigge this Fleete,
To waft me hether; He and *Hecuba*,
My nine and forty brothers, Princes all
Of Ladies and bright Virgins infinite,
Will meete vs in the roade of *Tenedos*:
Then be reſolu'd for I will caſt a plot
To beare you ſafe from hence!

Hel. This *Troyan* Prince
Will's more then any Prince of *Greece* dares pleade,
And yet I haue no power to ſay him nay:
Well *Paris* I beſhrew you with my heart,
That euer you came to *Sparta* (by my ioy
Queene *Hellen* lyes, and longs to be at *Troy*:)
Yet vſe me as you pleaſe, you know you haue
My deareſt loue, and therefore cannot craue
What Ile deny; but if reproach and ſhame
Purſue vs, on you *Paris* light the blame:
Ile waſh my hands of all, nor will I yeeld
But by compulſion to your leaſt demaund:
Yet if in lieu of my Kings intertaine,
You bid me to a feaſt aboord your ſhip,
And when you haue me there, vnknowne to me
Hoyſe ſayle, weigh Anchor, and beare out to Sea:
I cannot helpe it, tis not in my power
To let fal ſayles, or ſtriue with ſtretching oares
To row me backe againe: this you may do,
But ſooth friend *Paris* Ile not yeeld thereto.

Par. You ſhalbe then compell'd, on me let all

The danger waiting on this practiſe fall.

Enter a Spartan Lord.

Sp. L. *Caſtor* and *Pollux* your two princely brothers
Are newly landed, and to morrow next
Purpoſe for *Lacedemon.*
Hel. On their approach
Ile lay my plot to eſcape away with *Paris.*
I haue it: you ſir for ſome ſpeciall reaſon
Their comming keepe conceal'd, but when to morrow
You ſhal perceiue me neere the water port,
Euen when thou ſeeſt me ready to take Barge,
You apprehend me.
Sp. L. Gracious Queene I do.
Hel. Take that farwel: now my fayre princely gueſt
All that belongs to you's to inuite Queene *Hellen*
Aboord your ſhip to morrow.
Par. *Spartaes* mirrour,
Will you vouchſafe to a poore wandring Prince
So much of grace, will your high maieſty
Daigne the acceptance of an homely banquet
Aboord his weather beaten Barke?
Hel. No Friend,
The King my husband is from *Sparta* gone,
And I, til his returne, muſt needes keepe home:
Vrge me not I intreate, it is in vaine
Get me aboord, Ile nere turne backe againe.
Par. Nor ſhall you Lady, *Sparta* nor all *Greece*
Shal fetch you thence, but *Troy* ſhal ſtand as high
On tearmes with *Greece*, as *Greece* hath ſtood with *Troy.* *Exeunt.*

Enter the Spartan Lord.

Sp. L. This is the Water-port, the Queenes royal

gueſt, hath bound me to attendance, till the Prince and ſhee bee ready to take Water: Methinkes in this there ſhould bee ſome tricke or other, ſhe was once ſtolne away by *Theſeus*, and this a gallant ſmooth fac'd Prince. The Kings from home, the Queenes but a Woman, the *Troians* ſhips new trim'd, the wind ſtands fayre, and the Saylors all ready aboord, ſweete meates and wine, good words and opportunity, and indeede not what? If both parties bee pleaſde, but pleaſde or not, the muſicke giues warning, are they not now vpon their entrance.

Enter in state Paris, Hellen, Diomed, Therſites, Æneas, Antenor, Deiphebus, &c., *with Attendants.*

Sp. L. Health to your Maieſties, your Princely brothers
Caſtor and *Pollux*, being within two Leagues
of this great Citty, come to viſite you.
Hel. My brothers ſtolne vpon vs vnawares,
Let me intreate thee royall *Diomed*,
And you *Therſites*, do me ſo much grace,
As giue them friendly meeting.
Diom. Queene we ſhall. *Exeunt.*
Hel. Our intertainment ſhall be giuen aboord,
Where I preſume, they ſhall be welcome gueſts
To princely *Paris*.
Pa. As to your ſelfe, faire Queene.
Hel. Set forwards then.
Pa. We'le hoyſe vp ſayle, neere to returne againe. *Exeunt the* Troians *with a great ſhout.*

Enter Caſtor, Pollux, Diomed, Therſites.

Caſt. Our brother *Menelaus* gone for *Creete*?
Pol. Our loue to ſee him, makes vs looſe much time:
Yet all our labour is not vainly ſpent,
Since we ſhall ſee our ſiſter.

Enter the Spartan Lord *in hast.*

Sp. L. Princes, the Kings betray'd, all *Greece* dishonoured, the Queene borne hence, the *Troians* haue weigh'd anchor, and with a proſperous gale they beare from hence :
Shouting and hurling vp their caps for ioy,
They crye farwel to *Greece*, amayne for *Troy*.
Ther. Ha, ha, ha.
Dio. The Queene borne hence, with that ſmooth traytor *Paris*.
See princes with what pride they haue aduanc'd
The Armes of *Troy* vpon their wauing pendants.
Cast. Rage not, but lets reſolue what's to be done.
Dio. Let ſome ride poſt to *Creete* for *Menelaus*.
Sp. L. That be my charge.
Dio. Who'le after him to Sea ?
Pol. That wil my brother *Castor* and my ſelfe,
And periſh there, or bring my ſiſter backe.
Dio. Princes be't ſo, and fairely may you ſpeed :
Whilſt I to *Agamemnon*, great *Achilles*,
Vlyſſes, *Nestor*, *Aiax*, *Idomean*,
And all the Kings and Dukes of populous *Greece*,
Relate the wrongs done by this Rauiſher.
Part, and be expeditious. *Exeunt ſeueral wayes.*
Ther. Ha, ha, ha,
I ſmel this Sea-rat ere he come a ſhoare,
By this hee's gnawing *Menelaus* Cheeſe,
And made a huge hole in't : Ship-dyet pleaſeth
'Boue all his Pallace banquets, much good doo't them :
They are at it without grace, by this both bare :
Cuckold ? no ſubiect with that name bee ſorry,
Since Soueraignes may be ſuch in all their glory.

Explicit Actus primus.

Actus ſecundus Scœna prima.

Enter Troilus *and* Creſida.

Troi. Faire *Creſida*, by the honour of my birth,
As I am *Hectors* brother, *Priams* ſonne,
And *Troilus* beſt belou'd of *Hecuba*,
As I loue Armes and ſouldiers, I proteſt,
Thy beauty liues inſhrin'd heere in my breſt.
Cre. As I am *Calchus* daughter, *Creſida*,
High Prieſt to *Pallas*, ſhee that patrons *Troy*:
Now ſent vnto the *Delphian* Oracle,
To know what ſhal betide Prince *Paris* voyage,
I hold the loue of *Troilus* dearer farre
Then to be Queene of *Aſia*.
Troi. Daughter to *Calchus* and the pride of *Troy*,
Plight me your hand and heart.
Cre. Faire Heauen I doe.
Will *Troilus* in exchange grant me his too?
Troi. Yes, and faſt ſeal'd, you gods, you anger wreak
On him or her, that firſt this vnion breake.
Cre. So proteſts *Creſida*, wretched may they dye,
That 'twixt our ſoules theſe holy bands untye.

Enter Margaretan *one of* Priams *youngest ſonnes*.

Marg. My brother *Troilus*, we haue newes from *Greece*,
Prince *Paris* is return'd.
Troi. And with a priſe?
Marg. *Aſia* affoords none ſuch.
Troi. What is ſhee worth our Aunt *Heſione*?
Cre. Or what might be her name?
Marg. *Hellen* of *Sparta*.
Troi. *Hellens* name

Hath ſcarce been heard in *Troy.*
Marg. But now her fame
Will bee eterniz'd, for a face more faire
Sunne neuer ſhone on, nor the earth e're bare.
Why ſtay you here? by this *Paris* and ſhee
Are landed in the Port of *Tenedos,*
There *Priam, Hecuba, Hector,* all *Troy*
Meete the mid-way to attend the *Spartan* Queene.
Troi. In that faire Traine, my *Creſida* ſhal be ſure
Of rarer heauty then the *Spartan* Queene.

A flouriſh. Enter at one doore, Priam, Hecuba, Hector, Troilus, *&c. At the other* Paris, Hellen, Æneas, Antenor, *&c.*

Pri. What Earth, what all mortality
Can in the height of our inuentions finde
To adde to *Hellens* welcome, *Troy* ſhall yeeld her.
Should *Pallas,* Patroneſſe of *Troy* deſcend,
Priam and *Priams* wife, and *Priams* ſonnes
Could not afford Her god-head more applauſe,
Then amply wee beſtow on *Helena?*
Hecu. We count you in the number of our daughters,
Nor can wee doe Queene *Hellen* greater honour.
Hect. I was not forward to haue *Paris* ſent,
But being return'd th'art welcome: I deſired not
To haue bright *Hellen* brought, but being landed,
Hector proclaimes himſelfe her Champion
'Gainſt all the world, and ſhall guard thee ſafe
Deſpight all oppoſition.
Par. *Hectors* word
Is Oracle, hee'le ſeale it with his ſword.
And now my turne comes to bid *Hellen* welcome.
You are no ſtranger here, this is your *Troy,*
Priam your father, and this Queene your mother:
Theſe be your valiant brothers, all your friends.

Why ſhould a teare fall from theſe heauenly eyes
Being thus round ingirt with your allyes.
Hel. I am I know not where, nor amongſt whom,
I know no creature that I ſee ſaue you:
I haue left my King, my brothers, ſubiects, friends
For ſtrangers, who ſhould they forſake me now,
I haue no husband, father, brother neare.
Par. Haue you not all theſe, is not *Paris* heere?
Harke how the people hauing *Hellen* ſeene
Applaud th' arriual of the *Spartan* Queene:
And millions that your comming haue attended,
Amazed ſweare ſome Goddeſſe is deſcended.
Troi. No way you can your eyes or body turne,
But where you walke the Prieſts ſhall Incenſe burne.
Æne. The ſacrificed beaſts the ground ſhall beate,
And bright religious fire the Altars heate.
Hect. Nor feare the bruite of warre or threatning ſteele,
Vnited *Greece* wee value not.
Troi. Alone, by *Hector* is this Towne well man'd,
Hee like an Army againſt *Greece* ſhall ſtand.
Par. And who would feare for ſuch a royall wife
To ſet the vniuerſall World at ſtrife:
Bright *Hellens* name ſhall liue, and nere haue end,
When all the world about you ſhall contend.
Hel. Be as be may, ſince we are gone thus farre,
Proceede we will in ſpight of threatned warre,
Hazard, and dread? both theſe we nothing hold,
So long as *Paris* we may thus infold.
Par. My father, mother, brothers, ſiſters all,
Iſlium and *Troy* in pompe maieſticall,
Shall ſolemnize our nuptials. Let that day
In which we eſpouſe the beauteous *Hellena*,
Be held a holy-day, a day of ioy
For euer, in the Kalenders of *Troy*.
Pri. It ſhall be ſo, we haue already ſent
Our high prieſt *Calchas* to the Oracle
At *Delphos* to returne vs the ſucceſſe,

And a true notice of our future warres,
Whilſt we expect his comming, be't our care,
The *Spartans* ſecond nuptials to prepare. *Exit.*

Enter after an alarum, King Agamemnon, Menelaus, Achilles, Aiax, Patroclus, Therſites, Calchas, &c.

Aga. Thou glory of the Greekes, the great commander
Of the ſtout Mirmedons: welcome from *Delphos*,
What ſpeakes the Oracle? the ſacke of *Troy*?
Or the Greekes ruine? ſay ſhal wee be victors,
Or *Priam* tryumph in our ouerthrow.

Achi. The god of *Delphos* ſends you ioyful newes,
Troy ſhal be ſackt, and we be Conquerors:
Vpon your helmes weare triple ſpangled plumes:
Let all the lowdeſt inſtruments of warre,
With ſterne alarums rowſe the monſter death,
And march we boldly to the wals of *Troy*,
Troy ſhall be ſackt and we be conquerors.

Aiax. Thankes for thy newes *Achilles*, by that honor
My father wonne vpon the wals of *Troy*,
My warlike father *Aiax Telamon*;
I would not for the world, *Priam* ſhould ſend
Inceſtious *Hellen* backe on tearmes of peace.
May ſmooth *Vliſſes* and bold *Diomed*,
Whom you haue ſent on your late Embaſſie,
Be welcom'd as *Antenor* was to *Greece*,
Scorn'd and reuil'd, ſince th' Oracle hath ſayd,
Troy ſhal be ſackt, and we be Conquerors.

Achi. King *Agamemnon* heere's a *Troian* prieſt
Was ſent by *Priam* to the Oracle:
The reuerent man I welcome, and intreate
The General with theſe Princes, do the like.

Agam. Welcome to *Agamemnon* reuerent *Calchas*.

Men. To *Menelaus* welcome.

Aiax. To *Aiax* welcome: father canſt thou fight

As wel as pray, if we ſhould want for men?
Cal. By prayers I vſe to fight, and by my counſel
Giue ayde to Armes.
Aiax. Such as are paſt armes, father *Calchas* ſtill,
Say counſels good, but giue me ſtrength at will,
When you with all your Counſel, in the field
Meete *Hector* with his ſtrength, tel me who'le yeeld?
Aga. The ſtrong built walls of ſtately *Tenedos*
We haue leuel'd with the earth. It now remaines
We march along vnto the wals of *Troy*,
And thunder vengeance in King *Priams* eares,
Had we once anſwere of our Embaſſie.
Aiax. I euer held ſuch Embaſſies as baſe,
The reſtitution of our rauiſht Queene
On termes of parley bars our ſterne reuenge,
And ends our VVar ere fully it beginne.
King *Agamemnon* no, *Aiax* ſayth no,
VVhoſe ſword as thirſty as the parched earth,
Shall neuer ride in peace vpon his thigh,
Whilſt in the towne of *Troy* there breathes a ſoule
That gaue conſent vnto the *Spartans* rape:
March, march, and let the thunder of our drummes
Strike terrour to the Citty *Pergamus*.
Achil. The ſonne of *Telamon* ſpeakes honourably,
Wee haue brought a thouſand ſhips to *Tenedos*,
And euery ſhip full fraught with men at Armes:
And all theſe armed men with fiery ſpirits
Sworne to reuenge King *Menelaus* wrongs,
And burne skie-kiſſing *Iſlium* to the ground.
Therefore ſtrike vp warres Inſtruments on hye,
And march vnto the Towne couragiouſly.

In their march they are met by Vlyſſes *and King* Diomed, *at which they make a ſtand.*

Aga. Princes, what anſwere touching *Hellena*?
Dio. What anſwere but diſhonourable tearme?

Contempt and ſcorne pearcht on their leaders browes,
By *Ioue* I thought they would haue ſlaine vs both.
If euer *Hellen* bee redeem'd from thence
But by the ſacke of *Troy*, ſay *Diomed*
Is no true ſouldier.
Vlyſſ. Euen in the King
There did appeare ſuch high maieſticke ſcorne
Of threatned ruine, that I thinke himſelfe
Will put on Armes and meete vs in the field:
Wee linger time great *Agamemnon*, march,
That we may buckle with the pride of *Troy*.
Aga. *Priam* ſo inſolent, his ſonnes ſo braue
To intertaine ſo great Embaſſadours
With ſuch vngentle vſage.
Achil. They haue a Knight cal'd *Hector*, on whoſe valour
They build their proud defiance, if I meete him,
Now by the azurd Armes of that bright goddeſſe
From whom I am deſcended, with my ſword
I'le loppe that limbe off, and inforce their pride
Fall at *Achilles* feete, *Hector* and I
Muſt not both ſhine at once in warres bright Skie.
Aiax. When they both meete, the greater dimme the leſſe,
Great Generall, march, *Aiax* indures not words
So well as blowes, in a field glazd with ſwords.

Enter to them in Armes, Priam, Hector, Troilus, Paris, Æneas, Antenor, Deiphobus, *&c.*

Pri. *Calchas* a Traitour?
Par. And amongſt the *Greekes?*
Hect. Baſe runagate wretch, when we their Tents ſurpriſe,
As *Hector* liues the traiterous Prophet dies.
Æne. Let not remembrance of ſo baſe a wretch
Make vs forget our ſafety, th' *Argiue* Kings
Are landed, and this day rac't *Tenedos*:
And bid vs battaile on *Scamander* Plaines.

Tro. Whom we wil giue a braue and proud affront,
Shall we not brother *Hector ?*
Hect. *Troilus* yes,
And beate a fire out of their Burgonets
Shall like an earthy Commet blaze towards Heauen
There grow a fixt ſtarre in the Firmament
To emblaze our laſting glory : Harke their Drums,
Let our Drummes giue them parleance.

A parlie. Both Armies haue an enter-view.

Aga. Is there amongſt your troopes a fellon Prince
Cal'd by the name of *Paris ?*
Par. Is there amongſt your troopes a Knight ſo bold
Dares meete that *Paris* ſingle in the field,
And call him fellon ?
Hect. Or inſulting *Greeke*,
Is there one *Telamon*, dares ſet his foote
To *Paris* (here hee ſtands) and hand to hand
Maintaine the wrongs done to *Heſione*,
As *Paris* ſhall the rape of *Helena.*
Aiax. Know here is one cal'd *Aiax Telamon*,
Behold him well, ſonne to that *Telamon* :
Thou faine would'ſt ſee, and hee dares ſet his foot
To *Paris* or thy ſelfe.
Hect. Thou durſt not.
Aiax. Dare not ?
Hect. Or if thou durſt, by this my warlike hand
I'le make thine head fall where thy foot ſhould ſtand :
And yet I loue thee cuze, know thou haſt parlie'd
With *Troian Hector.*
Aiax. Wer't thou ten *Hectors*, yet with all thy might
Thou canſt not make my head fall to my feete,
By *Ioue* thou canſt not cuze.
Achil. I much haue heard

Of ſuch a Knight cal'd by the name of *Hector*,
If thou bee'ſt hee whoſe ſword hath conquerd Kingdomes,
Pannonia, *Illyria*, and *Samothrace*,
And to thy fathers Empire added them:
Achilles as a friend wils thee to ſheath
Thy warlike ſword, retire from *Troyes* defence,
And ſpare thy precious life, I would not haue
A Knight ſo fam'd meete an vntimely graue.
Hect. I meet thee in that honourable loue,
And for thine owne ſake wiſh thee ſafe aboord.
For if thou ſtayeſt thou ſonne of *Peleus*,
I'd haue thee know thy fame is not thine owne,
But all ingroſt for mee; not all thy guard
Of warlike *Mirmidons* can wall it ſafe
From mighty *Hector*.
Dio. Shame you not great Lords
To talke ſo long ouer your menacing ſwords?
All Greeks. Alarme then for *Greece* and *Helena*.
All Troians. As much for vs, for *Troy* and *Hecuba*.

A great alarme and excurſions, after which, enter Hector *and* Paris.

Hect. Oh brother *Paris*, thou haſt this day lodg'd
Thy loue in *Hectors* ſoule, it did me good
To ſee two *Greekiſh* Knights fall in their blood
Vnder thy manly arme.
Par. My blowes were touches
Vnto theſe ponderous ſtroakes great *Hector* gaue.
Oh that this generall quarrell might be ended
In equall oppoſition, you and I
Againſt the two moſt valiant.
Hect. I will try
The vertue of a challenge, in the face
Of all the *Greekes* I will oppoſe my ſelfe
To ſingle combate, hee that takes my gage
Shall feele the force of mighty *Hectors* rage.

A turne. Both the Armies make ready to ioyne battaile, but Hector *ſteps betwixt them holding vp his Lance.*

Hect. Heare mee you warlike *Greekes*, you ſee theſe fields
Are all dyde purple with the reeking gore
Of men on both ſides ſlaine, you ſee my ſword
Glaz'd in the ſanguine moyſture of your friends.
I call the ſonne of *Saturne* for a witneſſe
To *Hectors* words, I haue not met one *Grecian*
Was able to withſtand mee, my ſtrong ſpirit
Would faine be equal'd : Is there in your Troupes
A Knight, whoſe breſt includes ſo much of valour
To meete with *Hector* in a ſingle warre ?
By *Ioue* I thinke there is not : If there be ?
To Him I make this proffer ; if the gods
Shall grant to him the honour of the day,
And I be ſlaine ; his bee mine honoured Armes,
To hang for an eternall Monument
Of his great valour, but my mangled body
Send backe to *Troy*, to a red funerall pile.
But if hee fall ? the armour which hee weares
I'le lodge as Trophies on *Apolloes* ſhrine,
And yeeld his body to haue funerall rights.
And a faire Monument ſo neere the Sea,
That Merchants flying in their ſayle-wing'd ſhips
Neere to the ſhoare in after times may ſay,
There lies the man *Hector* of *Troy* did ſlay,
And there's my Gantler to make good my challenge.

Men. Will none take vp his gage ? ſhall this proud challenge
Bee intertain'd by none ? I know you all
Shame to deny, yet feare to vndertake it :
The cauſe is mine, and mine ſhall be the honour
To combat *Hector*.

Aga. Menelaus pawſe,
Is not *Achilles* here, ſterne *Aiax* here,
And Kingly *Diomed* ? how will they ſcorne,
That ſtand vpon the honour of their ſtrength,

Should you preuent them of this glorious combat.
Par. By *Ioue* I thinke they dare as well take vp
A poyſonous Serpent as great *Hectors* gage.
Aga. Yes *Troian*, ſee'ſt thou not *Æacides*
Dart emmulous lookes on Kingly *Diomed*,
Leaſt hee ſhould ſtoope to take his Gantlet vp.
And ſee how *Diomed* eyes warlike *Aiax*,
Aiax, *Vlyſſes* : euery one inflam'd
To anſwere *Hector*.
Achil. Is there any here
Dares ſtoope whilſt great *Achilles* is in place?
Aiax. I dare.
Dio. And ſo dare I.
Achil. You are all too weake
To incounter with the mighty *Hectors* arme,
This combat ſoly doth belong to mee.
Aiax. Then wherefore do'ſt not thou take vp the Gantlet?
Achil. To ſee if thou or any bolder *Greeke*
Dare be ſo inſolent to touch the ſame,
And barre me of the honour of the combat.
Aiax. By all the gods I dare.
Achil. And all the diuells
I'le loppe his hands off that dares touch the gage.
Vlyſſ. Pray leaue this emulous fury : *Agamemnon*,
To end this difference, and prouide a Champion
To anſwere *Hectors* honourable challenge
Of nine the moſt reputed valiant :
Let ſeuerall Lots be caſt into an Helme,
Amongſt them all one priſe, he to whom Fortune
Shall giue the honour : let him ſtraight be arm'd
To incounter mighty *Hector* on this plaine.
Aga. It ſhal be ſo you valiant ſonnes of *Priam* :
Conduct your warlike Champion to his Tent,
To breath a while, and put his armour on :
No ſooner ſhal the priſe be drawne by any,
And our bold Champion arm'd, but a braue Herald
Shall giue you warning by the trumpets ſound,

Till when we will retire vnto our Tents.
As you vnto the Towne.
Par. Faint hearted *Greekes*,
Draw lots to anſwere ſuch a noble challenge,
Had great *Achilles* caſt his Gauntlet downe
Amongſt King *Priams* ſonnes, the weakeſt of fifty
Would in the heate of flames, or mouth of Hel,
Anſwere the challenge of ſo braue a King.
Hect. *Greekes* to your Tents, I to put armour on;
Make haſt, I long to know my Champion. *Exeunt all.*

Flouriſh. *Enter aboue vpon the wals*, Priam, Hecuba, Hellena, Polixena, Aſtianax, Margareton, *with attendants.*

Pri. Here from the wals of *Troy*, my reuerent Queene,
And beautious *Hellen*, we will ſtay to ſee
The warlicke combate 'twixt our valiant ſonne,
And the *Greekes* champion. Young *Aſtianax*,
Pray that thy father may haue Victory.
Aſta. Why ſhould you doubt his fortune? whoſe ſtrong arme
Vnhorſt a thouſand Knights all in one day;
And thinke you any one amongſt the *Greekes*
Is able to incounter with his ſtrength?
Pri. But howſoeuer child, vnto the pleaſure
Of the high gods, we muſt referre the combate.

Enter Paris *below.*

Par. My royall father, *Hector* in his armes
Sends for your bleſſing, with the Queene my mother,
And craues your prayers to the all powerful gods,
To grant him victory.
Pri. Bleſt may he be with honor, all my oriſons
Shall inuocate the gods for his ſucceſſe.
Par. I almoſt had forgot, faire *Hellena*;

Dart me one kiſſe from theſe high battlements
To cheere him with: thanks queen, theſe lips are charms
Which who ſo fights for, is ſecure from harmes.

Heralds *on both ſides*: *the two Champions* Hector *and* Aiax *appeare betwixt the two* Armies.

Agam. None preſſe too neere the Champions.
Troi. Heralds on both ſides, keep the ſouldiers back.
Hect. Now *Greekes* let me behold my Champion.
Aiax. Tis I, thy couſen *Aiax Telamon.*
Hec. And Cuz, by *Ioue* thou haſt a braue aſpect,
It cheeres my blood to looke on ſuch a foe:
I would there ran none of our Troian blood
In all thy veines, or that it were diuided
From that which thou receiueſt from *Telamon:*
Were I aſſured our blood poſſeſt one ſide,
And that the other; by Olimpicke *Ioue,*
I'd thrill my Iauelin at the *Grecian* moyſture,
And ſpare the *Troian* blood: *Aiax* I loue it
Too deare to ſhed it, I could rather wiſh
Achilles the halfe god of your huge army,
Had beene my oppoſite.
Aia. Hee keepes his Tent
In mournful paſſion that he miſt the combate:
But *Hector*, I ſhal giue thee cauſe to ſay,
There's in the *Greekiſh* hoaſt a Knight a Prince,
As Lyon hearted, and as Gyant ſtrong
As *Thetis* ſonne: behold my warlicke Target
Of pondrous braſſe, quilted with ſeauen Oxe hides,
Impenetrable, and ſo ful of weight,
That ſcarce a *Grecian* (ſaue my ſelfe) can lift it:
Yet can I vſe it like a Summers fan,
Made of the ſtately traine of *Iuno's* bird:
My ſword will bite the hardeſt Adamant.
I'le with my Iauelin cleaue a rocke of Marble:
Therefore though great *Achilles* be not here,

Thinke not braue couſen *Hector* but to finde,
Achilles equal both in ſtrength and minde.

Alarum, in this combate both hauing loſt their ſwords and Shields. *Hector* takes vp a great peece of a Rocke, and caſts at *Aiax*; who teares a young Tree vp by the rootes, and aſſailes *Hector*, at which they are parted by both armes.

Aga. Hold, you haue both ſhed blood too deare to looſe,
In ſingle oppoſition.
Par. Is your Champion,
My couſen *Aiax* willing to leaue combate;
Will hee firſt giue the word.
Aia. Sir *Paris* no,
'Twas *Hectors* challenge, and 'tis *Hectors* office,
If we ſurceaſe on equal termes of valour,
To giue the word.
Hec. Then here's thy couſins hand,
By *Ioue* thou haſt a luſty pondrous arme:
Thus till we meete againe, lets part both friends;
For proofe whereof *Aiax* we'le interchange
Somewhat betwixt vs, for alliance ſake:
Here take this ſword and target, truſt the blad,
It neuer deceiu'd his maiſter.
Aia. Take of me
This purple ſtudded belt, I won it couſen
From the moſt valiant prince of *Samothrace*:
And weare it for my ſake.

Enter an Herald.

He. *Priam* vnto the *Greekiſh* General
This profer makes. Becauſe theſe blood-ſtayn'd fields
Are ouer-ſpread with ſlaughter, to take truce
Till all the dead on both ſides be interr'd:
Which if you grant, he here inuites the Generall,
His nephew *Aiax*, and the great *Achilles*,

With twenty of your chiefe ſelected Princes,
To banquet with him in his royal Pallace :
Thoſe reuels ended, then to armes againe.

Aga. A truce for burying of the ſlaughtred bodies
We yeeld vnto : but for our ſafe returne
From *Troy* and you, what pledges haue you found ?

Hec. You ſhal not need more then the faith of *Hector*
For *Priams* pledge, King *Agamemnon* take
My faith and honour, which if *Priam* breake,
Ile breake the heart of *Troy*.

Aga. We'le take your honor'd word, this night we'le part,
To morrow morning when fit hower ſhal call,
We'le meete King *Priam* neere his Citties wall.

Exeunt.

Explicit Actus ſecundus.

Actus Tertius Scœna prima.

Enter Therſites.

Ther. Braue time, rare change, from fighting now to feaſting :
So many heauy blades to flye in peeces
For ſuch a peece of light fleſh ? what's the reaſon ?
A Laſſe of my complexion, and this feature
Might haue bin rapt, and ſtolne agayne by *Paris*,
And none of all this ſtirre for't : but I perceiue
Now all the World's turn'd wenchers, and in time

All wenches will turne witches : but theſe Trumpets
Proclaime their enter-view.

A flouriſh. Enter all the Greekes *on one ſide, all the* Troians *on the other* : *Euery* Troian *Prince intertaines a* Greeke, *and ſo march two and two, diſcourſing, as being conducted by them into the Citty.*

Ther. See here's the picture of a pollitick ſtate,
They all imbrace and hugge, yet deadly hate :
They ſay there are braue Laſſes in this *Troy*.
What if *Therſites* ſprucely ſmug'd himſelfe,
And ſtriu'd to hide his hutch-backe : No not I.
Tis held a rule, whom Nature markes in ſhow
And moſt deformes, they are beſt arm'd below.
I'le not conceale my vertues : yet ſhould I venter
To damme my ſelfe for painting, fanne my face
With a dyde Oſtritch plume, plaſter my wrinkles
With ſome old Ladies Trowell, I might paſſe
Perhaps for ſome maide-marrian : and ſome wench
Wanting good eye-ſight, might perhaps miſtake me
For a ſpruce Courtier : Courtier ? tuſh, I from
My firſt diſcretion haue abhor'd that name,
Still ſuiting my conditions with my ſhape,
And doe, and will, and can, when all elſe fayle :
Though neither ſooth nor ſpeak wel : brauely rayle,
And that's *Therſites* humour.

Lowd Muſicke. A long table, and a banquet in ſtate, they are ſeated, a Troian *and* Greeke, Hecuba, Polixeua, Creſida, *and other Ladies waite,* Calchas *is preſent whiſpering to his Daughter* Creſida.

Pria. After ſo much hoſtility in ſteele,
All welcome to this peacefull intertaine.
Aga. Priam wee know thee to be honourable,
Although our foe Treaſon is to be fear'd
In Peſants not in Princes. *They ſit.*

Hec. Ey ſo, now ſit, a *Troian* and a *Greeke.*
Couſin *Aiax* neere mee, you are next in bloud,
And neere mee you ſhall ſit: the ſtrayne of honour
That makes you ſo renown'd, ſprong from *Heſione.*
Tis part of *Hectors* bloud, your groſſer ſpirits
Leſſe noble are your father *Telamons.*
Welcome to *Troy*, and *Hector*, welcome all:
Aiax. In *Troy* thy kinſman, but in field thy foe:
Thy welcome Couſin here I pay with thanks,
The truice expir'd, with buffets, blowes and knocks.
Hect. For that wee loue thee Cuze.
Achil. Me thinks this *Troian Hector*
Out-ſhines *Achilles* and his poliſht honours
Ecclipſeth our bright glory, till hee ſet
Wee cannot riſe.
Par. King *Menelaus*, we were once your gueſt,
You now are ours, as welcome vnto *Troy*,
As we to *Sparta.*
Men. But that theſe our tongues
Should be as well truce bound as our ſharpe weapons,
We could be bitter *Paris*: but haue done.
Vlyff. *Menelaus* is diſcreet, ſuch haynous wrongs
Should be diſcours'd by Armes and not by tongues.
Dio. Why doth *Achilles* eye wander that way?
Achil. Is that a *Troian* Lady?
Troi. Shee is.
Achil. From whence?
Pri. Of vs.
Achil. Her name?
Pri. *Polyxena.*
Achil. *Polixena?* ſhe hath melted vs within,
And hath diſſolu'd a ſpirit of Adamant.
Shee hath done more then *Hector* and all *Troy*,
Shee hath ſubdu'de *Achilles.*
Cal. In one word this *Troy* ſhall be ſackt and ſpoil'd,
For ſo the gods haue told mee, *Greece* ſhall conquer,
And they be ruin'd, leaue then imminent perill,
And flye to ſafety.

Cref. From *Troilus* ?
Cal. From deſtruction, take *Diomed* and liue,
Or *Troilus* and thy death.
Cref. Then *Troilus* and my ruine.
Cal. Is *Creſid* mad?
Wilt thou forſake thy father, who for thee
And for thy ſafety hath forſooke his Countrey?
Cref. Muſt then this City periſh?
Cal. *Troy* muſt fall.
Cref. Alas for *Troy* and *Troilus.*
Cal. Loue King *Diomed*
A Prince and valiant, which made Emphaſis
To his Imperiall ſtile, liue *Diomeds* Queene,
Be briefe, ſay quickly wilt thou? is it done?
Cref. *Diomed* and you i'le follow, *Troilus* ſhun.
Troi. Bee't *Aiax*, or *Achilles*, that *Greeke* lyes
Who ſpeakes it, i'le maintaine it on his perſon.
Aiax. Ha *Aiax!*
Achil. *Achilles*!
Dio. We ſpeake it, and dares *Troilus* ſay we lie?
Troi. And weare it *Diomed.*
Dio. Dar'ſt thou make't good?
Troi. On *Diomed*, or the boldeſt *Greeke*
That euer manac'd *Troy* excepting none.
All Greekes. None?
All Troians. None.
Hec. Excepting none.
Aga. Kings of *Greece.*
Pri. Princes of *Troy.*
Achil. *Achilles* bafled?
Aiax. And great *Aiax* brau'd?
Hect. If great *Achilles*, *Aiax*, or the Diuel
Braue *Troilus*, hee ſhall braue and buffet thee.
Pri. Sonnes.
Aga. Fellow Kings.
Pri. As wee are *Priam* and your father.
Aga. As wee are *Agamemnon* Generall
Turne not this banquet to a Centaurs feaſt,
If their be ſtrife debate it in faire termes,

Show your ſelues gouern'd Princes.
Achil. Wee are appeas'd.
Aiax. Wee ſatisfied, if *Hector* be ſo.
Aga. How grew this ſtrife ?
Hect. I know not, onely this I know.
Troilus will maintaine nothing againſt his honour,
And ſo farre, be it through the heart of *Greece*,
Hector will backe him.
Par. So will *Paris* too.
Pri. Mildly diſcourſe your wrongs, faire Princes doe.
Troi. King *Diomed* maintaines his valour thus,
He ſaith it was his Launce diſmounted *Troilus*,
And not the ſtumbling on the breathleſſe courſe
Of one new ſlaine that feld mee.
Par. 'Tis falſe.
Men. 'Tis true.
Par. It was my fortune to make good that field,
And hee fell iuſt before mee, *Diomed* then
Was not within ſixe ſpeares length of the place.
Men. How *Troian* rauiſher ?
Par. Call mee not Cuckold maker. *They all riſe.*
I care not what you terme me.
Men. I cannot brooke this wrong.
Par. Say'ſt thou mee ſo madde *Greeke* ?
Pri. *Paris.*
Aga. Gouerne you Kingdomes Lords, and cannot ſway
Your owne affection ?
Pri. *Paris*, forbeare.
Mildly diſcourſe, and gently wee ſhall heare.
Par. I ſay King *Diomed* vnhorſt not *Troilus.*
Dio. How came I by his horſe then ?
Par. As the vnbackt courſer hauing loſt his rider,
Gallopt about the field you met with him,
And catch'd him by the raine.
Troi. Here was a goodly act
To boaſt on, and ſend word to *Creſida.*

Dio. Was no Prince neare when I encountred *Troilus*?

Men. I was, and ſaw the ſpeare of *Diomed*
Tumble downe *Troylus* but peruſe his armour,
The dint's ſtill in the vainbrace.

Aga. Bee't ſo, or not ſo, at this time forbeare
To vrge extreames. Kings let this health go round,
Pledge me King *Priam* in a cupful crown'd.

Hec. Now after banquet, reuels: Muſicke ſtrike
A pirhicke ſtraine, we are not all for warre,
Souldiers their ſtormy ſpirits can appeaſe,
And ſometimes play the Courtiers when they pleaſe.

A lofty dance of ſixteene Princes, *halfe* Troians *halfe* Grecians.

Pri. I haue obſeru'd *Achilles*, and his eye
Dwels on the face of fair *Polixena.*

Aia. Why is not *Hellen* here at this high feaſt?
I haue ſweat many a drop of blood for her,
Yet neuer ſaw her face.

Achi. I could loue *Hector*, what's our cauſe of quarrel?
For *Hellens* rape? that rape hath coſt already
Thouſands of ſoules, why might not this contention
'Twixt *Paris* and the *Spartan* King be ended,
And we leaue *Troy* with honour.

Aia. *Achilles* how?

Achi. Fetch *Hellen* hether, ſet her in the midſt
Of this braue ring of Princes, *Paris* here,
And *Menelaus* heere: ſhe betwixt both:
They court her ore againe, whom ſhe elects
Before theſe Kings, let him inioy her ſtill,
For who would keepe a woman gainſt her wil?

Men. The names of wife and husband, th' interchange
Of our two bloods in young *Hermione*,
To whom we are ioynt parents, *Hellens* honor

All pleade on my part, I am pleaſde to ſtand
To great *Achilles* motion.
Par. So are we.
All that I haue for comfort is but this,
That in the day I ſhow the properer man,
Ith' night I pleaſe her better then hee can.
Hec. Are all the Greecian Kings agreed to this?
All. We are, we are.
Hec. Place the two reuall then, each bide his fate,
And vſher in bright *Hellen* in all ſtate.

The Kings promiſcuouſly take their places, Paris *and* Menelaus *are ſeated oppoſite*, Hellen *is brought in betwixt them by* Hecuba *and the Ladies.*

Hel. Oh that I were (but *Hellen*) any thing;
Or might haue any obiect in my eye
Saue *Menelaus*: when on him I gaze,
My errour chides mee, I my ſhame emblaze.
Mene. Oh *Hellen*, in thy cheeke thy guilt appeares,
More I would ſpeake, but words are drown'd in teares.
Aia. A gallant Queene, for ſuch a royall friend
What mortall man would not with *Ioue* contend?
Mene. *Hellen* the time was I might call thee wife,
But that ſtile's changed; I thou thy ſelf art chang'd
From what thou waſt: and (moſt inconſtant Dame)
Haſt nothing left thee, ſaue thy face and name.
Pa. And I both theſe haue: haſt thou not confeſt
Faire *Hellen*, thy exchange was for the beſt.
Mene. What can our *Sparta* value?
Pa. *Troy.*
Mene. You erre.
Pa. Who breathes that *Sparta* would 'fore *Troy* prefer.
Mene. Thou haſt left thy father *Tendarus.*
Pa. To gayne
King *Priam*, Lord of all this princely trayne.

Mene. Thy mother *Læda* thou haſt left who mournes,
And with her piteous teares laments thy loſſe:
Cannot this mooue thee?
Hel. Oh I haue left my mother.
Pa. No *Hellen*, but exchang'd her for another:
Poore *Læda*, for rich *Hecuba*, a bare Queene
For the great *Aſian* Empreſſe.
Men. From *Castor* and from *Pollux* thou haſt rang'd
Thy naturall brothers.
Hel. True, true.
Par. No, but chang'd,
For *Hector*, *Troilus*, and the royall ſtore
Of eight and forty valiant brothers more.
Men. If nothing elſe can moue thee *Hellena*,
Thinke of our daughter young *Hermione.*
Hel. My deare *Hermione.*
Men. Canſt thou call her deare,
And leaue that iſſue which thy wombe did beare?
Shee's ours betwixt vs, canſt thou?
Par. Can ſhee? knowing,
A ſweeter babe within her ſweete wombe growing
Begot laſt night by *Paris.*
Men. Looke this way *Hellen*, ſee my armes ſpread wide,
I am thine husband, thou my *Spartan* bride.
Hel. That way?
Par. My *Hellen*, this way turne thy ſight,
Theſe are the armes in which thou layeſt laſt night.
Hel. Oh how this *Troian* tempts mee!
Men. This way wife,
Thou ſhalt ſaue many a *Greeke* and *Troians* life.
Hel. 'Tis true, I know it.
Par. This way turne thine head,
This is the path that leades vnto our bed.
Hel. And 'tis a ſweete ſmooth path.
Men. Heere.
Par. Heere.

Men. Take this way *Hellen*, this is plaine & euen.
Par. That is the way to hell, but this to Heauen:
Bright Comet ſhine this way.
Men. Cleare ſtarre ſhoot this,
Here honour dwels.
Par. Here many a thouſand kiſſe.
Hel. That way I ſhould, becauſe I know 'tis meeter.
Men. Welcome.
Hel. But I'le this way for *Paris* kiſſes ſweeter.
Par. And may I dye an Eunuch if ere morne
I quit thee not.
Men. I cannot brooke this ſcorne,
Grecians to Armes.
Hect. Then *Greece* from *Troy* deuide,
This difference armes, not language muſt decide.
All Greekes. Come to our Tents.
All Troians. And wee to man the towne.
Hect. Theſe Tents ſhall ſwimme in bloud.
Greekes. Blood *Troy* ſhall drowne.

Exeunt diuers wayes.

Achil. Yet ſhall no ſtroke fall from *Achilles* arme,
Faire *Polixena*, ſo powerfull is thy charme.

Alarme. Enter Troilus *and* Diomed.

Troi. King *Diomed*!
Dio. My riuall in the loue of *Creſida.*
Troi. Falſe *Creſida*, iniurious *Diomed.*
Now ſhall I prooue in hoſtile enter-change
Of warlike blowes that thou art all vnworthy
The loue of *Creſid.*
Dio. Why cam'ſt thou not on Horſe-backe,
That *Diomed* once againe diſmounting thee
Might greete his Lady with another courſe
Wonne from the hand of *Troilus.*
Troi. Diomed,
By the true loue I beare that trothleſſe Dame
I'le winne from thee, and ſend thy Horſe and Armour

Vnto the Tent of *Creſid* guard thy head,
This day by mee thou ſhalt be captiue led.

Alarme. They fight and are parted by the army,
Diomed *looſeth his Helmet.*

Troi. Another Horſe for *Diomed* to flye,
Hee had neuer greater neede then now to runne,
Though hee be fled yet *Troilus* this is thine,
My Steede hee got by ſleight, I this by force.
I'le ſend her this to whom hee ſent my horſe.

Enter Æneas *and* Achilles *reading a Letter.*

Achil. Is this the anſwere of the note I ſent
To royall *Priam* and Queene *Hecuba*,
Touching their daughter bright *Polixema?*
Æne. Behold Queene *Hecubaes* hand, King *Priams*
ſeale,
With the conſent of faire *Polixena*,
Condition'd thus, *Achilles* ſhall forbare
To dammage *Troy*.
Achi. Returne this anſwere backe,
Tell *Priam* that *Achilles* Arme's benumb'd,
And cannot lift a weapon againſt *Troy*.
Say to Queene *Hecuba* wee are her ſonne,
And not *Achilles*, nor one *Mirmidon*
Shall giue her leaſt affront, as for the Lady
Bid her preſume, we henceforth are her Knight,
And but for her *Achilles* ſcornes to fight.
Æne. Then thus ſaith *Priam*, but reſtraine thy
powers,
And as hee is a King, his daughter's yours.
Achi. Farewell. *Exit.*

Alarme. Enter Aiax.

Aiax. Achilles, where's *Achilles*, what vnarm'd
When all the Champaigne where our battailes ioyne,

Is made a ſtanding poole of *Greekiſh* blood,
Where horſes plung'd vp to the ſaddle skirts,
And men aboue the waſte wade for their liues,
And canſt thou keepe thy Tent?

Achi. My Lute *Patroclus.*

A great Alarme. Enter Agamemnon.

Aga. Let *Greekes*, let *Greekes*, let's bend vnnatu-
rall armes
Againſt our owne breſts, ere the conquering *Troians*
Haue all the honour of this glorious day.
Can our great Champion touch a womaniſh Lute,
And heare the grones of twenty thouſand ſoules
Gaſping their laſt breath?

Achi. I can.

Alarume. Enter Menelaus.

Reſcue, ſome reſcue, the red field is ſtrowd'
With *Hectors* honours and young *Troilus* ſpoyles.

Achi. Yet all this mooues not me.

Alarum. Enter Vlyſſes.

Vlyſſ. How long hath great *Achilles* bin ſurnam'd,
Coward in *Troy*, that *Hector*, *Troilus*, *Paris*,
Haue all that name ſo currant in their mouthes?
I euer held him valiant, yet will *Achilles* fight?

Achi. *Vlyſſes*, no,
Beneath this globe *Achilles* hath no foe.

Vlyſſ. Then here vnarm'd be ſlaine, think'ſt thou
they'l ſpare
Thee more then vs?

Aiax. Or if thou wilt not arme thee,
Let thy *Patroclus* lead thy *Mirmidons*,
And weare thy Armour.

Vlyſſ. Thy Armour is ſufficient
Without thy preſence being fear'd in *Troy.*

Achi. To ſaue our oath and keepe our Tents from
ſacke,
Patroclus don our Armes, lead forth our guard,
And wearing them by no Prince be out-dar'd.
Patro. *Achilles* honours me, what heart can feare,
And great *Achilles* ſword proofe Armour weare?

Exeunt all the Princes, enter Therſites.

Ther. Where's this great ſword and buckler man of
Greece?
Wee ſhall haue him one of ſneakes noiſe,
And come peaking into the Tents of the *Greeks*,
With will you haue any muſicke Gentlemen.
Achi. Baſe groome, I'l teare thy fleſh like falling
Snow.
Ther. If I had *Hectors* face thou durſt not doo't.
Achi. Durſt not?
Ther. Durſt not, hee's in the field, thou in thy
Tent,
Hector playing vpon the *Greekiſh* burgonets,
Achilles fingring his effeminate Lute.
And now becauſe thou durſt not meete him in the
field, thou haſt counterfeited an honour of loue.
Achilles? Thou the Champion of *Greece*, a meere bug-
beare, a ſcar-crow, a Hobby-horſe.
Achi. *Vliſſes* taught thee this, deformed ſlaue.
Ther. Coward thou durſt not do this to *Hector*.
Achi. On thee Ile practiſe, til I meete with him.
The. *Aiax* is valiant, and in the throng of the
Troians,
Achilles is turn'd Fidler in the Tents of the Grecians.

Alarum. *Enter* Diomed *wounded, bringing in*
Patroclus *dying*.

Dio. Looke here *Achilles*.
Achi. *Patroclus*?

Pat. This wound great *Hector* gaue :
Reuenge my death, before I meete my graue.

Enter Vliſſes *and* Aiax *wounded.*

Vlif. Yet will *Achilles* fight? ſee *Aiax* wounded,
Two hundred of thy warlike Mirmedons
Thou haſt loſt this day.
Aia. Let's beate him to the field.
Achi. Ha?
Aia. Had I loſt a *Patroclus*, a deere friend
As thou haſt done, I would haue dond theſe armes
In which he dyed, ſprung through the *Troian* hoaſt,
And mauger oppoſition, let the blow
Or by the ſame hand dy'd : come ioyne with me,
And we without this picture, ſtatue of *Greece*,
This ſhaddow of *Achilles*, will once more
Inuade the *Troian* hoaſt.
Achi. *Aiax*?
Aia. *Achilles*?
Achi. Wee owe thee for this ſcorne.
Aia. I ſcorne that debt :
Thou haſt not fought with *Hector*.
Achi. My honor and my oath both combate in mee :
But loue ſwayes moſt.

Alarum. *Enter* Menelaus *and* Agamemnon.

Men. Our ſhips are fir'd, fiue hundred gallant veſſels
Burnt in the Sea, halfe of our Fleete deſtroy'd,
Without ſome preſent reſcue.
Achi. Ha, ha, ha.
Aga. Doth no man aske where is this double fire,
That two wayes flyes towards heauen?
Vpon the right our royall Nauy burnes,
Vpon the left *Achilles* Tents on fire.

Achi. Our Tent?
Aga. By *Ioue* thy Tent, and all thy Mirmedons,
Haue not the power to quench it: yet great *Hector*
Hath ſhed more blood this day, then would haue ſeru'd
To quench, both Fleete and Tent.
Achi. My ſword and armour:
Polixena, thy loue we will lay by,
Till by this hand, that Troian *Hector* dye.
Aia. I knew he muſt be fired out. *Exit.*

Alarum. *Enter* Hector, Paris, Troilus, Æneas, *with burning staues and fire-bals.*

Al the Troians. Strike, ſtab, wound, kill, toſſe fire-brands, and make way,
Hector of *Troy*, and a victorious day.
Hec. Well fought braue brothers.

Enter Aiax.

Pa. What's hee?
Troi. Tis *Aiax*, downe with him.
Hec. No man preſume to dart a feather at him
Whilſt we haue odds: couſen if thou ſeekeſt combate?
See we ſtand ſingle, not one Troian here,
Shall lay a violent hand vpon thy life,
Saue wee our ſelfe.
Aia. Couſen th'art honorable,
I now muſt both intreate and coniure thee,
For my old Vncle *Priams* ſake, his ſiſter
Heſione my mother, and thine Aunt:
This day leaue thine aduantage, ſpare our Fleete,
And let vs quench our Tents, onely this day
Stay thy Victorious hand, tis *Aiax* pleades,
Who but, of *Ioue* hath neuer begg'd before,
And ſaue of *Ioue*, will not intreate againe.
Al Troians. Burne, ſtill more fire.

Hect. I'le quench it with his blood
That addes one ſparke vnto this kindled flame:
My couſin ſhall not for *Heſiones* ſake
Be ought denide of *Hector*, ſhe's our Aunt:
Thou, then this day haſt ſau'd the Grecian Fleete:
Let's ſound retreat, whoſe charge made al Greece quake,
We ſpare whole thouſands for one *Aiax* ſake.
A Retreate ſounded. *Exeunt the* Troians.
Aia. Worthieſt a liue thou haſt, Greece was this day
At her laſt caſt, had they purſude aduantage:
But I deuine, hereafter from this hower,
We neuer more ſhal ſhrinke beneath their power.
Exit.

Explicit Actus tertius.

Actus Quartus Scœna prima.

Enter Hector, Troilus, Paris, Æneas, Hectors *armour bearer, with others.*

Hec. My armour, and my truſty *Galatee*,
The proudeſt ſteed that euer rider backt,
Or with his hoofes beate thunder from the earth.
The Sunne begins to mount the Eaſterne hill,
And wee not yet in field: Lords yeſterday
Wee ſlipt a braue aduantage, elſe theſe ſhips
That floate now in the *Samothracian* road,
And with their wauing pendants menace *Troy*
Had with their flames reflecting from the Sea,
Gilt thoſe high towers, which now they proudly braue.

Troi. On then; *Achilles* is vnconquered yet,
Great *Agamemnon* and the *Spartan* King,
Aiax the bigge-bond Duke of *Salamine*,
With him that with his Lance made *Venus* bleed,
The bold, (but euer raſh) King *Diomed*,
To lead theſe captiue through the *Scamander* Plaines,
That were a taske worth *Hector*.

Par. Why not vs?
Yet moſt becomming him, come then *Æneas*,
Let each Picke one of theſe braue Champions out
And ſingle him a captiue.

Æne. 'Twere an enterpriſe
That would deſerue a laſting Chronicle:
Lead on renowned *Hector*.

Hect. Vnnimble ſlaue,
Diſpatch, make haſt, I would be firſt in field,
And now I muſt be cal'd on.

Enter Andromache *and* young Aſtianax.

Andro. Oh ſtay deare Lord, my royall husband ſtay,
Caſt by thy ſhield, fellow vncaſe his armes,
Knock off the riuets, lay that baldricke by,
But this one day reſt with *Andromache*.

Hec. What meaneſt thou woman?

Andro. To ſaue my honoured Lord
From a ſad fate, for if this ominous day,
This day diſaſtrous, thou appear'ſt in field
I neuer more ſhall ſee thee.

Hec. Fond *Andromache*.
Giue me ſome reaſon for't.

Andro. A fearefull dreame,
This night me thought I ſaw thee 'mongſt the *Greekes*
Round girt with ſquadrons of thine enemies,
All which their Iauelins thrild againſt thy breſt,
And ſtucke them in thy boſome.

Hec. So many Squadrons,
And all their darts quiuerd in *Hectors* breſt,

Some glanc't vpon mine armour, did they not?
Par. Did none of theſe darts rebound from *Hector*
And hit thee fiſter, for (my Laſſe) I know,
Thou haſt been oft hit by thine *Hector* ſo.
Andro. Oh doe not ieſt my husband to his death,
I wak't and ſlept, and ſlept and wak't againe:
But both my ſlumbers and my ſounde ſleepes
Met in this one maine truth, if thou this day
Affront their Army or oppoſe their fleete,
After this day we ne're more ſhall meete.
Hect. Truſt not deceptious viſions, dreames are fables,
Adulterate Sceanes of Anticke forgeries
Playd vpon idle braines, come Lords to horſe
To keepe me from the field, dreames haue no force.
Andro. Troilus, Æneas, Paris, young *Aſtianax,*
Hang on thy fathers armour, ſtay his ſpeed.
Asti. Father, ſweete father do not fight to day.
Hect. Helpe to take off theſe burrs, they trouble mee.
Andro. Hold, hold thy father, if thou canſt not kneele,
Yet with thy teares intreate him ſtay at home.
Aſti. I'l hang vpon you, you ſhall beate me father
Before I let you goe.
Hect. How boy? I'le whippe you if you ſtirre a foot,
Go get you to your mother.
Pa. Come to horſe.

Enter Priam, Hecuba, Hellen, *&c.*

Pri. Hector, I charge thee by thine honour ſtay,
Go not this day to battaile.
Hect. By all the gods
Andromache, thou doſt abate my loue
To winne mee from my glory.
Hec. From thy death.

Troilus, perſwade thy brother, daughter *Hellen*,
Speake to thy *Paris* to intreate him too.
Hel. *Paris* ſweete husband.
Pa. Leaue your cunning *Hellen*.
My brother ſhall to the field.
Hel. But by this kiſſe thou ſhalt not.
Pa. Now haue not I the heart to ſay her nay:
This kiſſe hath ouercome mee.
Andro. My deareſt loue,
Pitty your wife, your ſonne, your father, all
Theſe liue beneath the ſafeguard of that arme;
Pitty in vs whole *Troy* all ready doom'd
To ſinke beneath your ruine.
Pri. If thou fall,
Who then ſhall ſtand? *Troy* ſhall conſume with fire
(That yet remaines in thee) wee periſh all,
Or which is worſe, led captiue into *Greece*:
Therefore deare *Hector*, caſt thy armour off.
Andro. Husband.
Hecu. Sonne.
Hel. Brother.
Hect. By *Ioue* I am reſolu'd.
Andro. Oh all yee gods!
Hect. Not all the diuells
Could halfe torment me like theſe women tongues.
Pa. At my entreaty, and for *Hellens* loue,
Leaue vs to beare the fortunes of this day;
Heres *Troilus* and my ſelfe will make them ſweare;
Ere the fight end there are two *Hectors* here.
Æne. Beſides *Æneus*, and *Deiphobus*
Young *Margareton*, and a thouſand more
Sworne to ſet fire on all their Tents this day;
Then *Hector* for this once reſolue to ſtay.
Hect. To horſe then *Paris*, do not linger time.
Pa. To horſe, come brother *Troilus*.
Hect. Watch *Margareton*, if the youthfull Prince
Venter beyond his ſtrength, let him haue reſcue.
Troi. Hee ſhall be all our charge.
Pri. *Hector* let's mount vpon the walls of *Troy*,

And thence furueigh the battaile.
Hect. Well bee't ſo.
But if one *Troian* ſhall for ſuccour cry,
I'le leaue the walls and to his reſcue flye. *Exit.*

Enter Troilus *and* Diomed *after an alarum.*

Troi. King *Diomed.*
Dio. *Creſids* firſt loue.
Troi. Yes *Diomed* and her laſt,
I'le liue to loue her when thy life is paſt.

Enter Menelaus *both vpon* Troilus.

Men. Hold *Troian*, for no *Greeke* muſt be diſarm'd.

Enter Paris.

Pa. Vnmanly odds, King *Menelaus* turne
Thy face this way, 'tis Troian *Paris* calls.
Men. Of all that breath, I loue that *Paris* tongue
When it ſhall call to Armes : now one ſhal downe.

Alarum. Menelaus *falls.*

Par. Thou keep'ſt thy word, for thou art downe indeed.
Yet by the ſword of *Paris* ſhalt not dye.
I ſlew thy fame when I firſt ſtole thy Queene,
And therefore *Spartan* will now ſpare thy life :
Achilles, *Diomed*, *Aiax*, one of three
Were noble priſe, thou art no ſpoyle for mee.

Alarum. *Enter aboue* Priam, Hector, Aſtianax, Hecuba, Hellen, *&c.* *Below* Achilles *and* Margareton.

Achil. If thou bee'ſt noble by thy blood and valour,
Tell mee if *Hector* bee in field this day.

Marg. Thy coniuration hath a double ſpell,
Hector is not in field, but here I ſtand
Thy warlike oppoſite.
Achi. Thou art young and weake, retire and ſpare thy life.
Mar. I'm *Hectors* brother, none of *Hectors* blood
Did euer yet retreite.
Achi. If *Hectors* friend,
Here muſt thy life and glory both haue end.
Achilles kils him.
Hect. Oh father, ſee where *Margareton* lyes
Your ſonne, my brother by *Achilles* ſlaine.
Pri. Thy brother *Troylus* will reuenge his death :
But *Hector* ſhall not mooue.
Hec. *Troylus* nor all the *Troians* in the field
Can make their ſwords bite on *Achilles* ſhield :
'Tis none but *Hector* muſt reuenge his death.
P. But not this day.
Hect. Before the Sunne decline,
That terrour of the earth I'le make deuine.
Exit from the wals.

Alarum. *Enter* Hector *beating before him* Achilles Mermidons.

Hect. Thus flyes the duſt before the Northern winds,
And turnes to Attoms dancing in the ayre,
So from the force of our victorious arme,
Flye armed ſquadrons of the boldeſt *Greekes*,
And mated at the terrour of our name,
So cleare the field before me, no mans fauour'd :
The blood of three braue Princes in my rage,
I haue ſacrific'd to *Margaritons* ſoule.
Aiax Oilæus, *Aiax Telamon*,
Merionus, *Menelaus*, *Idomea*,
Arch-dukes and Kings haue ſhrunke beneath this arme,
Beſides a thouſand Knights haue falne this day

Beneath the fury of my pondrous blowes :
And not the leaſt of my victorious ſpoyles,
Quiuer'd my Iauelin through the brawny thigh
Of ſtrong *Achilles*, and I ſeeke him ſtill,
Once more to tug with him : my ſword and breath
Aſſiſt me ſtill, till one drop downe in death.

Enter Achilles *with his guard of* Mermidons.

Achi. Come caſt your ſelues into a ring of terrour,
About this warlike Prince, by whom I bleede.
Hec. What meanes the glory of the *Grecian* hoaſt
Thus to beſiege me with his Mermidons ?
And keepe aloofe himſelfe.
Achil. That ſhall my Launce
In bloody letters text vpon thy breaſt,
For young *Patroclus* death, for my diſhonours,
For thouſand ſpoyles, and for that infinite wracke
Our Army hath indur'd onely by thee,
Thy life muſt yeeld me ſatisfaction.
Hec. My life ? and welcome, by *Apolloes* fire
I neuer ventred blood with more content,
Then againſt thee *Achilles*, come prepare.
Achil. For eminent death, you of my warlike guard,
My Mermidons, for ſlaughters moſt renown'd,
Now ſworne to my deſignements, your ſteele polaxes,
Fixe all at once, and girt him round with wounds.
Hec. Diſhonourable *Greeke*, *Hector* nere dealt
On baſe aduantage, or euer lift his ſword
Ouer a quaking foe, but as a ſpoyle
Vnworthy vs, ſtill left him to his feare :
Nor on the man, whom ſingly I ſtruke downe,
Haue I redoubled blowes, my valour ſtill
Oppoſde againſt a ſtanding enemy.
Thee haue I twice vnhorſt, and when I might
Haue ſlaine thee groueling, left thee to the field,
Thine armour and thy ſhield impenetrable,
Wrought by the god of *Lemnos* in his forge

By arte diuine, with the whole world ingrauen,
I haue through pierc't, and ſtill it weares my skarres :
Forget not how laſt day, euen in thy tent
I feaſted my good ſword, and might haue flung
My bals of wild-fire round about your Fleete,
To haue ſent vp your Greekiſh pride in flames,
Which would haue fixt a ſtarre in that high Orbe,
To memorize to all ſucceeding times
Our glories and your ſhames, yet this I ſpar'd,
And ſhall I now be ſlayne by treachery ?

Achi. Tell him your anſwer on your weapons points,
Vpon him my braue ſouldiers.

Hec. Come you ſlaues,
Before I fall, Ile make ſome food for graues,
That gape to ſwallow cowards : ceaze you dogges
Vpon a Lyon with your armed phangs,
And bate me brauely, where I touch I kill,
And where I faſten teare body from ſoule,
And ſoule from hope of reſt : all *Greece* ſhall know,
Blood muſt run waſt in *Hectors* ouerthrow.

Alarum. Hector *fals ſlayne by the* Mermidons, *then* Achilles *wounds him with his Launce.*

Achi. Farwell the nobleſt ſpirit that ere breath'd
In any terrene manſion : Take vp his body
And beare it to my Tent : Ile ſtraight to horſe,
And at his fetlockes to my greater glory,
Ile dragge his mangled trunke that *Grecians* all,
May deafe the world with ſhouts, at *Hectors* fall.

Enter Priam, Æneas, Troilus, Paris.

Pri. Blacke fate, blacke day, be neuer Kallendred
Hereafter in the number of the yeare,
The Planets ceaſe to worke, the Spheares to mooue,
The Sunne in his meridian courſe to ſhine,
Perpetuall darkneſſe ouerwhelme the day,
In which is falne the pride of *Aſia.*

Troi. Rot may that hand,
And euery ioynt drop peece-meale from his arme,
That tooke ſuch baſe aduantage on a worthy,
Who all aduantage ſcorn'd.
Pa. Yet though his life they haue baſely tane away,
His body we haue reſcued mauger *Greece.*
And *Paris*, I the meaneſt of *Priams* ſonnes,
Haue made as many *Mermidons* weepe blood,
As had leaſt finger in the Worthies fall.
Pri. What but his death could thus haue arm'd my hand,
Or drawne decreeped *Priam* to the field:
That ſtarre is ſhot, his luſter quite ecclips'd:
And ſhall we now, ſurrender *Hellena*?
Pa. Not till *Achilles* lye as dead as *Hector*,
And *Aiax* by *Achilles*, not whilſt *Iſlium*
Hath one ſtone rear'd vpon anothers backe
To ouer-looke theſe wals, or thoſe high wals
To ouer-peere the plaine.
Troi. Contrary Elements,
The warring meteors: Hell and *Elizium*
Are not ſo much oppoſ'd, as *Troy* and *Greece*,
For *Hector*, *Hectors* death.
Par. A moſt ſad Funerall
Will his in *Troy* be, where ſhall ſcarſe an eye
Of twice two hundred thouſand be found drye:
Theſe obets once paſt o're, which we deſire,
Thoſe eyes that now ſhed water, ſhall ſpeake fire.
Æne. Now ſound retreate.
Pri. Wee backe to *Troy* returne,
Where euery ſoule in funeral black ſhall mourne. *Exit.*
Par. *Hector* is dead, and yet my brother *Troilus*
A ſecond terrour to the *Greekes* ſtill liues.
In him there's hope ſince all his Mermidons
Hauing felt his fury, flye euen at his name.
But muſt the proud *Achilles* ſtill inſult
And tryumph in the glory of baſe deedes?
No, *Hector* hee deſtroy'd by treachery,

And hee muſt dye by craft. But *Priams* temper
Will nere bee brought to any baſe reuenge:
A woman is moſt ſubiect vnto ſpleene,
And I will vſe the braine of *Hecuba*:
This bloody ſonne of *Thetis* doth ſtill doate
Vpon the beauty of *Polixena*;
And that's the baſe we now muſt build vpon.
My mother hath by ſecret letters wrought him
Once more to abandon both the field and armes:
The plot is caſt, which if it well ſucceede,
He that's of blood infatiate, muſt next bleed. *Exit.*

Achilles diſcouered in his Tent, about him his bleeding *Mermidons*, himſelfe wounded, and with him *Vliſſes.*

Vlif. Why will not great *Achilles* don his Armes,
And rowſe his bleeding *Mirmidons*? ſhall *Troilus*
March backe to *Troy* with armour, ſword, and lance,
All dyde in *Grecian* blood? ſhall aged *Priam*
Boaſt in faire *Iſlium* that the ſonne of *Thetis*,
Whoſe warlike ſpeare pierc't mighty *Hectors* breſt,
Lies like a coward ſlumbring in his Tent,
Becauſe hee feares young *Troilus.*
Achi. Pardon mee,
Vliſſes, here's a Briefe from *Hecuba*,
Wherein ſhee vowes, if I but kill one Troian,
I neuer ſhall inioy *Polixena.*
Vlif. But thinks *Achilles*, if the *Greekes* be ſlaine,
And forc't perforce to march away from *Troy*,
That hee ſhall then inioy *Polixena*?
No, 'tis King *riams* ſubtilty, whilſt thou
Sleep'ſt in thy Tent, *Troilus* through all our Troups
Makes Lanes of ſlaughtered bodies, and will toſſe
His Balls of wild-fire as great *Hector* did
O're all our nauall forces: But did this Prince
Lye breathleſſe bleeding at *Achilles* feet,
Diſpairing *Priam* would to make his peace
Make humbly tender of *Polixena*,

And be much proud to call *Achilles* ſonne?
Achi. Were *Troilus* ſlaine?
Vlif. Who elſe deales wounds ſo thicke and faſt as hee,
They call him *Hectors* ghoſt, he glides ſo quicke
Through our Battalions: If hee beate vs hence,
And wee bee then compel'd to ſue to them?
It will be anſwer'd, that great *Hectors* deathſ-man
Shall neuer wedd his ſiſter: *Hectors* ſonne
Will neuer kneele to him, by whoſe ſtrong hand
His father fell; but were young *Troilus* ſlaine,
And *Priams* ſonnes ſent wounded from the field,
Troy then would ſtoope, and ſend *Polixena*
Euen to *Achilles* Tent.
Achi. My ſword and armour,
Ariſe my bleeding miniſters of death,
I'le feaſt you with an Ocean of blood-royall:
Vlyſſes, ere this Sunne fall from the skies,
By this right hand the warlike *Troilus* dyes.

Alarum. *Enter* Troilus *and* Therſites.

Ther. Hold if thou bee'ſt a man.
Troi. Stand if thou bee'ſt a ſouldier, do not ſhrinke.
Ther. Art not thou *Troilus*, yong and luſty *Troilus*.
Troi. I am, what then?
Ther. And I *Therſites*, lame and impotent,
What honour canſt thou get by killing mee?
I cannot fight.
Troi. What mak'ſt thou in the field then?
Ther. I came to laugh at mad-men, thou art one;
The *Troians* are all mad, ſo are the *Greeks*,
To kill ſo many thouſands for one drabbe,
For *Hellen*: a light thing, doe thou turne wiſe
And kill no more; I ſince theſe warres began
Shed not one drop of blood.
Troi. But proud *Achilles*

Slew my bold brother, and you *Grecians* all
Shall periſh for the noble *Hectors* fall.
Ther. Hold, the Pox take thee hold, whilſt I haue breath,
I am bound to curſe thy fingers.

Enter Achilles *with his* Mirmidons, *after* Troilus *hath beaten* Therſites.

Achil. I might haue ſlaine young *Troilus* when his ſword
Late ſparkled fire out of the *Spartans* helme,
But that had ſtild my fame, but I will trace him
Through the whole Army, when I meete the *Troian*
Breathleſſe and faint : I'le thunder on his creſt
Some valour, but aduantage likes mee beſt.

Enter Troilus.

Troi. Let Cowards fight with Cowards, and both feare,
The baſe *Therſites* is no match for mee,
Oppoſe mee to the proudeſt hee in field,
Moſt eminent in Armes, and beſt approu'd,
To make the thirſty after blood to bleed,
And that's the proud *Achilles.*
Achi. Who names vs ?
Troi. Fate, thou haſt now before me ſet the man
Whom I moſt ſought, to thee whom I will offer
To appeaſe *Hectors* ghoſt a ſacrifice.
You widdowed Matrons who now mourne in teares,
And all you watry eyes ſurceaſe to weepe.
Fathers that in this warre haue loſt your ſonnes,
And ſonnes your fathers, by *Achilles* hand ;
No more lament vpon their funerall Armes,
But from this day reioyce : poſterity
From age to age this to ſucceſſion tell,
Hee falls by *Troilus*, by whom *Hector* fell.
Achi. *Hectors* ſad fate betyde him, ſouldiers on,

Both brothers ſhew like mercy, thy vaine ſound
That boaſted lyes now leuel'd with the ground.
Troilus *is ſlaine by him and the* Mirmidons.

Enter Therſites.

Ther. *Achilles*!
Achi. What's hee? *Therſites.*
Ther. Thou art a coward.
Achi. Haue I not ſau'd thy life, and ſlaine proud *Troilus*
By whom the *Greekes* lye pilde in breathleſſe heapes?
Ther. Yes when he was out of breath ſo thou ſleweſt *Hector*
Girt with thy *Mirmidons.*
Achi. Dogged *Therſites,*
I'le cleaue thee to thy Nauell if thou op'ſt
Thy venemous Iawes.
Ther. Doe, doe, good Dog-killer.
Achi. You ſlaue.
Ther. I am out of breath now too, elſe bug-bare *Greeke*
Thou durſt not to haue touch't mee.

Achilles *beates him off, retreate ſounded.* *Enter* Agamemnon, Aiax, Vlyſſes, *&c., all the other but* Paris.

Agam. To whom doſt thou addreſſe thine Embaſie?
Par. To *Achilles.*
Aga. And not the Generall? It concernes our place
To heare King *Priams* embaſie.
Pa. Let mee haue paſſage to *Achilles* Tent,
There *Agamemnon* (if you pleaſe) may heare
What *Priam* ſends to your great Champion.
Aga. Let it bee ſo.
Aiax. The Generall wrongs that honour
Wee Princes in our loue conferre on him.

Had I th' imperiall mandat in my mouth,
I would not looſe one iot of my command
For all the proud *Achilles*'s on earth,
Take him at beſt hee's but a fellow peere,
And ſhould he lift his head aboue the Clouds
I hold my ſelfe his equall.

Enter Achilles *from his Tent.*

Achi. Vntuterd *Aiax.*
Aia. Who ſpake that word?
Achi. 'Twas I *Achilles*, let the ſonne of *Priam*
Bee priuat with vs.
Aga. It belongs to vs
To bee partakers of his Embaſie.
Achi. Diſmiſſe then our Inferiours, you *Vliſſes*
Are welcome, *Menelaus*, *Diomed.*
Let *Aiax* ſtay without, and know his duty. *Exit.*
Aiax. Duty? Oh you gods!
Ha? in what Dialect ſpake hee that language
Which *Greece* yet neuer knew, wee owe to him?
I'le after him and dragge him from his Tent,
And teach the inſolent, manners: Giue mee way.
Vliſſes, thou and all the world ſhal know,
That ſaue the obedience that I owe the gods,
And duty to my father *Telamon*,
Aiax knowes none, no not to *Agamemnon*:
For what hee hath of mee's my courteſie,
What hee claimes elſe, or the proud'ſt *Greeke* that breaths,
I'le pay him in the poor'ſt and baſeſt ſcorne
Contempt was ere expreſt in.
Vlif. *Aiax* you are too bold with great *Achilles*,
You beare your ſelfe more equall then you ought,
With one ſo trophy'd.
Aia. Bold? oh my merits,
Are you ſoone forgot? why King of *Ithaca*,
What hath this Toy (aboue ſo talkt of) done,
Sauing ſlaine *Hector*, which at beſt receiu'd

Was but ſcarſe fairely, which the common tongues,
Voyces, with baſe aduantage.
Vlif. Yes, Prince *Troilus*
Surnam'd the ſecond *Hector*, lyeth imbak'd
In his cold blood, ſlayne by *Achilles* hand:
The ſtreame of glory now runnes all towards him:
Achilles lookes for't *Aiax*.
Aia. But when *Achilles* ſlumbred in his Tent,
Or waking with his Lute courted the ayre;
Then *Aiax* did not beare himſelfe too bold
With this great Champion: when I ſau'd our Fleete
From *Hectors* wild-fire, I deſeru'd ſome prayſe,
But then your tongues were mute.
Vlif. You in theſe times
Did not affect oſtent, but ſtill went on:
But *Thetis* ſonne lookes for a world of ſound
To ſpread his attributes.
Aia. The proud *Achilles*
Shall not out-ſhine me long, in the next battaile,
If to kill Troians bee to dim his prayſe,
I'le quench his luſter by my bloody rayes.

Enter Agamemnon, Achilles, Diomed, Menelaus, *and* Paris, *&c.*

Pa. Shall I returne that anſwere to King *Priam*?
Achi. Say in the morning we will viſite him:
So beare our kinde regreetes to *Hecuba*.
Aia. But will *Achilles* truſt himſelfe with *Priam*,
Whoſe warlike ſonnes were by his valour ſlaine?
Achi. *Priam* is honourable, ſee here's his hand,
His Queene religious, and behold her name:
Polixena deuine, reade here, her vowes,
Honor, religions, and diuinity,
All ioyntly promiſing *Achilles* ſafety:
Paris, you heare our anſwere, ſo returne it.
Pa. We ſhal receiue *Achilles* with al honor.

Exit.

Mene. Were I *Achilles* and had ſlaine great
Hector,
With valiant *Troilus*, *Priams* beſt lou'd ſonnes,
I for the brighteſt Lady in all *Aſia*,
Would not ſo truſt my perſon with the father.
Achi. I am reſolu'd, *Vlyſſes* you once told mee
Priam would ſleepe if *Troilus* once were ſlayne.
Vlyſſ. And I dare gage my life, the reuerent King
Intends no treaſon to *Achilles* perſon.
But meerely by this honourable League,
To draw our warlike Champion from the field.
Achi. But we'le deceiue his hopes : feare not great
Kings,
When to my Tent I bring *Polixena* :
The ſooner *Troy* lyes leuell with the ground.
You vnderſtand me Lords ; ſhall I intreate you
Affociate me vnto the ſacred Temple
Of Diuine *Phœbus* ?
Aga. In me theſe Kings ſhall anſwere, wee in
peace
Will bring *Achilles* to *Apolloes* ſhrine,
Prouided, *Priam* ere we enter *Troy*,
Will giue vs hoſtage for our ſafe returne.
Achi. My honour'd hand with his. *Exeunt.*

Enter Paris *and* Hecuba.

Hecu. Oh *Paris*, till *Achilles* lye as dead,
As did thy brother *Hector* at his feete,
His body hackt with as many wounds,
As was thy brother *Troilus* when he fell.
I neuer neuer ſhall haue peace with Heauen,
Or take thee for their brother, or my ſonne.
Par. Mother I hate *Achilles* more then you ;
But I haue heard hee is invulnerable :
His mother *Thetis* from the Oracle
Receiuing anſwere, hee ſhould dye at *Troy* ;
(Being yet a childe,) and to preuent that fate,

She dipt him in the Sea, all ſaue the heele:
Theſe parts ſhe drencht, remayne impenetrable;
But what her dainty hand (forbore to drowne)
As loath to feele the coldneſſe of the waue,
That, and that onely may bee pierc'd with ſteele.
Now ſince I know his fellow Kings intend,
To be his guard to *Iſlium*: what's my rage?
Or this my weapon to deſtroy a Prince,
Whoſe fleſh no ſword can bite off.

Hecu. Haue not I heard thee *Paris* praiſe thy ſelfe
For skill in Archery? haue I not ſeene
A ſhaft ſent leuell from thy conſtant hand,
Command the marke at pleaſure? maiſt not thou
With ſuch an arrow, and the ſelfe-ſame bow,
Wound proud *Achilles* in that vndrencht part,
And by his heele draw liues blood from his heart?

Par. Well thought on, the rare cunning of this hand,
None ſaue the powers immortall can withſtand:
When in the Temple hee ſhall thinke to imbrace
My ſiſter *Polixena*, Ile ſtrike him there.
The Greekes are entred *Troy*. Let's fill the trayne
To auoyde ſuſpect, and now my ſhaft and bow,
Greece from my hand, receiue thine ouerthrow.

Enter at one doore Priam, Hecuba, Paris, Æneas, Antenor, Deiphobus, Hellena, *and* Polixena. *At the other*, Agamemnon, Achilles, Menelaus, Vliſſes, Diomed, Therſites, *and* Aiax. *They interchange imbraces*, Polixena *is giuen to* Achilles, *&c.*

Pri. Though the dammage you haue done to *Troy*,
Might ceaſe our armes, and arme our browes with wrath,
Yet with a ſmooth front, and heart vnfeigned,
Now bid *Achilles* welcome; welcome all

Before theſe Kings, and in the ſight of *Hellen*,
The deareſt of my daughters *Polixen*
I tender thee: on to *Apolloes* ſhrine,
The flamin ſtayes: theſe nuptiall rights once paſt,
You of our beſt varieties ſhall taſte. *Exeunt.*

Paris *fetcheth his Bow and arrowes.*

Par. My bow! now thou great god of Archery.
The Patron of our action and our vowes,
Direct my ſhaft to wound bright *Thetis* ſonne,
And let it not offend thy deity,
That in thy Temple I exhauſt his blood,
Without reſpect of place, reuenge ſeemes good. *Exit.*

A great crye within. *Enter* Paris.

Par. Tis done, *Achilles* bleedes, immortal powers
Clap hands, and ſmile to ſee the Greeke fall dead,
By whom the valiant *Hectors* blood was ſhed.

Enter all the Troians, and the Greekes *bringing in* Achilles *with an* arrow *through his heele.*

Aga. *Priam*, thou haſt diſhonourably broake
The Lawes of Armes.
Pri. By all the gods I vowe,
I was a ſtranger to this horrid act:
It neuer came from *Priam*.
Vlyſſ. Call for your Surgeon then to ſtop his wound.
Mene. For if hee dye, it will be regiſtred
For euer to thy ſhame.
Pri. A Surgeon there.
Achi. It is in vaine for liue, that god of Phyſicke
We Grecians honor in a Serpent ſhape;
He could not ſtanch my blood: know fellow Kings
My mother *Thetis* by whoſe heauenly wiſdome,
My other parts were made invulnerable,
Could not of all the gods obtayne that grace,
But that my blood, vented as now it is,

The wound ſhould be incureable : what Coward
That durſt not looke *Achiles* in the face,
Hath found my liues blood in this ſpeeding place ?
Par. 'Twas I, 'twas *Paris.*
Aiax. 'Twas a milke-ſop then.
Diom. A Traytor to all Valour.
Par. Did not this bleeding Greeke kil valiant *Hector*,
Incompaſt with his Guard of Mermidons ?
Pri. Degenerate *Paris*, not old *Priams* ſonne,
Thou neuer took'ſt thy treacherous blood from me.
Aia. How cheeres *Achiles*, though thy too much pride
Which held the heart of *Aiax* from thy loue,
He'le be the formoſt to reuenge thy death.
Achil. Gramercy noble *Aiax*, *Agamemnon*,
Vliſſes, *Diomed*, I feele my ſtrength
Begins to fayle, let me haue buriall,
And then to Armes, reuenge *Achilles* death :
Or if proud *Troy* remayne inuincible,
To *Lycomedes* ſend to youthfull *Pirhus*,
My ſonne begot on bright *Dedamia* ;
And let him force his vengeance through the hearts
Of theſe, by whom his father was betray'd.
I faint, may euery droppe of blood I ſhed,
Exhald by Phæbus, putrifie the ayre,
That every ſoule in *Aſia* that drawes breath,
May poyſoned dye for great *Achilles* death.
Aga. He's dead, the pride of all our Grecian army.
Vlyſſ. Will *Priam* let vs beare his body hence ?
Par. Yes, and not drag it 'bout the wals of *Troy*,
As hee did *Hectors* baſely.
Pri. Take it, withall truce, time to bury it.
Aga. Come Princes, on your ſhoulders beare him then,
Braueſt of ſouldiers, and the beſt of men.

They beare him off. And to Priam *enter Æneas.*

Æne. Where's mighty *Priam*?
Pri. What's the newes *Æneas*?
Æne. Such as will make your highnes doff your age
And be as youthfull ſpirited as the Spring:
Penthiſilea Queene of *Amazons*,
With mighty troopes of Virgin warriers,
Gallant Veragoes, for the loue of *Hector*,
And to reuenge his death, are entred *Troy*.
May it pleaſe you, to receiue the *Scithean* Queene.
Pri. What *Troy* can yeeld, or *Priam* can expreſſe,
The *Amazonian* Princeſſe ſhall pertake:
Come *Hecuba*, and Ladies, let's prepare,
To bid her friendly welcome to this warre.

Explicit Actus quartus.

Actus Quintus, Scœna prima.

Enter Therſites *with Souldiers, bringing in a table, with chayres and ſtooles plac'd aboue it.*

Ther. Come, come, ſpread, ſpread, vp with the pulpets ſtraight,
Seates for the Iudges, all the Kings of Greece.
Why when you lazy drudges? Is this place
For a whole Iury royall? where's the Armour,
The prize for which the crafty Fox *Vliſſes*,
And mad Bull *Aiax*, muſt this day contend?

What, is all ready? rare world, when inſteade
Of ſmooth tong'd Lawyers, Souldiers now muſt
pleade.

Loud Muſicke. Enter all the Kings of Greece, *the* Armour *of* Achilles, *borne betwixt* Vlyſſes *and* Aiax, *and plac'd upon the table, the* Princes *ſeate themſelues, a chayre is plac'd at either end of the Stage, the one for* Aiax, *the other for* Vlyſſes.

Aga. This Seſſions valiant Duke of *Salamine*,
And King of *Ithaca* was cald for you :
Since great *Achilles* armour is the priſe,
Due to the worthier, heere before theſe Kings,
And in the face of all the multitude,
You are appoynted for your ſeuerall pleaes,
That prince who to theſe armes can prooue moſt
right,
Shall weare his purchaſe in the armies ſight.
Aia. If to the worthieſt they belong to mee :
Could you ſelect 'mongſt all this throng of Princes,
None worthier then *Vliſſes*, to contend
With *Aiax*? and in view of all our Nauy,
Of all theſe tall ſhips, gilt with *Hectors* flames,
Which when *Vliſſes* fled into his tent,
I, I extinguiſht, theſe twelue hundred ſhips
I ſau'd at once, deſeru'd *Achilles* armes,
Laertes ſonne may thinke it grace enough,
That though hee miſſe his ayme, hee may be ſayd
To haue ſtroue with *Aiax* : *Aiax* who excels
As much in armes, as hee in eloquence.
My hands performe more then his tong can ſpeake,
Act more then hee can talke : were I leſſe valiant,
And had but halfe my vigour (like him) weake,
My royall birth would for this armour ſpeake.
Duke *Telamon*, that in the Argoe ſayl'd
To *Colchos* : and in *Iſliums* ſecond ſacke,
Firſt rear'd *Alcides* colours on the Wals
My father was : His father *Eacus*,

One of the three that iudge infernall ſoules;
And *Eacus* was ſonne to *Iupiter.*
Thus am I third from *Ioue*; beſides *Achilles*
By marriage was my brother, and I craue,
Since hee is dead my brothers armes to haue.
What hath *Vliſſes* with our Kin to doe?
Beeing a ſtranger, not of *Peleus* blood:
Graue Heroes, if not honour, prize my merit,
I pleade both worth and blood, theſe armes to inherit.
Mene. Beleeue me, two ſound pleas on *Aiax* part,
I feare the prize will be conferr'd on him.
Dio. His arguments are maximes, and ſound proofes
To winne him way, into the ſouldiers hearts.
Agam. Let him proceede.
Aia. Becauſe I haſted to the ſiege of *Troy*,
When hee feign'd madnes, muſt hee weare thefe armes?
When in the *Phalanx*, with old *Nestor* charging,
Thou at the name of *Hector* fledſt the fielde,
And left the good old man incompaſt round,
Calling aloud *Vliſſes*, *Vliſſes* ſtay,
The more hee cry'd the more thou mad'ſt thy way,
Prince *Diomed* you ſaw it, and vpbrayded
This *Ithacans* baſe flight, but ſee Heauens Iuſtice,
Old *Nestor* ſcapt, great *Hector* was not there;
But meetes *Vliſſes*, as hee fled from *Hector*,
Hee that but late denide helpe, now wants helpe,
For at the ſight of *Hector* downe he fals,
And cryes aloud for ayde, I came, and ſaw thee
Quaking with terrour vnder *Hectors* arme,
The pondrous blow I tooke vpon my Targe,
And as the leaſt of all my noble deedes,
Sau'd theſe faint limbes from ſlaughter, which now ſue,
To don theſe glorious armes, nor doe I blame thee
For fearing *Hector*: what is hee of *Greece*
That ſauing *Aiax*, quakt not at his name?

Yet did I meete that *Hector* guil'd in blood
Of *Grecian* Princes, fought with him ſo long,
Till all the hoaſt deaft with our horrid ſtroakes,
Begirt vs with amazement: wilt thou know
My honour in this combate? it was this,
I was not conquered: if thou ſtill contendeſt?
Imagine but that field, the Time, the foes,
Hector aliue, thee quaking at his feete.
And *Aiax* interpoſing his broad ſhield
'Twixt death and thee, and thou the armes muſt yeeld.

Diom. What can the wiſe *Vliſſes*, ſay to this?
Aiax preuailes much with the multitude,
The generall murmur doth accord with him.

Men. I euer thought the ſonne of *Telamon*
Did better merit th' *Achillean* Armes
Then the *Dulichian* King.

Agam. Forbeare to cenſure,
Till both be fully heard.

Aiax. Me thinkes graue Heroes, you ſhould ſeeke an *Aiax*
To weare theſe Armes, not let theſe Armes be ſought
By *Aiax*: what hath ſlye *Vliſſes* done
To counteruaile my acts? kild vnarm'd *Rheſus*,
And ſet on ſleepie *Dolon* in the night,
Stolne the *Palladium* from the *Troian* Fane.
Oh braue exploits; nor haſt thou theſe perform'd
Without the helpe of warlike *Diomed*:
So you betwixt you ſhould deuide theſe ſpoyles.
Alas thou knowſt not what thou ſeekſt, fond man,
Thou that fightſt all byd craft an in the night
The radiant ſplendor of this burniſht Helme
Shining in darkneſſe, as the Sun by day,
Thy theeuiſh ſpoyles and ambuſh would betray.
Thy politicke head's too weake to beare this caske,
This maſſie Helme; thou canſt not mount his Speare,
His warlike ſhield that beares the world ingrauen
Will tire thine arme, foole thou doſt aske a Speare,

A ſhield a caske, thou haſt not ſtrength to weare.
Now if theſe Kings, or the vaine peoples errour
So farre ſhould erre from truth to giue them thee,
Twould be a meanes to make thee ſooner dye:
The weight would lagge thee that art wont to flye:
Thou haſt a ſhield vnſcar'd, my ſeuen-fold Targe
With thouſand gaſhes peece-meald from mine arme,
And none but that would fit mee: To conclude,
Go beare theſe Armes for which we two contend
Into the mid-ranks of our enemies,
And bidde vs fetch them thence, and he to weare them
By whom this royall Armour can be wonne,
I had rather fight then talke, ſo I haue done.

A loud ſhout within crying Aiax, Aiax.

Vlif. If with your prayers oh *Grecian* Kings, my vowes
Might haue preuail'd with Heauen, there had bin then
No ſuch contention, thou hadſt kept thine Armes,
And wee *Achilles* thee: But ſince the Fates
Haue tane him from vs, who hath now more right
To claime theſe Armes he dead, then hee that gaue them
Vnto *Achilles* liuing? nor great Princes,
Let that ſmooth eloquence, yon fellow ſcornes,
(If it bee any) bee reiected now,
And hurt his maiſter, which ſo many times
Hath profited whole *Greece*, if we plead blood
Which is not ours, but all our Anceſtours.
Laertes was my father, his *Arceſius*,
His *Ioue*, from whom I am third: beſide I claime
A ſecond god-head by my mothers name.
What doe wee talke of birth? If birth ſhould beare them,
His father being nearer *Ioue* then hee
Should weare this honour, or if next of blood,

Achilles father *Peleus* ſhould inioy them,
Or his ſonne *Pirhus*; but wee plead not kinred,
Or neare propinquity: let alliance reſt,
His bee the Armour that deſerues it beſt.
Achilles mother *Thetis* being foretold
Her ſonne ſhould die at *Troy*, conceal'd him from vs
In habite of a Lady, to this ſiege
I brought him, therefore challenge all his deeds
As by *Vliſſes* done: 'Twas I ſack't *Thebes*,
Chriſcis, and *Scylla*, with *Lerneſſus* walls,
I *Troilus* and renowned *Hector* ſlew:
Firſt with this Helmet I adorn'd his head,
Hee gaue it liuing, who demands it dead?

Dio. 'Tis true, for like a Pedler being diſguis'd,
And comming where *Achilles* ſpent his youth
In womaniſh habite, the young Ladyes they
Looke on his Glaſſes, Iewells and fine toyes:
Hee had a Bow too much *Achilles* drew,
So by his ſtrength the *Ithacan* him knew.

Vliſſ. Had *Aiax* gone *Achilles* then had ſtayd,
Hector ſtill liu'd, our ranſack't Tents to inuade:
What canſt thou doe but barely fight? no more;
I can both fight and counſell, I direct
The manner of our battailes, and propoſe
For victuall and munition, to ſupply
The vniuerſall hoaſt, cheere vp the ſouldiers
To indure a tedious ſiege, when all the Army
Cry'd let's away for *Greece*, and rais'd their Tents.
Aiax among the formoſt had truſt vp
His bagge and baggage: when I rated him,
And them, and all, and by my Oratory
Perſwaded their retreat: What *Greece* hath wonne
From *Troy* ſince then, is by *Vliſſes* done.
Behold my wounds oh *Grecians*, and iudge you
If they be cowards marks th' are in my breſt:
Let boaſting *Aiax* ſhew ſuch noble skarres.
Theſe *Grecian* Heroes tooke I in your warres.
I grant hee fought with *Hector*, 'twas well done,
Where thou deſeru'ſt well I will giue thee due,

But what was the ſucceſſe of that great day?
Hector of *Troy* vnwounded went away.
Men. Now ſure the priſe will to *Vliſſes* fall,
The murmuring ſouldiers mutter his deſerts.
Preferring him fore *Aiax*: heare the reſt.
Vlif. But oh *Achilles*, when I view theſe Armes,
I cannot but lament thine obſequies:
Thou wall of *Greece*, when thou waſt baſely ſlaine
I tooke thee on my ſhoulders, and from *Troy*
Bore thee then arm'd, in the abillements
I once more ſeeke to beare, behold that ſhield,
Tis a deſcription Coſmographicall
Of all the Earth, the Ayre, the Sea and Heauen.
What are the *Hyades*? or grim *Orion;*
Hee pleads, or what's *Arcturus*? thy rude hand
Would lift a ſhield, thou canſt not vnder ſtand:
To omit my deeds of Armes, which all theſe know
Better then I can ſpeake. When in the night
I venter'd through *Troyes* gates, and from the Temple
Rap't the *Palladium*, then I conquerd *Troy*,
Troy whilſt that ſtood could neuer be ſubdu'd,
In that I brought away their gods, their honours,
Troyes ruine and the triumphs of whole *Greece.*
What hath blunt *Aiax* done to conteruaile
This one of mine? Hee did with *Hector* fight,
I tenne yeeres warre haue ended in one night.
What *Aiax* did was but by my direction,
My counſell fought in him, and all his honours
(If they be any,) hee may thanke mee for
What hee hath done, was ſince his flight I ſtayd,
I therefore claime theſe Armes: ſo I haue ſayd.

A ſhout within Vliſſes, Vliſſes. *The Princes riſe.*

Agam. Such is the clamour of the multitude,
And ſuch *Vliſſes* are your great deſerts,
That thoſe rich Armes are thine, the prize inioy.
Vlif. To the defence of *Greece* and ſack of *Troy.*

Dio. Come Princes, now this ſtrife is well determin'd.
Men. To ſee how eloquence the people charmes,
Vliſſes by his tongue hath gain'd theſe Armes.
Agam. Counſell preuailes 'boue ſtrength, Heralds proclaime
Through the whole Campe *Vliſſes* glorious name.

Exeunt. *The Armes borne in triumph before* Vliſſes.

Aiax. What dream'ſt thou *Aiax?*
Or is this obiect reall that I ſee,
Which topſiturnes my braine, baſe *Ithaca*
To ſway deſert thus: Oh that ſuch rich Troophies
Should cloath a cowards backe, nor is it ſtrange;
I'le goe turne coward too, and henceforth plot,
Turne politicians all, all politicians.
A ruſh for valour, valour? this is the difference
'Twixt the bold warrier, and the cunning ſtates-man,
The firſt ſeekes honour, and the laſt his health:
The valiant hoord the knocks, the wiſe the wealth.
It was a gallant Armour, *Aiax* limbs
Would haue become it brauely; the diſgrace
Of looſing ſuch an Armour by contention,
Will liue to all poſterity, and the ſhame
In *Stigian Lethe* drowne great *Aiax* name.
Oh that I had heere my baſe oppoſite,
In th'*Achillean* Armour briskly clad,
Vulcan that wrought it out of gadds of Steele
With his *Ciclopian* hammers, neuer made
Such noiſe vpon his Anvile forging it,
Then theſe my arm'd fiſts in *Vliſſes* wracke,
To mould it new vpon the cowards backe.

Enter Therſites.

Ther. Why how now mad *Greeke*?
Aia. And art thou come *Vliſſes*? thus, and thus
I'le hammer on thy proofe ſteel'd Burganet.
Ther. Hold *Aiax*, hold, the diuell take thee,

hold; I am *Therſites*, hell rot thy fingers off.

Aia. But art not thou *Vliſſes*?

Ther. No I tell thee.

Aia. And is not thine head arm'd?

Ther. Hells plagues confound thee, no; thou think'ſt thou haſt *Menelaus* head in hand, I am *Therſites*.

Aia. *Therſites?* Canſt thou rayle?

Ther. Oh yes, yes; better then fight.

Aia. And curſe?

Ther. Better then either: rarely.

Aia. And ſpit thy venome in the face of *Greece?*

Ther. Admirably.

Aia. Doe, doe, let's heare, prethee for heauens ſake doe.

Ther. With whom ſhall I begin?

Aia. Beginne with the head.

Ther. Then haue at thee *Menelaus*, thou art a king and a ——

Aia. No more, but if on any, rayle on mee.
Deſert ſhould ſtill be ſnarl'd at, vice paſſe free.

Ther. Who thou the ſon of *Telamon*, thou art a foole, an Aſſe, a very blocke. What makeſt thou here at *Troy* to ayde a Cuckold, beeing a Bachelour? *Paris* hath ſtolne no wife of thine: if *Aiax* had beene ought but the worſt of theſe, he might haue kept his Country, ſolac'd his father, and comforted his mother: what thankes haſt thou for ſpending thy meanes, hazarding thy ſouldiers? waſting thy youth, looſing thy blood, indangering thy life? and all for a ——

Aiax. Peace.

Ther. Yes peace for ſhame, but what thankes haſt thou for all thy trauaile? *Vliſſes* hath the armour, and what art thou now reckoned? a good moyle, a horſe that knowes not his owne ſtrength, an Aſſe fit for ſervice, and good for burthens, to carry gold, and to feede on thiſtles: farwell Cox-combe. I ſhall be held to bee a Cocke of the ſame dunghill, for bearing thee company ſo long, Ile to *Vliſſes*.

Aia. Baſe ſlaue, thou art for Cowards, not for men.
Ile ſtown'd thee if thou com'ſt not backe againe:
This vantage haue the valiant of the baſe,
Death, which they coldly feare, we boldly imbrace.
Helpe me to rayle on them too, or thou dyeſt.

Ther. Do't then, whilſt tis hot.

Aia. What's *Agamemnon* our great Generall?

Ther. A blind Iuſtice and I would he had kiſt Fortunes blind cheekes, when hee could not ſee to doe thee Iuſtice.

Aia. Well, and what's *Menelaus?*

Ther. A King and a Cuckold, and a horne-plague conſume him.

Aia. Amen. What's *Diomed?* he ſat on the bench too.

Ther. A very bench-whiſtler: and loues *Creſida.* Hell and confuſion ſwallow him.

Aia. Amen. Amongſt theſe what's *Therſites?*

Ther. A Rogue, a rayling Rogue, a Curr, a barking Dog, the Pox take mee elſe.

Aia. Amen. But what's *Vliſſes* my baſe aduerſary?

Ther. A dam'd politician, *Scilla* and *Charibdis* ſwallow him.

Aia. And greedily deuoure him.

Ther. And vtterly conſume him.

Aia. And eate vp his poſterity.

Ther. And rot out his memory.

Aia. In endleſſe infamy.

Ther. And euerlaſting obliquie.

Both. Amen.

Aia. Inough, no more: ſhall he the Armes inioy,
And wee the ſhame? away *Therſites*, flye,
Our prayers now ſayd, we muſt prepare to dye.

Ther. Dye, and with them be dam'd. *Exit.*

Enter ouer the Stage all the Grecian Princes, courting and applauding Vliſſes, *not minding* Aiax.

Aia. Not looke on *Aiax? Aiax Telamon,*
Hee that at once ſau'd all your ſhips from fire,

Not looke on me? ha? are theſe hands? this ſword?
Which made the fame of *Troy* great *Hector* ſhrinke
Below the ruines of an abiect ſcorne?
Sleighted? ſo ſleighted? what baſe thing am I,
To creepe to ſo dull *Greeke*, whom fame or blood
Hath rair'd one ſtep aboue? *Ioue*, ſee this;
And laugh old Grand-ſir: Ha, ha, ha, by hell
I'le ſhake thy Kingdome for't: not looke on *Aiax*?
The triple headed-dog, the whippes of Steele,
The rauenous Vulture, and the reſtleſſe ſtone
Are all meere fables; heer's a truſty ſword,
'Tis mine, mine owne, who claimes this from me? ha?
Cowards and ſhallow witted fooles haue ſlept
Amidſt an armed troupe ſafe and ſecure
Vnder this guard: nay *Agamemnon* too.
But ſee, ſee from yon Sea, a ſhoale of ſands
Come rowling on, trick't vp in briſled finnes
Of *Porpoſſes* and *Dog-fiſh* ho my ſword,
I will incounter them, they come from *Greece*,
And bring a poyſonous breath from *Ithaca*
Temper'd with falſe *Vliſſes* gall, foh, foh;
It ſtinks of 's wife's chaſt vrinal, looke, looke
By yonder wood, how ſliely in the skirts
March policy and the diuell, on, I feare you not:
Dare you not yet? not one to fight with mee:
Who then? what's hee muſt cope with *Aiax*?

Echo. *Aiax*?

Aia. Well ſayd old boy, wa'ſt *Neſtor* my braue Lad?
I'le doot, I'le doot, come my fine cutting blade,
Make mee immortall: liuely fountaine ſprout,
Sprout out, yet with more life, braue glorious ſtreame
Growe to a Tyde, and ſinke the *Grecian* fleete
In ſeas of *Aiax* blood: ſo ho, ſo ho.
Lure backe my ſoule againe, which in amaze
Gropes for a perch to reſt on: Heart, great heart
Swell bigger yet and ſplit, know gods, know men,
Furies, inraged Spirits, Tortures all,
Aiax by none could but by *Aiax* fall.

He kills himſelfe.

Enter on the one part Agamemnon, Vliſſes, Menelaus, Diomed, *with the body of* Hector *borne by Grecian ſouldiers*: *On the other part*, Priam, Paris, Deiphobus, Æneas, Anthenor, *with the body of* Achilles *borne by Troian ſouldiers, they interchange them, and ſo with traling the Colours on both ſides depart*, Therſites *onely ſtayes behinde and concludes.*

The Epilogue.

Ther. A ſweete exchange of Treaſure, term't I may,
Euen earth for aſhes, and meere duſt for clay:
Let *Aiax* kill himſelfe, and ſay 'twas braue
Hector, a worthy Call, yet could not ſaue
Poore foole his Coxcombe: *Achilles* beare him hye,
And *Troilus* boldly, all theſe braue ones dye.
Ha, ha, iudge you; Is it not better farre
To keepe our ſelues in breath, and linger warre:
Had all theſe fought as I'ue done, ſuch my care
Hath beene on both ſides, that preſume I dare,
Theſe had with thouſands more ſuruiu'd: Iudge th' hoaſt,
I ſhed no blood, no blood at all haue loſt:
They ſhall not ſee young *Pirhus*, nor the Queene
Penthiſelea, which had they but beene
As wiſe as I, they might: nor *Sinon*, hee
Famous of all men, to be moſt like mee.
Nor after theſe, *Orestes*, and his mother
Pillades Egiſtus with a many other
Our ſecond part doth promiſe: Theſe if I fayle,
As I on them; you on *Therſites* rayle.

Explicit Actus Quintus.

FINIS.

THE

Second Part of the Iron Age

Which contayneth the death of *Pentheſilea*, *Paris*, *Priam*, and *Hecuba*: The burning of *Troy*: The deaths of *Agamemnon*, *Menelaus*, *Clitemneſtra*, *Hellena*, *Orestes*, *Egiſtus*, *Pillades*, King *Diomed*, *Pyrhus*, *Cethus*, *Synon*, *Therſites*, *&c.*

Written by THOMAS HEYVVOOD.

Aut prodeſſe ſolent, aut delectare.

Printed at *London* by *Nicholas Okes*, 1632.

Drammatis perſonæ.

New perſons not preſented in the former part of *this History.*

Pyrhus the ſonne of *Achilles*, ſurnamed *Neoptolemus.*
Synon a periured Greeke, by whoſe teares *Troy* was ſet on fire.
Chorebus a Prince, who came to the warres for the loue of *Caſſandra.*
Laocoon, a prieſt of *Apollo.*
Polites, a young ſonne of King *Priam*, and Queene *Hecuba.*
A *Troian* Citizen, & his wife.
A ſecond *Troian.*
Souldiers of *Greece.*
Souldiers of *Troy.*
The Ghoſt of *Hector.*
A Lord of *Mycena.*
A Guard.

Penthesilea Queene of the *Amazons*, with her trayne of *Viragoes.*
Cethus ſonne to King *Naulus*, and brother of *Palamides.*
Pillades the friend ot *Orestes.*
Oreſtes ſonne to King *Agamemnon*, and his Queene *Clitemneſtra.*
Electra, ſiſter to *Oreſtes.*
Hermione daughter to King *Menelaus* and Q. *Hellen.*
Clitemneſtra wife and Queene to *Agamemnon.*
Egiſtus a fauorite to Queene *Clitemneſtra.*
The Prieſt of *Apollo.*
Attendants.

To the Reader.

COurteous Reader; *I commend vnto thee an intire Hiſtory, from* Iupiter *and* Saturne, *to the vtter ſubuerſion of* Troy, *with a faithfull account of the Deathes of all theſe Princes of* Greece, *who had hand in the Fate thereof,* (Vliſſes *only excepted, to whom belongeth a further* Hiſtory.) *Reade freely, and cenſure fauourably. Theſe Ages haue beene long ſince Writ, and ſuited with the Time then: I know not how they may bee receiued in this Age, where nothing but* Satirica Dictæria, *and* Comica Scommata *are now in requeſt: For mine owne part, I neuer affected either, when they ſtretched to the abuſe of any perſon publicke, or priuate. If the three former Ages (now out of Print,) bee added to theſe (as I am promiſed) to make vp an handſome Volumne; I purpoſe* (Deo Aſſiſtente,) *to illuſtrate the whole Worke, with*

To the Reader.

an Explanation of all the difficulties, and an Hiſtoricall Comment of euery hard name, which may appeare obſcure or intricate to ſuch as are not frequent in Poetry: Which (as the reſt) I ſhall freely deuote to thy fauorable peruſall, in this as all the reſt induſtrious to thy pleaſure and profit:

Thomas Heywood.

To my Worthy and much Reſpected Friend, Mr. *Thomas Mannering* Eſquire.

Worthy Sir,

AND my much reſpected Friend: The Impreſſion of your Loue, after ſo many yeares acknowledgment, inforceth me that I cannot chuſe, but in my beſt recollection, to number you in the File and Liſt of my beſt and choyceſt Well-wiſhers. True it is, that my vnable merit hath euer come much ſhort of your ample acknowledgement: Howſoeuer, though you bee now abſent in the Countrey, vppon a neceſſary retyrement; yet let this witneſſe in my behalfe, that you are not altogether vnremembred in the Citty: Nor take it vnkindly at my hands that I haue reſerued your name to the Cataſtrophe and concluſion of this Worke: Since being *Scæna nouiſſima*, It muſt be conſequently the freſher in memory; as

you haue had euer a charitable and indulgent cenſure of ſuch poore peeces of mine, as haue come accedentally vnto your view. So I intreate you now, (as one better able to iudge, then I to determine) to receiue into your fauourable patronage, this ſecond part of the *Iron Age.* I much deceiue my ſelfe, if I heard you not once commend it, when you ſaw it Acted; if you perſiſt in the ſame opinion, when you ſhall ſpare ſome ſorted houres to heare it read, in your paynes, I ſhal hold my ſelfe much pleaſed: euer remaining

Yours, not to be chang'd:

Thomas Heywood.

The ſecond Part of the

IRON AGE:

With the Deſtruction of

TROY.

Enter Agamemnon, Menelaus, Vliſſes, Diomed, Therſites. *Drum, Colours, Souldiers, &c.*

Agamemnon.

YOu Terrors of the *Aſian* Monarchy,
And *Europes* glory: Warlike Lords of *Greece:*
Although the great Prince of the *Mirmidons,*
And arme-ſtrong *Aiax*, our beſt Champions,
Be by the gods bereft vs: yet now comes
A Phœnix out of their cold aſhes riſing:
Pyrhus, ſirnamed *Neoptolemus*:
On whom for his deceaſed fathers ſake,
Wee muſt beſtow ſome honours. *Menelaus,*

Vliſſes, Diomed, giue the Prince meeting,
And be his conduct to the Generall.

A flouriſh. Enter the Kings before named, bringing in Pyrhus, Synon, *with attendants.*

Aga. *Pyrhus* kneele downe, we girt thee with this ſword,
It was thy fathers. In his warlike hand
It hath cleft Troians to the nauell downe,
Par'd heads off faſter then the harueſt Sithe
Doth the thin ſtalkes, or bending eares of graine:
Weare it, and draw it to reuenge his death.
Princes, performe your feuerall ceremonies.
Dio. Theſe golden ſpurs I faſten to thine heeles,
The fame thy warlike father wonne in field,
When *Hector* tide with thonges to his ſteeds fet-locks,
Was drag'd about the high built wals of *Troy*.
Vlif. This Armour, and this plumed Burgonet,
In which thy father, like a rampier'd wall,
Oppoſde the fury of his enemies,
(By generall conſent of all theſe Princes
Attributed to me) loe I ſurrender
To youthful *Neoptolemus*, weare it Prince,
Not all the world yeeldes a more ſtrong defence.
Mene. *Achilles* Tent, his Treaſure, and his iewels,
We haue reſeru'd, inioy them noble *Pyrhus*;
And laſtly his ſtrong guard of Mirmidons,
And with the honour hee with theſe haue wonne,
His Sword, Spurs, Armour, Guard, Pauileon,
Be by this valiant ſonne much dignified.
Pyr. Before I touch the handle of his ſword,
Or to my Knightly ſpurres direct my eyes,
Lace this rich Armour to my youthfull ſides,
Or roofe mine head within this warlike Tent,
Make proofe of this his plumed Burgonet,
Or take on me the leading of his Guard:
Witneſſe you Grecian Princes, what I vow:

By *Saturnes* ſonne, the ſire of *Æacus*,
Begot on faire *Europa*; by their iſſue,
The ſecond Iudge, plac'd on the infernall bench
I will diſcend to *Peleus*, and from him,
Euen to my naturall father, with whoſe honours
I ioyne my mother *Deidamiaes*
And in my vengefull oath include them all,
Till *Priam* be compel'd to ſhut his Gates
For want of men: Ile be as mercileſſe
As vntam'd Lyons, and the fleſh-fed Beares,
Blood ſhall looke brighter in young *Pyrhus* eyes
Then diſſolu'd Chriſtall, till old *Priams* haires
Be dy'de in goare: till *Hecub's* reuerent lockes
Be gul'd in ſlaughter; all their ſonnes and daughters,
Subiects, and Citty quite confuſ'd in ruine,
Bow to our mercileſſe fury: Ile not leaue
This blacke and fatall ſiege; and this I ſweare
As I am Prince, and great *Achilles* heire.

Aga. Euen in thy lookes, I read the ſack of *Troy*,
And *Priams* Tragedy: welcome ſweet *Pyrhus*,
And welcome you his warlike followers.

Syn. Where be theſe Troians? I would faine behold
Their wing'd battalions grapple? I would ſee
The batter'd center flye about their eares
In cloudes of duſt: I would haue horſes hoofes
Beate thunder out of earth: the chariot Trees
I would ſee drown'd in blood, *Scamander* plaines
Ore-ſpread with intrailes bak'd in blood and duſt:
With terrour I would haue this day as blacke,
As when *Hyperion* leaping from his Spheare,
Caſt vgly darkneſſe from his Chariot wheeles,
And in this vail'd confuſion the faint Troians
Beate backe into the Towne: I'de ſee their Gates
Entred, and fire by their high Battlements
Climing towards heauen: the pauement of th' ſtreets
I'de ſee pau'd ore with faces: infants toſt

On Lances poynts : big-bellied Ladies flung
From out their caſements : I'de haue all their foules
Set vpon wings, and *Troy*, no *Troy*, but fire,
As if ten thouſand Comets ioyn'd in one,
To cloſe the world in red confuſion.
Py. Wel ſpake bold *Synon;* and my Lords of Greece,
This fellowe boaſts no more then with his ſword,
Hee will aduenture for, and ſhould that fayle,
He'le ſet his braine to worke. I tell you princes,
My Grandfire *Lycomedes* hath made proofe
Of *Synons* pollicies, ſtate-quaking proiects
Are hand-maides to his braine : and he hath ſpirit
To driue his plots euen to the doore of Death,
With rare effects, and then not all the world
Affoords a villaine more incomparable,
Then *Synon* my attendant. Warlike Princes,
I ſpeake this to his praiſe : and I profeſſe
My ſelfe as ſterne, bloody, and mercileſſe.
Ther. I haue not heard a brauer Character
Giuen to a Greeke : and had hee but my rayling,
He were a man compleate.
Syn. Sure there is ſomething
Aboue a common man in yon ſame fellow,
Whom nature hath ſo markt, and were his mind
As crooked as his body, hee were one
I could bee much in loue with.
Ther. Hee hath a feature
That I could court, nay will : I would not looſe
His friendſhip and acquaintance for the world.
Mee thinkes you are a comely Gentleman.
Syn. I euer held my ſelfe ſo : and mine eye
Giues you no leſſe : of all the *Grecians* here
Thou haſt a face like mine, that feares no weather,
A ſhape that warre it ſelfe cannot deforme :
I beſt loue ſuch complexions.
Ther. By the gods
Wee haue two meeting ſoules : be my ſweete Vrchin.

Syn. I will,
And thou ſhalt bee mine vgly Toade.
Ther. A match: be wee henceforth brothers and friends.
Syn. Imbrace then friend and brother: my deare Toade.
Ther. My amiable Vrchin.
Pyr. I long for worke, will not theſe Troians come,
To welcome *Pyrhus*, great *Achilles* ſonne?
Vlyſſ. Their drummes proclayme them ready for the field.

Enter Priam, Paris, Pentheſilea, *and her traine of* Viragoes, Æneas, Chorebus, Laocoon, Anthenor, *&c.*

Aga. Perhaps King *Priam* hath not yet related
The newes of *Neoptolemus* arriue,
That hee preſumes thus, weakned as he is,
To ope his Gates, and meete vs in the field.
Pyr. Tis like hee hath, becauſe for want of men
Hee brings a troope of Women to the field:
Moſt ſure hee thinkes, wee (like our warlike father)
Will be inſnar'd with beauty: *Priam* no,
We for his death, are ſworne vaine beauties foe.
Penth. Art thou *Achilles* ſonne, beneath whoſe hand
Affiſted by his bloody Mirmidons,
The valiant *Hector* fell?
Pyr. Woman I am.
Penth. Thou ſhouldſt be then a Coward.
Pyr. How?
Penth. Euen ſo:
Thy father was a foe diſhonourable,
And ſo the world reputes him.
Pyr. By all the gods——
Penth. Sweare not, for ere the cloſure of the battaile,

If both the Generals pleaſe, with my good ſword,
In ſingle combate Ile make good my word.
Pyr. O that thou wert a man! but womens tongues
Are priuiledg'd: come *Priam*, all his ſonnes
The whole remayne of fifty, Ile make good
My fathers honour gainſt ſufficient oddes.
But for theſe ſcoulds, we leaue them to their ſexe.
What make they amongſt ſouldiers.
Penth. Scorn not proud *Pyrhus*
Our preſence in the field; I tell thee Prince,
I am a Queene, the Queene of *Amazons*,
A warlike Nation diſciplin'd in Armes.
Pyr. Are you thoſe Harlots famous through the world,
That haue vſurpt a Kingdome to your ſelues,
And pent your ſweete hearts in a barren iſle,
Where your adulterate ſportes are exercif'd.
Penth. Curbe thy irregular tong: we are thoſe women
That practiſe armes, by which we purchaſe fame.
All the yeare long, onely three monethes excepted,
Thoſe wherein Phœbus driues his Chariot,
In height of ſplendor through the burning Cancer,
The fiery Lyon, and the Virgins ſigne:
Then we forſake our Sun-burnt Continent,
And in a cooler clime, ſport with our men,
And then returne: if we haue iſſue male,
Wee nurſe them vp, then ſend them to their Fathers.
If females, we then keepe them, and with irons
Their right paps we ſeare off, with better eaſe
To couch their ſpeares, and practiſe feates of armes.
We are thoſe women, who expel'd our Land
By *Ægypts* Tyrant: Conquered *Aſia*,
Ægypt and Cappadocia: theſe two Ladies
Diſcend from *Menelippe* and *Hyppolita*,
Who in *Antiopes* raigne, fought hand to hand
With *Hercules* and *Theſeus*; we are thoſe
That came for loue of *Hector* to the field,

And (being murdred) to reuenge his death.
Py. Then welcome *Amazonians*, as I liue
I loue you though I hate you: but beware,
Hate will out-way my loue, and ile not ſpare
Your buskind ſquadrons: for my fathers fall,
Troians, and *Amazonians* periſh all. *Exeunt.*

Alarum. *Enter* Pyrhus *and* Penthefilea.

Py. Now Queene of *Amazons*, by the ſtrong ſpirit
Achilles left his ſonne, I let thee know
My father was an honourable Foe.
Pent. Defiance *Pyrhus*, ile to death proclaime,
Hector was by *Achilles* baſely ſlayne:
And on his ſonnes head, with my keene edg'd ſword,
And thundring ſtroaks, I will make good my word.

Alarum. *They are both wounded, and diuided by the two armies, who confuſedly come betwixt them: to* Pyrhus *enter* Agamemnon, Vliſſes, *and* Menelaus.

Vlif. What? wounded noble *Pirhus*?
Pyr. Wounded? no,
I haue not met one that can raze the skinne
Of great *Achilles* ſonne.
Aga. Yet blood drops from your arme.
Pyr. Not poſſible!
Tis ſure the blood of ſome ſlayne enemy.
Come let vs breake into the battailes center,
And too't pel mel.
Mene. But *Neoptolemus*,
Wee priſe thy ſafety more then all aduantage:
Retire thy ſelfe to haue thy wounds bound vp.
Pyr. Cowards feare death,
Ile venge my blood, though with the loſſe of breath.

Alarum. *Enter* Paris.

Art thou a mad-man fellow, that aduentureſt

So neere the blood of *Neoptolemus*,
Whoſe ſmalleſt drop muſt coſt a *Troians* life.
Par. Art thou the bleeding iſſue of that *Greeke*?
I, in reuenge of noble *Hectors* death,
Slew in *Apolloes* Temple.
Pyr. Art thou then
That coward and effeminate *Troian* boy.
Pa. Arme wounded *Greek*, I ſlew the falſe *Achilles*,
An act which I am proud of.
Aga. Fall on the murderer,
And ſlake him ſmaller then the *Lybean* ſand.
Pyr. If any but my ſelfe offer one blow,
Ile on the *Troians* party oppoſe him.
Come *Paris*, though againſt the oddes of breath,
Achilles wounded ſonne, will venge his death.
Paris *is ſlayne by* Pyrhus. *A retreate ſounded.*

Enter then King Diomed, *and* Synon.

Dio. Why ſound the *Troians* this retreate?
Syn. *Paris* is ſlayne, and *Penthiſilea*
Wounded by *Pyrhus*.
Dio. Come then *Synon*
Goe with me to my Tent, this night we'le reuell
With beauteous *Creſſida*.
Syn. Not I, I hate all women, painted beauty
And I am oppoſites: I loue thee leſſe
Becauſe thou doat'ſt on Troian *Creſſida*.
Dio. She's worthy of our loue: I tell thee *Synon*,
Shee is both conſtant, wiſe, and beautifull.
Syn. She's neither conſtant, wiſe, nor beautifull,
Ile prooue it *Diomed*: foure Elements
Meete in the ſtructure of that *Creſſida*,
Of which there's not one pure: ſhe's compact
Meerely of blood, of bones and rotten fleſh,
Which makes her Leaprous, where the Sun exhales
The moyſt complexion, it doth putrifie
The region of th' ayre: there's then another,

Sometimes the Sunne ſits muffled in his Caue,
Whilſt from the Clouds flye hideous ſhowers of raine,
Which ſweepes the earths corruption into Brookes,
Brookes into riuers, Riuers ſend their tribute,
As they receiue it to their Soueraigne
The ſeething Ocean : Thus Earth, Ayre, and Water,
Are all infected, ſhe then fram'd of theſe,
Can ſhe be beautefull ? No *Diomed*,
If they ſeeme faire, they haue the helpe of Arte,
By nature they are vgly.

Dio. Leaue this detraction.

Syn. Now for this *Creſſids* wiſedome, is ſhe wiſe,
Who would forſake her birth-right, her braue friend,
The conſtant *Troylus*, for King *Diomed* ;
To truſt the faith of *Greekes*, and to loue thee
That art to *Troy* a profeſt enemy ?

Dio. Canſt thou diſproue her conſtancy ?

Syn. I can.
Neuer was woman conſtant to one man :
For proofe, doe thou but put into one ſcale
A feather, in the other *Creſſids* truth,
The feather ſhall downe weigh it : *Diomed*
Wilt thou beleeue me, if I win not *Creſſid*
To be my ſweete heart : yet haue no ſuch face,
No ſuch proportion, to bewitch a Lady ;
I neuer practiſ'd court-ſhip, but am blunt ;
Nor can I file my tongue : yet if I winne not
The moſt chaſt woman, I will cut it out.
Shall I make proofe with her ?

Enter Creſſida.

Dio. There ſhee comes,
Affront her *Synon*, Ile with-draw vnſeene.

Syn. A gallant Lady, who but ſuch a villaine
As *Synon* would betray her : but my vowe
Is paſt, for ſhe's a *Troian.* *Creſſida*,
You are well incountred : whether away ſweet Lady ?

Cref. To meete with Kingly *Diomed*, and with kiſſes
Conduct him to his Tent.
Syn. Tis kindly done :
You loue King *Diomed* then ?
Cref. As mine owne life.
Syn. What ſeeſt thou in him that is worth thy loue ?
Cref. He's of a faire and comely perſonage.
Syn. Perſonage ? ha, ha.
I prithee looke on me, and view me well,
And thou wilt find ſome difference.
Cref. True, more oddes
Twixt him and thee, then betwixt *Mercury*
And limping *Vulcan.*
Syn. Yet as fayre a blowſe
As you, ſweete Lady, wedded with that Smith,
And bedded too, a blacke complexion
Is alwayes precious in a womans eye :
Leaue *Diomed*, and loue me *Creſſida.*
Cref. Thee.
Syn. Mee.
Cref. Deformity forbeare, I will to *Diomed*
Make knowne thine inſolence.
Syn. I care not, for I, not deſire to liue,
If not belou'd of *Creſſid* : tell the King
If hee ſtood by, I would not ſpare a word.
For thine owne part, rare goddeſſe, I adore thee,
And owe thee diuine reuerence : *Diomed*
Indeed's *Ætolians* King, and hath a Queene.
Cref. A Queene ?
Syn. A Queene, that ſhal hereafter queſtion thee :
Or canſt thou thinke hee loues thee really
Beeing a *Troian*, but for preſent vſe :
Can *Greekes* loue *Troians*, are they not all ſworne
To do them outrage ?
Cref. How canſt thou then loue me ?
Syn. I am a pollitician, oathes with me

Are but the tooles I worke with, I may breake
An oath by my profeſſion. Heare me further,
Think'ſt thou King *Diomed*, forgets thy breach
Of loue with *Troylus*? Ey or that he hopes
Thou canſt be conſtant to a ſecond friend,
That waſt ſo falſe vnto thy firſt belou'd.

Cref. *Synon* thou art deceiu'd, thou knowſt I neuer
Had left Prince *Troylus*, but by the command
Of my old father *Calchas*.

Syn. Then loue *Diomed*;
Yes, do ſo ſtill, but *Creſſid* marke the end,
If euer hee tranſport thee to *Ætolia*,
His Queene wil bid thee welcome with a vengance:
Haſt thou more eyes then theſe? ſhe'le fal to work,
For ſuch an other Vixen thou nere kneweſt.
Come *Creſſida* bee wife.

Cref. What ſhall I doe?

Syn. Loue me, loue *Synon*.

Cref. *Synon* loues not mee.

Syn. Ile ſweare I do.

Cref. I heard thee ſay, that thou wouldſt breake thine oath.

Syn. Then Ile not ſweare, becauſe I will not breake it:
But yet I loue thee *Creſſida*, loue mee,
Ile leaue the warres vnfiniſht, *Troy* vnſackt;
And to my natiue Country beare thee hence:
Nay wench Ile do't: come kiſſe me *Creſſida*.

Cref. Well, you may vſe your pleaſure;
But good *Synon* keep this from *Diomed*.

Enter King Diomed.

Dio. Oh periured ſtrumpet,
Is this thy faith? now *Synon* Ile beleeue
There is no truth in women.

Cref. Am I betrayed? oh thou baſe vgly villaine,
Ile pull thine eyes out.

Syn. Ha, ha, King *Diomed*,
Did I not tell thee what thy ſweet heart was.
Cref. Thou art a Traytor to all woman kinde.
Syn. I am, and nought more grieues me then to thinke,
A woman was my mother.
Cref. A villaine.
Syn. Right.
Cref. A Diuell.
Syn. Little better.
Dio. Go get you backe to *Troy*, away, begon,
You ſhall no more be my Companion.
Syn. And now faire *Troian* Weather-hen adew,
And when thou next loueſt, thinke to be more true.
Exit.

Cref. Oh all you powers aboue, looke downe and ſee,
How I am puniſht for my periury.

Alarum. *Enter* Pentheſilea *with her Amazonians.*

Penth. Stay, what ſad Lady's this? whence are you woman?
Of *Troy* or *Greece*?
Cref. I was of *Troy* till loue drew me from thence,
But ſince haue ſoiourn'd in the Tents of *Greece*,
With *Diomed* King of *Etolia*:
Oh had I neuer knowne him.
Pent. Would you truſt
Your honour amongſt ſtrangers? but ſweete Lady
Diſcourſe your wrongs.
Cref. I was betray'd:
It ſhames mee to relate the circumſtance,
By a falſe Greeke, one that doth hate our ſexe,
One *Synon*, if you meete him in the battaile,
I with my teares intreate you be reueng'd.
Pent. How might wee know him?

Cref. His viſage ſwart, and earthy ore his ſhoulder
Hangs lockes of hayre, blacke as the Rauens plumes :
His eyes downe looking, you ſhall hardly ſee
One in whoſe ſhape appeares more treachery.
Pent. We looſe much time: Lady haſt you to *Troy*,
And if we meete a fellow in the battaile
Of your deſcription, by our honor'd names,
We'le haue his blood to recompence your ſhames.

Alarum. *Enter* Therſites.

Amaz. By her deſcription this ſhould be the man.
Ther. Compaſt with ſmockes and long coates :
Now you whoores.
Pent. Is thy name *Synon*?
Ther. No, but I know *Synon.*
Hee is my friend and brother.
Ama. For *Synons* ſake, prepare thy ſelfe for ſlaughter.

Enter Synon.

Syn. Ho, who names *Synon*?
Ther. Brother thou nere couldſt come in better time :
See, ſee, how I am rounded.
Pent. Were euer ſuch a payre of Diuels ſeene?
They are ſo like, they needes muſt bee allied.
Syn. What can their Dammes ſay to vs?
Pent. You betray Ladies, enuy all our ſexe,
And that you now ſhall pay for, girt him round.
Syn. I recant nothing, backe me ſweete fac'd brother :
And now you witches, varlets, drabes, and queanes,
We'le cut you all to fragments.

Alarum. Synon *and* Therſites *beaten off by the* Amazons. Pyrhus *enters*, *fights with* Pentheſilea, *after this a retreate ſounded*, *then enters* Menelaus, Agamemnon, Vliſſes, Diomed.

Aga. The Troians ſound retreate.
Vliſſ. Who ſaw young *Pyrhus*?
Mene. I feare his too much rage hath ſpur'd him on
Too farre amongſt the *Amazonian* troopes.

Enter Synon *and* Therſites.

Syn. Why ſtand you idle here, and let the Troians
Lead warlike *Pyrhus* priſoner to the Towne.
Agam. How *Pyrhus* priſoner?
Ther. Wee ſaw him compaſt by the *Amæzons*:
Pentheſilea with her buſtain troopes
Layd load vpon his Helme.
Vliſſ. Then this retreate
Vpon the ſuddaine argues that they lead him
Captiue to *Troy*.

Enter Pyrhus.

Pyr. Courage braue Princes, I haue got a priſe
Worthy the purchaſe, on my Launces poynt
Sits pearcht the *Amazonians* lopt off head,
Vpon my warlike ſword her bleeding arme,
At ſight of which the *Troians* ſound retreate:
The honour of this day belongs to vs.
Omnes. To none but *Neoptolemus*.
Pyr. *Synon* you play'd the coward: ſo *Therſites*.
Ther. If not ſo
I had not liu'd to ſee *Troyes* ouerthrow.
Syn. When didſt thou euer ſee a villaine valiant?
What's paſt remember not, but what's to come:

Priam hath ſhut his Gates, and will no more
Meete him in armes: can you with all your valour
Glide through the wals, if not what are you neerer
For all your Ten yeares ſiege?
Pyr. Tis true, ſome ſtratagem to enter *Troy*
Were admirable: for Princes till I ſee
The Temple burne wherein my father dyde,
And *Troy* no *Troy* but aſhes; my reuenge
Will haue no ſterne aſpect, till I behold
Troyes ground-ſils ſwim in pooles of crimſon goare.
Ramnuſia's Alter fild with flowing helmes
Of blood and braines: *Priam* and *Hecuba*
Drag'd by this hand to death, and this my ſword
Rauiſh the breſt of faire *Polixena*,
I ſhall not thinke my fathers death reueng'd.
Aga. To him that can contriue
A ſtratagem by which to enter *Troy*,
Ile giue the whole ſpoile of *Apolloes* Temple.
Mene. I my rich Tent.
Vlif. I the Palladium that I brought from *Troy*.
Dio. I all my birthright in *Ætolia*.
Syn. Peace, tis here: I ha't.
Pyr. Ile hugge thee *Synon*.
Syn. Touch me not, away:
There're more hammers beating in my braine
Then euer toucht *Vulcans* Anuile, more Ideaes
Then Attomes, Embrions innumerable,
Growing to perfect ſhape; and now 'tis good.
Call for *Endimions* baſtard, where's *Epeus*?
Ile ſet him ſtraight a worke.
Pyr. Vpon ſome Engine *Synon*.
Syn. A horſe, a horſe.
Pyr. Ten Kingdomes for a horſe to enter *Troy*.
Syn. Stay, let me ſee:
Vliſſes you haue the Palladium.
Vlif. I haue ſo.
Syn. Call for *Epeus* then, the Generall
Hath no command in him.
Agam. Lets know the proiect.

Syn. And that Palladium ſtood in *Pallas* Temple,
And Conſecrate to her.
Vlif. It did ſo.
Syn. Call for *Epeus* then.
Pyr. Lets heare what thou intendeſt.
Syn. Ile haue an Horſe built with ſo huge a bulke,
As ſhall contayne a thouſand men in Armes.
Pyr. And enter *Troy* with that?
Syn. Doo't you, you trouble mine inuention,
I am growne muddy with your interruption:
Good young man lend more patience, heare me out:
This Engine fram'd, and ſtuft with armed Greekes.
(Will you take downe your Tents, march backe to *Tenedos*?)
Pyr. What ſhall the Horſe doe then?
Syn. Not gallop as your tongue doth: good *Vliſſes*
Lend me your apprehenſion; when the Troians
Finde you are gone aboord, theyle ſtraight ſuppoſe
You'l not weigh Anchor: till the gods informe you
Of your ſucceſſe at Sea: if then a villaine
Can driue into their eares, the goddeſſe *Pallas*
Offended for her ſtolne Palladium:
(Will you erect this Machine to her honour?)
Withall that were it brought into her Temple,
It would retayne the gilt Palladiums vertue.
Might not the forged tale mooue aged *Priam*,
To hale this Engine preſently to *Troy*,
Pull downe his wals for entrance, leaue a breach
Where in the dead of night, all your whole Army
May enter, take them ſleeping in their beds,
And put them all to ſword.
Agam. Tis rare!
Pyr. Tis admirable, I will aduenture
My perſon in the Horſe.
Syn. Do ſo, and get a thouſand ſpirits more.
King *Agamemnon*, if you like the proiect,
Downe with your Tent.
Agam. *Synon*, wee will.

Syn. Ile ſet a light vpon the wals of *Troy*
Shall giue the ſummons when you ſhall returne.
About it Princes: *Pyrhus* get you men
In readineſſe, I will expoſe my ſelfe
To bewitch *Priam* with a weeping tale,
I cannot to the life deſcribe in words,
What Ile expreſſe in action.

Agam. Downe with our Tents.

Pyr. Ile to picke out bold *Greeks* to fil the horſe:
Shine bright you lampes of Heauen, for ere't be long
We'le dim your radiant beames with flaming lights
And bloody meteors, from *Troyes* burning ſtreetes.

Syn. Such ſights are glorious ſparks in *Synons* eies,
Who longs to feaſt the Diuell with Tragedies.

Explicit Actus primus.

Actus Secundus: Scœna prima.

Enter Æneas, *and* Chorebus.

Æneas. The *Grecians* gone?

Cho. All their tents raiſ'd, their ten yeares ſiege remoou'd:
Now *Troy* may reſt ſecurely.

Æne. They may report at their returne to *Greece*
The welcome they haue had: what haue they wonne?
But wounds, Times loſſe, ſhame, and confuſion.

Enter K. Priam, Anthenor, *young* Polytes, Polixena, Hecuba, *and* Hellen, *with attendance.*

Pri. We now are Lord of our owne Territories,

Ten yeares kept from vs by th' inuading *Greekes:*
Now wee may freely take a full ſuruey
Of all *Scamander* plaine, drunke with the mixture
Of th' oppoſite bloods of Troians and of Greekes.
Hecu. And royall Husband we haue cauſe to ioy,
That after ſo long ſiege the Greekes are fled,
And you in peace may reſt your aged head.
Æne. Vpon this Eaſt-ſide ſtood *Vliſſes* Tent,
The polliticke Greeke.
Cho. There was old *Neſtors* quarter,
And *Agamemnons* that; the Generall.
Pria. Vpon the north-ſide of the field, *Achilles*
That bloody Greeke pitcht, and vpon this plaine,
I well remember, was my *Hector* ſlayne.
Hel. This empty place being South from all the reſt,
The valiant *Diomed* hath oft made good,
And here, euen here, his rich Pauillion ſtood.
Hecu. But here, euen here, neere to Duke *Aiax* tent,
Round girt with Mirmidons, my *Troilus* fell.
Cho. Then was this place a ſtanding Lake of blood,
Part of which moyſture the bright Sunne exhald;
And part the thirſty earth hath quaft to *Mars*:
But now the ſwords on eyther part are ſheath'd,
And after ten yeares tumults warres ſurceaſe,
They layding their ſhips home with ſhamefull peace.
Pria. For which we'le prayſe the gods, banquet and feaſt,
Since by their flight, our glorious fame's increaſt.

The Horſe is diſcouered.

Æne. Soft, what huge Engine's that left on the ſtrond,
That beares the ſhape and figure of an Horſe.
Cho. What, ſhal we hew it peace-meale with our ſwords?
Pria. Oh be not raſh, ſure tis ſome miſtery

That this great Architecture doth include.
Cho. But mine opinion is, this Steedes huge bulke
Is ſtuft with Greekiſh guile.
Æne. I rather thinke
It is ſome monumentall Edifice
Vnto the goddeſſe *Pallas* conſecrate :
Then ſpare your fury.

Enter Laocoon *with a Iauelin.*

Lao. Why ſtand you gazing at this horrid craft,
Forg'd by the ſlye *Viſſes*, is his braine
Vnknowne in *Troy*? or can you looke for ſafety
From thoſe who ten yeares haue beſieg'd your wals?
Either this huge ſwolne bulke is big with ſouldiers,
Longing to be deliuer'd of arm'd Greekes,
Whoſe monſtrous fatall and abhorred birth,
Will be *Troyes* ruine : elſe this hill of timber
This horſe-like ſtructure ſtabled vp in *Troy*,
Wil ſpurne down theſe our wals, our towers demoliſh,
Which it ſhall neuer : come you *Troian* youth
That loue the publicke ſafety, no proud Greeke
Vpon this Steedes backe, o're *Troyes* wall ſhall ride.
Firſt with this Iauelin Ile tranſpearce his ſide.
Pria. What meanes *Laocoon*?
Æne. Princes ſtay his fury.
Lao. Harke Troians, if a iarring noyſe of Armes,
Sighed not throw theſe deep Cauernes, I devine
This gluttenous wombe hath ſwallowed a whole band
Of men in ſteele, then with your ſwords and glaues
Rip vp his tough ſides, and imbowell him,
That we may prooue how they haue lin'd his intrailes.

Enter two ſouldiers bringing in Synon *bound.*

Soul. Stay, and proceed, no further in your rage,
Till we haue learnt ſome nouell from this Greeke,
Whom in a ditch we found faſt giu'd and bound.
Pria. *Laocoon* ceaſe thy violence till we know

From that poore Grecian, what that Machine meanes.
Syn. Oh me, (of all on earth moſt miſerable,)
Whom neither Heauens will ſuccour, earth preſerue,
Nor ſeas keepe ſafe, I, whom the Heauens diſpiſe,
The Earth abandons, and the Seas diſdaine:
Where ſhal I ſhroud me? whom, but now the Greekes
Threatned with vengeance; and eſcap'd from them,
Falne now into the hands of Troians, menacing death:
The world affoords no place, to wretched *Synon*,
Of comfort, for where ere I fixe my foote,
I tread vpon my graue: the foure vaſt corners
Of this large Vniuerſe, in all their roomes
And ſpacious emptineſſe, will not affoord me
My bodies length of reſt: where ere I flye,
Or ſtay, or turne, Death's th' obiect of mine eye.
Pria. What art thou? or whence com'ſt thou? briefly ſpeake.
Thou wretched man, thou moou'ſt vs with thy teares:
Vnbind him ſouldiers.
Syn. Shall I deny my ſelfe to be of *Greece?*
Becauſe I am brought Captiue into *Troy?*
No *Synon* cannot lye: Heauen, Earth, and Sea,
From all which I am out-caſt, witneſſe with me
That *Synon* cannot lye: thrice damn'd *Vliſſes*,
The black-hair'd *Pyrhus*, and horned *Menelaus*
Crook-back'd *Therſites*, luxurious *Diomed*,
And all the rable of deteſted Greekes,
I call to witneſſe, *Synon* cannot lye.
Could I haue oyl'd my tongue, and cring'd my ham,
Suppled mine humble knee to croutch and bend,
Heau'd at my bonnet, ſhrugg'd my ſhoulders thus,
Grin'd in their faces, *Synon* then had ſtood,
Whom now this houre muſt ſtue in his own blood.
Æne. The perfect image of a wretched creature,
His ſpeeches begge remorſe.
Pria. Alas good man,
Shake off the timerous feare of ſeruile death,

Though 'mongſt vs Troians, and thy ſelfe a Greeke,
Thou art not now amongſt thine enemies,
Thy life Ile warrant, onely let vs know
What this Horſe meanes.

Syn. Greece I renounce thee, thou haſt throwne me off,
Faire *Troy* I am thy creature. Now Ile vnrip
Vliſſes craft, my fatall enemy,
Who ſold to death the Duke *Palamides*,
My Kinſman Troians (though in garments torne)
Synon ſtands here, yet is he nobly borne:
For that knowne murder did I haint his Tent
With rayling menaces, horrible exclaimes,
Many a blacke-ſaint, of wiſhes, oathes, and curſes
Haue I ſung at his window, then demaunding
Iuſtice of *Agamemnon*, *Diomed*,
Duke *Nestor* with the other Lords of *Greece*,
For murder of the Prince *Palamides*,
And being denide it in my moſt vexation,
My bitter tongue ſpar'd not to barke at them:
For this I was obſeru'd, lookt through and through
Vliſſes braine had markt me, for my tongue
And fatted me for death by *Calchas* meanes,
He wrought ſo farre that I ſhould haue bin offred
Vnto the gods for ſacrifice, the Prieſt
Lifting his hand aloft to ſtrike me dead,
I lept downe from the Altar, and ſo fled,
Purſuite and ſearch was made, but I lay ſafe
In a thicke tuft of ſedge, till I was found
By theſe your ſouldiers, who thus brought me bound.

Pria. Thou now art free ſecur'd from all their tyranny:
Now tell vs what's the meaning of this Horſe?
Why haue they left him here, themſelues being gon?

Syn. My new releaſ'd hands, thus I heaue on hye,
Witneſſe you gods, that *Synon* cannot lye.
But as a new adopted Troian now
By *Priams* grace; I here proteſt by *Ioue*,

By theſe eternal fires that ſpangle Heauen,
The Alter, and that ſacrificing ſword,
Beneath whoſe ſtroake I lay, ſince my baſe Country
Caſts me away to death, I am now borne
A ſonne of *Troy*: not *Hector* whilſt he liu'd
More dammag'd *Greece* by his all wounding arme,
Then I by my diſcouery: Well, you know
How the Greekes honour *Pallas*, who incenſt
Becauſe *Vliſſes* the Palladium ſtole
Out of her Temple, and her Warders ſlew,
In rage ſhe threatned ruine to all *Greece*:
Therefore to her hath *Calchas* built this Horſe.
(Greece pardon me, and all my Countrey gods
Be deaſe to *Synons* tale, and let it bee
Henceforth forgot that I was borne in Greece,
Leaſt times to come record what I reueale,
The blacke confuſion of my Natiue weale.

Priam. And what's that *Synon*?

Syn. Where left I? at the Horſe, built of that ſize,
Leaſt you ſhould giue it entrance at your Gates:
For know ſhould your rude hands dare to prophan
This gift ſacred to *Pallas*: Rots and diſeaſes,
Peſts and infections ſhall depopulate you,
And in a ſmall ſhort ſeaſon, they returning,
Shal ſee thy ſubiects ſlain, faire *Troy* bright burning.
I'm euen with thee *Vliſſes*, and my breath
Strikes all Greece home for my intended death.

Pria. Thankes *Synon*, we ſhall bounteouſly reward thee.

Æne. And ſee my Leige, to make good his report,
Laocoon, he that with his Iauelin pierſt
This gift of *Pallas*, round embrac'd with Snakes,
That winde their traines about his wounded waſt,
And for his late preſumption ſting him dead.

Pria. We haue not ſeene ſo ſtrange a prodigy,
Laocoon hath offended all the gods,
In his prophane attempt.

Syn. Then lend your helping hands,
To lift vp that Palladian monument
Into *Troyes* Citty : Leauers, Cables, Cords.
Cho. It cannot enter through the Citty Gates.
Syn. Downe with the wals then.
Cho. Theſe wals that ten yeares haue defended *Troy*,
For all their ſeruice ſhall wee ruine them.
Syn. But this ſhall not defend you for ten yeares,
But make your Towne impregnable for euer.
Pria. Downe with the wals then, each man lend a hand.
Cho. I heare a noyſe of Armour.
Æne. Ha, what's that ?
Cho. I feare ſome treaſon in that Horſe inclоſed :
Nor will I lend an hand to hale him in.
Omnes. Downe with the Wals.
Æne. And Troians now after your ten years toile,
Dayes battailes, the fields trouble, and nights watch,
This is the firſt of all your reſt, feaſt, banquet, ioy and play,
Pallas is ours, the Greekes ſayl'd hence away.
Pria. Here we releaſe all Centries and commit
Our broken wals to her Celeſtiall guard :
We will reward thee *Synon*, the Greekes gone,
Priam may reſt his age, in his ſoft throne. *Exe.*
Syn. So, ſo, ſo,
Synon I hope ſhall warme his hands annon,
At a bright goodly bone-fire : Here's the Key
Vnto this machine by *Epeus* built,
Which hath already with his brazen breſt,
Tilted *Troies* wall downe, and annon being drunke
With the beſt blood of Greece, in dead of night
Hauing ſurcharg'd his ſtomacke, will ſpew out
A thouſand men in Armes : ſweet mid-night come,
I long to maske me in thy ſable Wings,

That I may do ſome miſchiefe and blacke deedes :
We ſhall haue rare ſport, admirable ſpoyle,
Cutting of throats, with ſtabbing, wounding, killing
Some dead a ſleep, and ſome halfe ſleep, halfe wake :
Some dancing Antickes in their bloody ſhirts,
To which their wiues cries, & their infants ſhreeks,
Play muſicke, braue mirth, pleaſing harmony :
Then hauing ſpitt young children on our ſpeares,
We'le roſt them at the ſcorching flames of *Troy* :
Flye ſwift you winged minutes till you catch
That long-wiſht houre of ſtilnes : in which *Troy*
Sleeps her laſt ſleep, made drunk with wine and ioy.
In the receiuing of this fatall Steede,
Sicke *Troy* this day hath ſwallowed ſuch a pill,
Shall ſearch her intrayles, and her liues blood ſpill.
Exit.

Enter Agamemnon, Menelaus, Vliſſes, *with ſouldiers in a ſoft march, without noiſe.*

Aga. Soft, ſoft, and let your ſtilneſſe ſuite with night,
Faire *Phebe* keepe thy ſiluer ſplendor in,
And be not ſeene to night.
Mene. Where *Phebe* in my caſe,
She ſoone would bluſh to ſhow her horned face.
Vliff. We would not haue a ſtarre caſt it's cleare eye
On our darke enterpriſe : too faſt : ſo, ſtill.
Here Ambuſh, till you ſee the flaming Torch,
Synon this night vpon the wals of *Troy*,
Will toſſe about his eares, as a true ſignall,
The great *Epean* ſtructure is receiu'd,
And we may find ſafe entrance by the breach.
Aga. A ſtand, the word through all the Regiment.
Mene. A ſtand.

Enter Synon *with a torch aboue.*

Syn. Thy euerlaſting ſleepe, ſleepe careleſſe *Troy*,
This horrid night buried in Wine and mirth,
This fatall Horſe ſpur'd by the braine of *Synon*,
Hath lept ore *Troys* high bulwarks great with Greeks,
Four times in rayſing vp the monument,
A ſhaking ſound of Armour harſhly iar'd
In all the Princes eares, and had they not
Beene drunk in *Synons* teares, they'd found our guile.
It is now mid-night. The black darkneſſe falne,
And rould o're all the world, as well the Poles,
As the great Ocean, and the earth: now's the time
For tragicke ſlaughter, clad in gules and ſables,
To ſpring out of Hels iawes, and play ſtrang reaks
In ſleepy *Troy*, this bright and flaming brand
Which ſo often gire about mine eares,
Is ſignall for the Armies quicke returne,
And make proud *Iſlium* like my bright torch burne,
Winke all you eyes of Heauen, or you ſhall be
Blood-ſhot to view *Troyes* diſmall Tragedy. *Exit.*

Aga. The ſignals on the wal: forward braue ſouldiers,
The Horſe is entred, *Synons* Tale beleeu'd.
And wee this night ſhall ſee the ſacke of *Troy*.

Men. March on then, the black darknes couers vs,
And we without ſuſpition eaſily may
Diſperſe our ſelues about theſe high built wals:

Vlif. Now with a ſoft march enter at this breach
But giue no token of a loud Alarme,
Till we haue met with *Pyrhus* and the reſt,
Whom the Steedes bulke includes.

They march ſoftly in at one doore, and preſently in at another. Enter Synon *with a ſtealing pace, holding the key in his hand.*

Syn. Soft, ſoft, ey ſo, hereafter Ages tell,

How *Synons* key vnlockt the gates of Hell.

Pyrhus, Diomed, *and the rest, leape from out the Horſe:*
And as if groping in the darke, meete with Aga-
memnon *and the reſt: who after knowledge im-*
brace.

Pyrhus. The Generall ?
Agam. *Pyrhus* ?
Dio. *Menelaus* ?
Mene. *Diomed* ?
Ther. My Vrchin ?
Syn. What my Toad ?
Pyr. Well met in *Troy* great Lords.
Vlif. Where are wee now ?
Sy. In the high ſtreet, nere to the Church of
Pallas,
And this you paſt, the gate cal'd *Dardanus.*
Pyr. Then here begins *Troyes* fatall tragedy :
Princes of Greece, at once vnſheath your ſwords,
And heare proteſt with *Neoptolemus,*
By our fore-father *Peleus*, grandam *Thetis,*
The Emperious goddeſſe of the Sea, that made
Achilles, ſaue th' heele, invulnerable,
And by my father great *Æacides,*
His glorious name, his Armour which I weare,
His bloody wounds, and his blacke ſepulchre ;
I here abiure all reſpite, mercy, ſleepe,
Vntil this Citty be a place confus'd :
This murall girdle that begirts it round
A Cawſey for the *Greekes* to trample on,
The place a ſtone-heape ſwimming in an Ocean
Of *Troian* blood, which ſhall from farre appeare
Like an high Rocke in the red Sea.
Syn. A braue ſhow,
To ſee full Boats in blood of *Troians* rowe,
And 'the poore labouring Snakes with armes ſpread
ſwimme
In luke-warme blood of their allyes and kin.

Men. Whence muſt this Ocean flowe? From
thouſand Springs
Of gentle and ignoble, baſe and Kings.
Pyr. Set on then, none retire;
Waue in the one hand ſteele, in the other fire.
Loud Drummes and Trumpets ring *Troyes* fatall
peale,
That now lyes drawing on, the word be vengeance,
Alarum, at that watch-word fire, and kill,
And wide-mouth'd *Orchus* with whole legions fill.

A loude Alarum. Enter a Troian *in his night-gowne all vnready.*

Tro. Twas an alarum ſure that frighted mee
In my dead ſleepe, 'twas neare the *Dardan* port:
Ioue grant that all be well.

Enter his wife as from bed.

Wife. Oh Heauen! what tumult's this
That hurries through the fatall ſtreetes of *Troy*?
I feare ſome treaſon.
Tro. Stay Wife, lay thine eare
Vnto the ground and liſt, if we can gather
Of what condition this ſtrange vproare is
That riots at this late vnſeaſoned houre?
Sure 'tis the noiſe of war, whence ſhould it grow?
The *Greekes* are ſayl'd hence, *Troy* needes feare no
foe.
Wife. The horrid ſtirre comes on this way towards
vs.
Troi. Oh whither ſhall we turne?

A great cry within. Alarum. Enter Pyrhus *with the rest their weapons drawn and torches.*

Wife. Oh faue mee husband.
Troi. Succour me deere wife.

Omnes. Vengeance for *Greece* and *Neoptolemus.*
Pyr. So flye the word along, dye old and young,
Mourne *Troy* in aſhes for *Achilles* loſſe,
Steele in one hand, in th' other fire-brands toſſe.
Exeunt.

Enter Chorebus *at one doore, at another* Æneas *with their weapons drawne.*

Cho. This horrid clamour that hath cal'd mee vp
From my deepe reſt, much, much amazeth mee ;
Tis on the right hand, now vpon the left,
It goes before me and it followes mee :
Oh *Ioue* expound the meaning of this horrour
Which the darke mid-night makes more terrible.
Æne. This ſtreete is cleare, but now I climb'd a Turret,
And I might well diſcerne half *Troy* in fire,
And by the flame the burniſht Helmets gliſter
Of men in Armes, whence *Ioue Olimpicke* knowes.

Enter a ſecond Troian.

2. *Tro.* Where ſhall I hide me? Treaſon, *Troyes* betray'd ;
The fatall horſe was full of armed *Greekes.*
Chore. Of *Greekes*? damn'd *Synon.*
2. *Tro.* Prince *Chorebus* fly,
Fly great *Æneas.*
Cho. Which way? where? or how?
Are we not rounded with a quick-ſet hedge
Of pointed ſteele? are not the gates poſſeſt
And ſtrongly man'd with *Greekes*? death euery where,
Then whither ſhould we flye?
Æne. Into the throng.
Where blowes are dealt, where our inflamed Turrets
Burne with moſt fury.
Cho. Nobly ſpeakes *Æneas.*

Æe. Then whither flames, and furies, ſhreiks and clamors,
Death, danger, and the deuils hurry vs,
Thither will we: follow where I ſhall lead,
Thouſands ſhall fall by vs ere we be dead.

Enter Therſites, *with other* Greekes.

Ther. Charge on theſe naked Troians, and cry thus,
Vengeance for *Greece* and *Neoptolemus*.
Cho. Charge on theſe armed Grecians, and thus cry,
We may yet liue to ſee ten thouſand dye.

They charge the Greekes *and kill them*, Therſites *runs away.*

Cho. Well fought braue ſpirits in our vtter ruine,
We are Conquerours yet: let's don theſe Greekiſh habits,
And mixe our ſelues amongſt their Armed ranks;
So vnexpected murder all we meete:
The darkeneſſe will aſſiſt our enterpriſe.
Theſe Greekiſh Armes this night by Troians worne,
Shall to the fall of many Grecians turne.

Enter all the Greekes.

Omnes. Burne fire, and kill, as you wound cry thus,
Vengeance for *Greece* and *Neoptolemus*. *Exeunt.*

Enter Æneas *followed by* Hectors *ghoſt.*

Æne. What art thou that with ſuch a grim aſpect,
In this black night ſo darke and turbulent,
Haunts me in euery corner of my houſe

Which yet burnes o're mine eares?
Hect. Doeſt thou not know me?
Or can *Æneas* ſo forget his friend?
This face did fright *Achilles* in the field,
And when I ſhooke theſe lockes, now knotted all,
As bak't in blood; all *Greece* hath quak't and trembled.
Looke on mine Heeles, and thou maiſt ſee thoſe thongs
By which ſo often I was dragg'd 'bout *Troy*,
My body made an vniuerſall wound
By the vnnumbred hands of *Mirmidons*,
This th' hand that toſt ſo many wild-fire balls
Into the *Argiue* fleete, and this the body
That deck't in *Aiax* and *Achilles* ſpoyles
Ridde from the fields triumphant thorow *Troy*.
Æne. Prince *Hector*?
Hect. Hence *Æneas* poſt from *Troy*,
Reare that abroad the gods at home deſtroy.
The Citty burnes, *Priam* and *Priams* glory
Is all expir'd, and tumbled headlong downe:
Caſſandraes long neglected propheſies
This night fulfils. If either ſtrength or might
Could haue protected *Troy*, this hand, this arme
That ſau'd it oft, had kept it ſtill from harme.
But *Troy* is doom'd, here gins the fatall Story
Of her ſad ſacke and fall of all her glory.
Away, and beare thy Country gods along,
Thouſands ſhall iſſue from thy ſacred ſeede,
Cities more rich then this the Grecian ſpoyle.
In after times ſhall thy ſucceſſors build,
Where *Hectors* name ſhall liue eternally.
One *Romulus*, another *Bruite* ſhall reare,
Theſe ſhall nor Honours, nor iuſt Rectors want,
Lumbardies Roome, great Britaines *Troy-nouant*.
Heu fuge nate Dea; teque his pater eripe flammis;
Hoſtis habet muros, ruit alto a culmine Troia
Sacra, ſuoſque, tibi commendat Troia penates

Hos cape fatorum comites, his mœnia quære,
Magna pererrato ſtatues quæ denique ponto. *Exit.*

Æne. Soft lie thy bones and ſweetly may they reſt
Thou wonder of all worthyes, but *Troy* burnes :
Thouſands of Troian Corſes blocke the ſtreetes,
ome flying fall, and ſome their killers kill :
Where ſhall I meete thee death ? before I flye,
Some Conquerors yet, ſhall brauely conquered die.
Exit.

Explicit Actus ſecundus.

Actus Tertius : Scœna prima.

Enter Priam *in his night-gowne and ſlippers, after him* Hecuba, Hellena, Andromache, Caſſandra, Polyxena, Polites, Aſtianax. *An Alarum.*

All La. Oh helpe vs father *Priam*, Oh the *Greeks.*
Pri. I haue done more then age would ſuffer me
They haue tilted maſts againſt my Pallace gates,
And burſt them open.
All La. Oh father *Priam*, whether ſhall we flye?
Pri. We are incompaſt round with ſword & fire,
'Las Daughters, 'las my young *Astianax.*
All La. Oh heauen, they come, where may we hide vs ſafe?
Pri. Safety and helpe are both fled out of *Troy*,
And left behind nothing but maſſacre :
My Pallace is ſurpris'd, my guard all ſlaine,
My ſelfe am wounded, but more with your ſhreeks,
Then by the ſwords of Grecians : come let's flie
Vnto the ſacred Altar of the gods.

All La. May we be ſafe there father?
Pri. Safe? Oh no;
Safety is fled. Death hath our liues in chaſe,
And ſince we needes muſt dye, let's chuſe this place.
Exeunt.

Alarum. Enter at the one doore Hellen, *at the other* Creſida.

Cref. Whither runnes *Hellen?*
Hel. Whither ſhould I fly?
Cref. See, *Troy* is not it ſelfe, oh wretched *Hellen*!
To ſhun the Greekes to run into the fire,
Or flying fire, periſh by Greekiſh ſteele:
Which hadſt thou rather chuſe?
Hel. Death, in what ſhape ſoeuer hee appeares
To me is welcome, I'le no longer ſhun him;
But here with *Creſida* abide him: here,
Oh, why was *Hellen* at the firſt ſo faire,
To become ſubiect to ſo foule an end?
Or how hath *Creſids* beauty ſinn'd 'gainſt Heauen,
That it is branded thus with leproſie?
Cref. I in conceit thought that I might contend
Againſt Heauens ſplendor, I did once ſuppoſe,
There was no beauty but in *Creſids* lookes,
But in her eyes no pure diuinity:
But now behold mee *Hellen.*
Hel. In her I ſee
All beauties frailty, and this obiect makes
All faireneſſe to ſhow vgly in it ſelfe:
But to ſee breathleſſe Virgins pil'd on heape,
What leſſe can *Hellen* doe then curſe theſe Starres
That ſhin'd ſo bright at her natiuity,
And with her nayles teare out theſe ſhining balls
That haue ſet *Troy* on fire?

Enter Pyrhus, Agamemnon, Menelaus, *&c.*

Pyr. Pierce all the Troian Ladies with your ſwords,

Leaſt 'mongſt them you might ſpare *Polixena.*
Agam. Stay, I ſhould know that face, tis *Helena.*
Mene. My Queene?
Hel. I am not *Hellen*, but *Polixena*:
Therefore reuengfull *Neoptolemus*
Doe Iuſtice on me for thy fathers death.
Pyr. *Polixena?* by all *Achilles* honours
Ile part thee limbe from limbe.
Cref. *Pyrhus* forbeare,
It's the *Spartan* Queene.
Men. If *Hellen*, the adulterous ſtrumpet dyes,
Ile be her deathſ-man.
Hel. Strike home *Menelaus*,
Death from thy hand is welcome.
Aga. Hold I ſay,
Shee's *Clitemneſtras* ſiſter, for her ſake
Hellen ſhall liue, and Kingly *Menelaus*
Receiue her into fauour.
Pyr. *Agamemnon*
Is too remiſſe, I haue ſworne all blood to ſpill
I meet with, and this one will *Pyrhus* kill.
Men. And I this other.
Aga. For our ſake *Menelaus* let her liue.
Was not our ſiſter borne againſt her will
From *Sparta*? for that wrong done by the Troians
Doth not *Troy* burne? and are not all our ſwords
Stain'd in the blood of *Paris* ſlaughtered friends?
You ſhall be reconcil'd to *Helena*,
And beare her backe to *Greece.*

Enter Therſites.

Ther. *Hellen* at ſhrift: alas poore penitent Queane,
Doſt heare me *Menelaus*? pardon her,
Take her againe to *Sparta*, thou'lt elſe want
So kind a bed-fellow.
Men. Take backe my ſhame?
Ther. Yes for thy pleaſure.
There's in the world as rich and honourable

As thou, who lend the pleaſures of their bed
To others, and then take them backe agayne
As they can get them.
Men. My brow ſhall neuer beare
Such Characters of ſhame.
Ther. Thy browes beare hornes already, but who ſees them?
When thou return'ſt to *Sparta*, ſome will thinke
Thou art a Cuckold, but who is't dare ſay ſo?
Thou art a King, thy ſinnes are clouded o're,
Where poore mens faults by tongues are made much more.
Of all men liuing, Kings are laſt ſhall heare
Of their diſhonours.
Aga. What inferiour Beaſt
Dares tell the Lyon of his Tyranny,
Who is not torne aſunder with his pawes?
The King of *Sparta* therefore needs not feare
The tongues of ſubiects, bid our ſiſter riſe
To ſafety in thine armes.
Ther. Doe *Menelaus.*
Men. But will my *Hellen* then by future vertue
Redeeme her long loſt honour?
Hel. If with teares
The Heauens may be appeas'd for *Hellens* ſinnes,
They ſhall haue penitent ſhowers: If *Menelaus*
May with the ſpirit of loue be ſatisfied,
Ile ten times rectifie my forfet honour
Before I touch his bed.
Men. Ariſe then *Hellen*, *Menelaus* armes
Thus welcome thee to ſafety.
Ther. Ha, ha, ha,
Why this is well, for he that's borne to dye
A branded Cuckhold, huggs his deſtiny:
Goe, get you after *Pyrhus* to the ſlaughter,
Ile looke to *Hellen*.
Aga. Conueigh her to our guard. *Exit.*
Ther. *Hellen*, hereafter ſee thou proou'ſt more wiſe,

If not more honeſt, yet be more preciſe. *Exit.*

Enter Prince Chorebus *with other* Troians *in* Greekiſh *habits.*

Cho. Theſe ſhapes thriue well, we haue guilt our Greekiſh armes
With blood of their owne nation : ſome we haue ſent
To euerlaſting darkneſſe, ſome repulſt
Backe to their ſhips : ſome we haue made to flye
Into their horſes bulke, whence *Pyrhus* firſt
Lept downe vpon his ſpeare.

Enter Synon, Therſites, *and the* Greekes *dragging in* Caſſandra.

Syn. Come ſouldiers, this is ſtately tragicall,
The Greekes wade vp euen to the brawny thighes
In luke-warme blood of our deſpoyled foes.
Aboue *Melpomene's* huge buskind top
We plunge at euery ſtepp, and brauely fought
By *Troyes* bright burning flame : that's now our light.
Ther. More of our valiant mates, let's ioyne with them,
This ſtreete yet's vnaſſaulted and vnfir'd :
Some balls of wild-fire ſtreight, and hurle this Lady
Into the fury of the burning flame.
Cho. My wife *Caſſandra ?*
Syn. Courage, let none ſcape
Fire, vengeance, blood, death, murder, ſpoyle and rape.
Cho. All theſe on *Greece* and twenty thouſand more,
Till they like *Troy* be drown'd in teares and goare.

Chorebus *and the rest beate off the* Greekes, *and reſcue* Caſſandra.

Caſſ. From Greekes to Greeks, from fire kept for the ſword,

From one death to another.
Cho. *Caſſandra* no.
Caſſ. My Lord the Prince *Chorebus?*
Cho. Yes the ſame,
Who hath preſeru'd thee both from ſword and flame.

Enter Æneas *with his father, who taking* Chorebus *for a Grecian by reaſon of his habite, fights with him and kils him.*

Æne. More Greekes and ſee *Caſſandra* captiue made,
Aſſault them Troians, reſcue the faire Princeſſe;
This way deare father mount my backe againe.
Caſſ. Oh falſe *Æneas*, thou haſt ſlaine thy friend:
Many a Greeke (thus ſhapt) he ſent to hell,
And being a Troian by a Troian fell.
Æne. He dy'd not by my hand, but his owne fate.
Caſſ. And I forgiue thee good *Æneas*, flie,
Thou ſhalt ſuruiue, but *Troy* and wee muſt fall:
The hope of all our future memories
Are ſtor'd in thee, take vp thy ſacred load
Reuerent *Anchiſes* bed-rid through his age,
We are all doom'd, faire *Troy* muſt periſh here,
But thou art borne a greater *Troy* to reare.
Æne. The Heauens haue hand in all things, to their pleaſure
Wee muſt ſubſcribe: *Creuſa*, where's my wife?
In looſing her I ſaue but halfe my life.
Come reuerent father, on my ſhoulders mount,
Though thouſand dangers dogge vs at the heeles,
Yet will wee force our paſſage. *Exeunt.*

King Priam *diſcouered kneeling at the Altar, with him* Hecuba, Polixena, Andromache, Aſtianax: *to them enter* Pyrhus, *and all the Greekes,* Pyrhus *killing* Polytes Priams *ſonne before the Altar.*

Pyr. Still let your voyces to hye Heauen aſpire

For *Pyrhus* vengeance, murdring ſteele and fire.
All the Ladies. Oh, oh.
Pri. My ſonne *Polytes*? oh thou more hard hearted
Then fatall *Pyrhus* or his fathers guard,
That in the ſhadow of this ſacred place
Durſt ſprinke the childs blood in the fathers face.
Pyr. *Priam*? thanks ſweet reuenge, through ſwords and armour,
Through mures, and Counter-mures of men and ſteele;
Through many a corner, and blind entries mouth
I haue followed this thy bleeding ſonne to death,
Whoſe ſwift purſuite hath traind me to this Altar
To be reueng'd on thee for the ſad fate
Of great *Achilles*.
Pri. Thou art *Pyrhus* then?
Pyr. My acts ſhall ſpeake my name,
I am that *Pyrhus* who did mount you Horſe
Hyding mine armour in his deepe vaſt bulke,
The firſt that lept out of his ſpacious ſide,
And toſt conſuming fire in euery ſtreet,
Which climb'd, as if it meant to meete the ſtars,
I am that *Pyrhus* before whom *Troy* falls:
Before whom all the Vanes and Pinacles
Bend their high tops, and from the battlements
On which they ſtand, breake their aſpiring necks.
The proudeſt roofe and moſt imperious ſpyre
Hath vaild to vs and our all waſting fire.
Pri. *Pyrhus*, I know thee for my deſtin'd plague,
I know the gods haue left vs to our weakneſſe,
I ſee our glories ended and extinct,
And I ſtand ready to abide their doome;
Onely for pitty and for pieties ſake
Be gracious to theſe Ladies.
Syn. *Pyrhus* no,
Such grace as they did to *Achilles* ſhew,
Let them all taſt; let grace be farre exil'd,
Kill from the elder to the ſucking child.

Pri. Hee's prone enough to miſchiefe of himſelfe,
Spurre not that fury on which runnes too faſt,
Nor adde thou to old *Priams* miſery
Which ſcarce can be augmented tis ſo great.
Pyr. Dye in thy tortures then.
Hecu. Oh ſpare his life.
Aſti. Good man kill not my Grandſire.
Pri. Good man doe.
Hecu. Kill mee for him.
Aſti. No, ſhee's my Grandam too,
Indeed ſhee's a good woman, chuſe ſome other
If you muſt needes kill.
Pyr. This then.
Aſti. Shee's my Mother,
You ſhall not hurt her.
Pri. This boy had a father,
Hector his name, who had hee liu'd to ſee
A ſword bent 'gainſt his wife, this Queene, or me,
He would haue made all *Greece* as hot to hold him
As burning *Troy* is now to ſhelter vs.
Aſti. Good Grandſire weepe not, Grandam, Mother, Aunt,
Alas, what meane you? If you be good men
Put vp your ſwords and helpe to quench theſe flames,
Or if in killing you ſuch pleaſure haue,
Practiſe on him, kill that ill fauoured knaue.
Syn. Mee bratt?
Pyr. *Vlyſſes*, *Agamemnon*, *Menelaus*,
Synon, *Therſites*, and you valiant *Greekes*;
Behold the vengeance wrathfull *Pyrhus* takes
On *Priams* body for *Achilles* death:
Synon, take thou that Syren *Polixene*,
And hew her peece-meale on my fathers Tombe.
Therſites, make the wombe of fifty Princes
A royall ſheath for thy victorious blade:
Diomed, let *Caſſandra* dye by thee,
And *Agamemnon* kill *Andromache*:
And as my ſword through *Priams* bulke ſhall flie,
Let them in death conſort him, and ſo dye.
Ther. When, when, for *Ioues* ſake when?

Syn. Some expeditious fate this motion further,
Me thinks tis long ſince that I did a murder.
Fri. Oh Heauen, oh *Ioue*, Stars, Planets, fortune, fate,
To thinke what I haue beene, and what am now;
Father of fifty braue Heroick ſonnes,
But now no Father, for they all are ſlaine.
Queene *Hecuba* the Mother of ſo many,
But now no Mother: for her barren wombe
Hath not one child to ſhew, theſe fatall warres
Haue eate vp all our iſſue.
Aſti. My deare Father,
And all my princely Vnkles.
Andr. My deare Husband,
And all my royall brothers.
Hecu. Worthy *Hector*,
And all my valiant ſonnes.
Pri. And now that *Priam* that commanded *Aſia*,
And fate inthron'd aboue the Kings of *Greece*,
Whoſe dreaded Nauy ſcowerd the *Helleſpont*,
Sees the rich towers hee built now burnt to aſhes;
The ſtately walls he reard, leuel'd and euen'd;
His Treaſures rifled and his people ſpoyl'd:
All that he hath on earth beneath the Sunne
Bereft him, ſauing his owne life and theſe,
And my poore life with theſe, are (as you ſee)
Worſe then the reſt; they dead, we dying bee.
Strike my ſterne foe, and proue in this my friend,
One blow my vniuerſall cares ſhall end.
Pyr. And that blow *Pyrhus* ſtrikes, at once ſtrike all.
They are all ſlaine at once.
Syn. Why, ſo, ſo, this was ſtately tragicall.
Aſti. Where ſhall I hide me?
Pyr. So nimble *Hectors* baſtard?
My father ſlew thy father, I the ſonne:
Thus will I toſſe thy carkas vp on hie,
The brat aboue his fathers fame ſhall flie.
He toſſeth him about his head and kills him.
Syn. No, ſomewhat doth remayne,

Alarum ſtill, the peoples not all ſlaine,
Let not one ſoule ſuruiue.
Pyr. Then Trumpets ſound
Till burning *Troy* in Troian blood be drown'd.
Exeunt.

The Alarum continued, ſhreiks and clamours are heard within. Enter with Drumme, Colours, and Souldiers Agamemnon, Pyrhus, Vlyſſes, Diomed, Menelaus, Hellen, Therſites, Synon, *&c.*

Pyr. What more remaines t' accompliſh our reuenge?
The proudeſt Nation that great *Aſia* nurſt
Is now extinct in *Lethe.*
Mene. All by *Hellen,*
Oh had that tempting beauty ne're beene borne,
By whom ſo many worthies now lie dead.
Syn. A hot Peſt take the ſtrumpet.
Ther. And a miſchiefe.
Syn. Twas this hot whore that ſet all *Troy* a fire.
Hel. Forgiue me *Pyrhus* for thy fathers death,
Troy for thy ſack, King *Priam* for thy ſonnes,
Greece for an infinite ſlaughter, and you Husband
For all your nuptiall wrongs, King *Menelaus,*
I muſt confeſſe, my inconſiderate deed
Haue made a world of valiant hearts to bleed.
Dio. What note is that which *Pyrhus* eye dwels on?
Pyr. The perfect number
Of Greekes and Troians ſlayne on either part.
The ſiege ten yeares, ten moneths, ten dayes indur'd,
In which there periſh't of the Greekes 'fore *Troy*
Eight hundred thouſand & ſixe thouſand fighting men:
Of Troians fell ſixe hundred ſixe and fifty thouſand,
All ſouldiers; beſides women, children, babes,
Whom this night maſſacred.
Hel. All theſe I ſlew.

Syn. Nay, ſome this hand ſent packing, that's not true.

Vlyſ. *Æneas*, with twenty two ſhips well furniſh't,
(The ſelfe ſame ſhips in which young *Paris* ſayl'd
When hee from *Sparta* ſtole faire *Helena*,)
Is fled to Sea.

Dio. *Anthenor* with fiue hundred Troians more
Scap't through the gate cal'd *Dardan*.

Pyr. Let them goe,
That of *Troyes* ſack the world by them may know,
Where aboue thirty braue Heroick Kings
Haue breath'd their laſt : beſides inferior Princes,
Barons and Knights, eighteene imperiall Monarches
With his owne hands renowned *Hector* ſlew :
My father beſides *Troilus* and that *Hector*,
Eight famous Kings that came in ayd of *Troy*,
Three Troian *Paris* with his Arrowes ſlew,
Of which one was my father : *Diomed*
Foure Monarches with his bright ſword ſent to death.
Our ſelfe the warlike Queene of *Amazons*,
And aged *Priam*.

Ther. Brauely boaſt he can,
A wretched woman and a weake old man.

Pyr. And now *Troyes* warres are ended, we in peace
With glorious conqueſt to ſayle backe to *Greece*.
Their Nation's vaniſh'd like their Citties ſmoake,
Our enemies are all aſhes : worlds to come
Shall Cronicle our pittileſſe reuenge
In Bookes of Braſſe and leaues of Adamant.
Towards *Greece* victorious Leaders, our toyle's paſt ;
Troy and *Troyes* people we haue burn't in flames,
And of them both left nothing but their names.

Exeunt.

Explicit Actus tertius.

Actus Quartus: Scœna prima.

Enter Prince Cethus *the ſonne of King* Naulus, *and brother to* Palamides.

Ceth. With wondrous ioy they ſay, the Greekes returne
With Triumphes and ouations piercing Heauen,
Where e're they ſet but foot loude Pæans ſung,
And Oades to ſpheare-like Notes tun'd in their prayſe:
Whil'ſt *Cethus* like a forlorne ſhadowe walkes
Diſpis'd, diſgrac't, neglected and deboſht;
Playing his melancholly, cares and ſorrowes
On his diſcordant Hart-ſtrings. Oh my fate!
Shall I, that haue this body and this braine,
A royalty ſtampt on mee in my birth:
Whoſe wrongs haue beene of marke through all the world
Troubling each eare, and being diſputable
By euery tongue that hath beene taught to ſpeake,
Euen in the mouthes of Babes, all rating mee
Of cowardeſie and ſloth: ſleepe, an occaſion
Being fairely offer'd? No, awake reuenge,
Ile bring thee now to action.

Enter Pilades.

Pil. Heare you the newes.
Ceth. *Oreſtes* friend, the noble *Pilades*?
Inſtruct mine ignorance, I know of none.
Pil. This day the Prince, great *Agamemnons* heire
Oreſtes whom you truely call your friend,
Betroths the young and faire *Hermione*
Daughter to beauteous *Hellen*.

Ceth. *Hymens* ioyes.
Crowne them with all true pleaſure.
Pil. Shall we haue your preſence at the Contract?
Ceth. Who's within?
Pil. Onely *Egiſtus*, *Clitemneſtras* friend,
The Queene and faire *Electra*.
Ceth. Witneſſe enough,
Then ſpare me for this time good *Pilades*,
Wee'le owe them greater ſeruice.
Pyl. But tis a duty that I owe my friend,
My abſence would diſtaſt him. *Exit.*
Ceth. Fare you well.
Doe, doe, contract and marry, ayme at Heauen,
But Hell is that they plunge in: Oh *Palamedes*
My baſely betray'd brother, ſold at *Troy*
As we would cheapen Horſes, yet a Prince:
A Prince? nay Generall of the Greekiſh hoſt.
Emperour and Keyſer, choſe to that command
By a full Iury of Kings, and by them rated
The prime & worthieſt: who being far from equal
Could find in whole *Greece* no competitor.
Yet this peculiar man, this God of men,
By falſe *Vlyſſes* and *Atreus* ſonnes
Agamemnon and *Menelaus*, baſely ſupplanted;
Who, for they would conferre among themſelues
The ſoueraignty forg'd letters ſent from *Troy*,
And coine withall mark't with King *Priams* ſtamp,
As if this father of his fame and Nation
Whoſe onely ends were aymd to honour *Greece*
Would haue betrayde his people: this ſuggeſted,
My brother was arraign'd, conuict, condemn'd;
For which I haue vow'd the vniuerſall ruine
Of all the Kings of that corrupted bench.
Palamides thy blood in *Aſia* ſhed
Shall make all *Europe* mourne ſince thou art dead.

Enter Egiſtus, Clitemneſtra, Oreſtes, Pilades, Hermione, *and* Electra.

Cli. *Mecenaes* King and *Sparta's* would be proud

To ſee this happy and bleſt vnion made
Betweene their royall Familyes.
Oreſt. This faire Virgine,
Second from *Læda* to whom *Ioue* vouchſaf't
The ſtrict Imbrace of his immortall arme,
Vnſpotted with her mothers proſtitution,
Wee'le thus receiue.
Hermi. May my chaſt innocence
Breake through the Cloud which hath ecclips'd her fame,
Whoſe luſter may out-ſhine my mothers fraileties,
And they through me may 'bee forgot in *Greece.*
Egi. *Hermione*, your words taſt of your breeding
Vnder this Queene your faire and Princely Aunt,
Were young *Electra* but ſo well beſtowed,
Great *Agamemnon* in ſo braue a match
Would thinke himſelfe more grac'd, then in fruition
Of all the forraigne Trophies.
Ceth. May ſhee prooue
A whore like to her mother : Prince *Orestes*,
And you bright Lady *Spartans* ſecond light,
May all the vertues of this potent Queene
Take life in you, to prooue hereditary
That the great Arch-duke crown'd with fame and honour,
In his returne may adde a ſurpluſadge
To his already ſurfet ; find his bed
By this adultreſſe baſely ſtrumpetted,
And make the Downe they lye on quaffe their blood.
Orest. How doe you faire *Electra* in your iudgement.
Applaude your brothers choyce ?
Elect. As of a contract
Made by the gods aboue, and now by Princes
Here ratified on earth.
Orest. I would my friend
Were to you ſiſter, but as faſt betroth'd
As I to *Hellens* daughter : But deare *Pilades*,
Tis Time muſt perfect all things.

Pil. Madam you heare
This motion from your brother.
Elect. And I craue
Time to conſider on't.
Oreſt. Tis on foote,
Purſue it then with all aduantages,
Command my free aſſiſtance to beginne:
Had you *Electra* friend, as I *Hermione;*
We were at firſt as forraigne as you two,
And euery way as ſtrange, but opportunity
That hath vnited vs, may make you one.
After ſome amorous parliance, let vs now
Vnto the Temple and there ſacrifice
Vnto the gods, that *Greece* no more may mourne
But glory in our fathers ſafe returne.
Egiſt. His ſafety is our danger, for know Madam,
Our loue hath bin too publick.
Ceth. That's the ground
On which to build my proiect.
Cli. Grant it hath.
Cannot a more then nine yeares widdow-head
Excuſe mee being a woman? thinks the King
Wee can forget that leſſon in our age,
Which was by him firſt taught vs in our youth?
Or was't his ayme to ſhew vs choyce delights,
Then barre vs their fruition? Firſt to taſt
Our pallat, next to make vs appetite;
And when our ſtomacks are prepar'd and ſharpen'd.
For Coſtly vionds plac't before our eyes,
Then to remooue the table? hee's vnkind;
And as hee hath dealt with vs, ſo muſt find.

Enter Synon.

Syn. The Queene? to her my ſpeed is.
Cli. Speake on ſouldier.
Syn. I am the herald of moſt happy newes,
Troy with the earth is leueld, ſackt, and burnt;

Priam with all his memory extinct,
Queene, daughters, ſonnes, and ſubiects ruin'd all.
Now like the vapour of their Citties ſmoake,
And of them no more ſound : And Madam now
The King your Lord, the Elder of the *Atryd's*,
Duke of the puiſſant and all conquering Hoſt,
His temples archt in a victorious orbe,
And wreth'd in all the glories earth can yeeld
Is landed in *Mycene* a Conquerour.
Ceth. How could they ſcape thoſe fierce fires *Naulus* made
In vengeance of his ſonne *Palamides*
To ſplit their curſed Fleete vpon the rocks.
Cli. Make repetition of their ioyes againe,
Beeing things that I cannot heare too oft,
And adde to them : Is *Menelaus* ſafe
My husbands brother ? *Hellen* how fares ſhee ?
Or is ſhee thence repurchaſt ? fill mine eares
With ſuch ſweete Tones, 'tis all I can deſire.
Syn. Take your full longing then, for though the Seas
With tempeſts, ſtormes, rocks, ſhipwracks, ſhelues and ſands
More dammag'd them then all the Troian ſiege.
Although the Beacons fir'd to draw their Fleete
Diſtreſſed and diſperſt vpon the rocks
Sunke many a goodly bottome : Yet the Generall
Scap't by the hand of *Ioue*, with him King *Diomed*,
Vlyſſes, and great *Neoptolimus*,
With *Spartan Menelaus* late attend
With beauteous *Hellen* cauſe of all theſe broyles ;
All theſe attend vpon the Generall
To bring him home victorious, and this night
Will lodge in the Kings Pallace.
Cli. Souldier thanks,
Theſe twice fiue yeares I haue a widdow beene,
Thy newes haue now new married mee : giue order
For the Kings intertainment, all the ſtate

Mycene can yeeld ſhall freely be expos'd
In honour of theſe Princes : your great haſt
Doth aske ſome reſt, therefore repoſe your ſelfe,
And for your fortunate newes expect reward.
Syn. The Queene is royall.
Ceth. And now to that diuell
Which I muſt coniure vp : Is the Queene mad ?
Or thou *Egiſtus* ſottiſh ? ſee you not
The ſtake and ſcaffold, nay the Hang-man too ;
And will you blind-fold run vpon your deaths
When there is way to 'ſcape them ?
Egiſt. What horrid fright
Is this propos'd by *Cethus* ?
Ceth. The King's return'd,
And doth not your veines guſh out of your temples
In ſanguine bluſhes? are not your adulteries
Famous as *Hellens* ? nay, more infamous,
There was a rape to countenance what ſhee did,
You nought ſaue corrupt luſt and idleneſſe :
Tis blab'd in the Citty, talk't on in the Court,
All tongues ſurcharg'd, all eyes are fix't on you,
To ſee what fearefull vengeance he will take
For that your proſtitution.
Cli. Hee's a King.
Ceth. True *Clitemnestra*, ſo he went from hence,
But is return'd a Tyrant fleſht in blood :
Think'ſt thou that he who queld his foes abroad,
Will ſpare at home domeſtick enemies ?
That was ſo prone to puniſh others wrongs,
And can forget his owne ?
Cli. If *Menelaus*
Haue pardon'd *Hellen*, may not he his brother
Make *Spartaes* King his noble preſident,
To doe the like to me ?
Ceth. Tuſh ſhallow Queene,
How you miſtake ; ſee imminent fate affront you,
And will not ſhun it comming ? If his brother
Be branded as a ſcandall to the world,
What conſequence is it that he will grone

Vnder the ſelfe ſame burden? rather thinke
He hath propos'd a vengeance dire and horrid
To terrifie, not countenance ſuch miſdeeds:
And this muſt fall on you, leſt time to come
Should Chronicle his family for a broode
Of Cuckolds and of Strumpets.
Egiſt. This thy language
Strikes me with horrour.
Cli. And affrights mee too.
Ceth. Is hee not King? hath he not Linxes eyes,
And Gyants armes, the firſt to ſee farre off,
The laſt as farre to puniſh? was hee ſo poore
In friends at home, to leaue no *Argus* here
To keepe his eyes ſtill waking? thinke it not
But that he knew the treaſon of his bed,
Hee had not faire *Briſeis* ſnatcht perforce
From th' armes of great *Achilles.*
Cli. That I heard.
Ceth. Why hath he a new miſtreſſe brought from *Troy*,
But to ſtate her in *Clitemnestraes* ſtead,
And make her *Micenes* Queene whilſt you poore wretches
Like malefactors ſuffer, mark't for the Stag
And moſt ridiculous ſpectacles.
Cli. You ſhew the danger,
But teach vs no preuention.
Egiſt. Set before vs
The obiects of our feares and difficulties,
But not the way to auoyde them.
Ceth. Heare me then,
Preuent your death's by his.
Cli. How? kill the King?
So we heape ſinne on ſinne and baſely adde
Vnto adultery murder.
Ceth. *Per ſcelus ſemper tutum ſceleribus iter.*
Boldly you haue begun, and being once in,
Blood will cure luſt, and miſchiefe phiſicke ſinne.

Cli. Perhaps our guilt lies hid.
Ceth. In a Kings Pallace
Can luſt in ſuch great perſons be conceald?
Cli. The firſt offence repents mee, and to that
I ſhould but adde a greater.
Ceth. Periſh, doe.
Or what concernes this mee? I ſhall be ſafe,
I haue ſtrumpetted no *Agamemnons* Queene,
Nor baſtarded the iſſue of the *Atrides*:
Or why ſhould I thus labour their ſecurities
Who ſtudy not their owne?
Egiſt. Reſolue then Queene,
The Kings auſteere, and will extend his Iuſtice
Vnto ſome ſad example.
Cli. Oh but my husband.
Ceth. After ten yeares widdow-hood
Can *Clitemneſtra* thinke of ſuch a name?
Cli. You haue halfe wonne me, when ſhall this be done?
Ceth. When but this night? delayes are ominous:
Ere he haue time to thinke vpon his wrongs,
Or finde a tongue to whiſper, ere ſuſpicion
Can further be inſtructed or leaſt cenſure,
To call his wrongs in queſtion: inſtantly,
Euen in his height of ioy, fulneſſe of complement
With th' Argiue Kings: whilſt cups are brim'd with healths,
Whilſt iealouſies are drown'd in *Bacchus* boles.
This night before he ſleepe, or that his pillowe
Can giue him the leaſt counſell, ere he can ſpare
A minute for the ſmalleſt intelligence,
Or moment to conſider: I haue done
If you haue either grace in apprehenſion
Or ſpirit in performance.
Egiſſ. I haue both
What anſwers *Clitemnestra*?
Cli. I am ſwayd,
And though I know there's difference of Iuſtice
In Princes ſitting on the skarlet bench,

And husbands dallying in the priuate bed :
I'le hold him as one ſits vpon my life,
Not one that lies inclos'd within mine armes ;
Hee's now my Iudge, not Husband, here I vow
Aſſiſtance in his death.
Ceth. And ſo ſuruiue
Secure and fortunate.
Egist. This night ?
Cli. 'Tis done.
Ceth. The proiect I haue caſt with all ſecurity,
And ſafety for your perſon : ſmooth your browes,
And let there ſhine a welcome in your lookes
At the Kings intertainment : nay begone,
By this time you are expected ; what remaines
Is mine in forme, but yours in action. *Exeunt.*
Now father ſtile me a moſt worthy ſonne
Palamides, a brother, what neither fires,
Nor rockes could doe, what neither *Neptunes* rage,
Nor *Mars* his fury, what the turbulent Seas,
Nor the combuſtious Land, that *Cethus* can :
Hee that ſucceedes my brother in his rule,
Shall firſt ſucceede in death : none that had hand
Or voyce in his ſubuerſion that ſhall ſtand. *Exit.*

Enter Therſites *and* Synon.

Ther. Well met on Land kind brother, wee are now
Victorious : let's be proud on't.
Syn. Thou ſay'ſt true,
Wee are Conquerours in our baſeſt cowardiſe,
Wee had not beene here elſe.
Ther. Valiant *Hector*,
Achilles, *Troilus*, *Paris*, *Aiax* too,
They are all falne, we ſtand.
Syn. Yes, and will ſtiffe
When all the Grecian Princes that ſuruiue
Are crampt and ham-ſtring'd.
Ther. Waſt thou not ſea-ſicke brother ?

Syn. Horribly, and fear'd
In the rough ſeas to haue diſgorg'd my heart,
And there to haue fed Haddocks.
Ther. Troians were fellowes
In all their fury to be parlied with:
But with the tempeſts, guſts, and *Furicanes*,
The warring windes, the billowes, rocks and fires
There was no talking: theſe few times we pray'd,
The gods would heare no reaſon.
Syn. Twas becauſe
The billowes with their roaring, and the winds
Did with their whiſtling keepe them from their eares:
But now all's huſht, could wee finde time to pray,
They might find time to heare vs.
Ther. Shall wee be
Spectators of the royall inter-view
Betwixt the King and Queene?
Syn. Ten yeares diuorſt
Should challenge a kind meeting, let's obſerue
The forme and ſtate of this Court-complement,
(Things I did neuer trade with:) Harke loud muſicke
Giues warning of their comming.

Loude muſicke. Enter at one doore Agamemnon, Vlyſſes, Diomed, Pyrhus, Menelaus: Synon *and* Therſites *falling into their trayne. At the other* Egiſtus, Clitemneſtra, Cethus, Oreſtes, Pylades, Hermione, Electra, &c.

Aga. Vnto our Country and our Houſhold-gods
Wee are at length return'd, trophied with honours,
With *Troyes* ſubuerſion and rich *Aſiaes* ſpoyles,
This is a ſacred day.
Egiſt. Such *Troy* had once.
Aga. Vnto the gods wel'e ſacrifice.
Ceth. So *Priam* fell
Before the holy Altar.
Aga. This Citty is not *Troy*.

Ceth. Where *Hellen* treads,
I hold the place no better.
Aga. See our Queene,
Orestes and *Electra*, for our ſake,
Princes of *Greece* daigne them your beſt ſalutes,
Deare *Clitemnestra.*
Clit. Royall King and Husband.

After their ſalute. All the rest complement as ſtrangers, but eſpecially Pyrhus *and Oreſtes.*

Aga. What's he that kneeles ſo cloſe vnto our Queen?
Clit. *Egiſtus* and your ſeruant.
Aga. Hee was young
When we at firſt ſet ſayle from *Aulis* Gulfe,
Now growne from my remembrance; we ſhall finde
Fit time to ſearch him further.
Ceth. Marke you that.
Egiſt. Yes, and it toucht me deepely.
Mene. Our ſiſter, and this young *Hermione*,
Daughter to vs and *Hellen.*
Ther. Prity puppy,
Of ſuch a common brach.
Men. Young *Neoptolemus*,
This is the Lady promis'd you at *Troy*,
For your great ſeruice done there: ſhe's your owne,
Freely imbrace her then.
Syn. I ſee we are like
To haue a iolly kindred.
Orest. *Pyrhus*, inioy
Her whom I haue in contract?
Pyr. Beauteous Lady,
The great'ſt ambition *Pyrhus* aymes at now,
Is how to know you farther.
Her. . . . . .
Hath beene ſo mighty to reuenge the wrongs
Of my faire mother, can from *Hermione*
Challenge no leſſe then welcome.
Oreſt. Oh you gods,

Pyrhus, thou wert more ſafe in burning *Troy*
With horrour, fury, blood, fires, foes about thee.
Then in my fathers court.
Ceth. Another Collumne
On which to build my ſlaughters. Patience Prince,
This is no time for braues and Menaces,
I further ſhall inſtruct you.
Oreſt. I haue done.
Ther. See now the two Queenes meete, and ſmack
in publick,
That oft haue kiſt in corners.
Syn. *Therſites?*
Thou art growne a monſter, a ſtrange thing ſcarſe
knowne
'Mongſt ſouldiers, wiues and daughters.
Ther. They are two ſiſters.
Syn. Yes, and the two King-brothers royally
Betweene them two cornuted.
Ther. We are to loud.
Dio. Princes of *Greece*, ſince we haue done a
duty
To ſee our Generall mid'ſt his people ſafe,
And after many dreadfull warres abroad
In peace at home. 'Tis fit we ſhould diſperſe
Vnto our ſeuerall Countries inſtantly,
I purpoſe for *Ætolia*, where my Queene
With longing waites my comming.
Aga. Not King *Diomed*,
Till you haue ſeene *Mecæna*'s pompe and ſtate
In amplieſt royalty expreſt at full,
Both taſted of our feaſts and Princely gifts.
The faire *Ægiale*, who hath ſo long
Forborne your preſence, will not I preſume
Deny to ſpare you to vs ſome few dayes,
To adde to the yeares number, though not as Gene-
rall
Yet will I lay on you a friends command
Which muſt not be deny'de.

Dio. Great *Agamemnon*
With mee was euer powerfull, I am his.
Cli. And now faire ſiſter welcome back from *Troy*,
Be euer henceforth *Spartaes.*
Hel. Your great care
In my enforced abſence (gracious Queene)
Expreſt vnto my deare *Hermione*,
Hath much obliged me to you. Oh my fate,
How ſwift time runnes: *Oreſtes* growne a man,
Whom I left in the Cradle! Young *Electra*
Then (as I tak't) ſcarce borne, and now growne ripe,
Euen ready for an husband!
Syn. In whoſe abſence
If but one handſome ſweete-heart come in place,
Shee'l not turne tayle for't, if ſhee doe but take
After mine old Naunt *Hellen.*

Enter a Lord.

Lord. The great and ſolemne preparation
Of the Court, ſtate and glory mighty Princes,
Attend for you within.
Aga. All are conſecrated
Vnto your royall welcomes, enter then,
Wee'l feaſt like earthy gods, or god-like men.

Loud muſiick. They poſſeſſe the Stage in all ſtate,
Cethus *ſtayeth behind.*

Ceth. My brayne about againe, for thou haſt found
New proiect now to worke on, and 'tis here,
Oreſtes hath receiu'd *Hermione*
From *Clitemnestra's* hand, her ſoule is his,
And hee her Genius, two combind in one:
Yet ſhee is by the fathers Oath conferd
On *Pyrhus*, which ſhall breede a ſtormy ſlawe

Ne're to peec't againe, but by the deaths
Of the two hopefull youths: perhaps the hazard
Of all theſe Kings if my reuenge ſtrike home.
(Of that at leaſure) but the bloody ſtage
On which to act, Generall this night is thine,
Thou lyeſt downe mortall, who muſt riſe diuine.

Enter Oreſtes *to* Cethus. *Muſicke and healthing within.*

Oreſt. Oh *Cethus* what's this muſicke vnto me,
That am compoſ'd of diſcords? what are healths
To him that is ſtruck heart-ſicke? all thoſe ioyes
Whoſe leaders ſeeme to pierce againſt the roofes
Of theſe high ſtructures, to him that is ſtruct downe
Halfe way below the Center?
Ceth. Were you lower,
Yet here's a hand can rayſe you, deeper caſt
Then to the loweſt Abiſme: It lyes in me
To aduance you to the height of happineſſe,
Where you ſhall liue eterniſ'd from the reach
Of any humane malice.
Oreſt. Hadſt thou ſeene
Her, in whoſe breaſt my heart was paradiſ'd,
Kiſt, courted, and imbrac'd.
Ceth. By *Pyrhus.*
Oreſt. Him:
What paſſionate and inſidiating lookes
Hee caſt on her, as if in ſcorne of me:
Shall hee inioy my birth-right, or inherite
Where I am heire apparant? ſhall he vſurpe,
Or pleade my intereſt, where I am poſſeſt?
Rule where I raigne? where I am ſtated, ſit?
Braue me in my peculiar Ṣoueraignty?
Ceth. Hee muſt not, ſhall not.
Oreſt. Show mee to depoſe
The proud Vſurper then.
Ceth. Prince, make't my charge.

In the meanetime, from your diſtracted front,
Exile all diſcontent, let not leaſt rage
Raigne in your eye, or harſhneſſe in your tongue,
Smooth waters are ſtill deep'ſt : waite on the King,
And be no ſtranger to your mothers eye,
Or forraigne to your Kindred : the feaſt ſpent,
And night with it : the morrow ſhall beget
Proiect of more import (ſcarce thought on now.)
Oreſt. I build vpon thy Counſell. *Exit* Oreſtes.
Ceth. Which hath proou'd,
Fixt as a rocke, ſtill conſtant, and vnmoou'd.

Enter Egiſtus.

Egiſt. What *Cethus* here? why no ſuch matter now
No cauſe of feare, or leaſt ſuſpicion.
Ceth. Your reaſon?
Egiſt. Tuſh, preſume it, we are ſafe.
Ceth. Obſerue it, they are ſtill ſecureſt, whom
The Diuell driues to ruine.
Egiſt. Harke, their healths
Carrowſing to the Generals Victories,
In all their heate of ioy, and fire of wine,
No ſparke of iealouſly, all th' Argument
Of their diſcourſe, what they haue done at *Troy*.
Still health on health, and the great Generall
So farre from ſeeming to haue leaſt diſtaſte,
That in all affable tearmes hee courts his Queene,
Nay more, cuts off all banquet Ceremonies,
To haſten his bed-pleaſures, as if times diſtance
Betwixt his boord and pallade, ſeemed more tedious
Then all his Ten yeares ſiege.
Ceth. Goe, loſt man,
Sinke on firm ground, be ſhipwrackt in a Calme.
Theſe healthes are to your ruines, his reuenge :
Hath not *Egiſtus* read of a diſeaſe
Where men dye laughing : others that haue drunke
Poyſon in ſteed of Cordials, periſh ſo?

To dye tis nothing, ſince tis all mens due:
But wretchedly to ſuffer, fall vnpittied,
Vnpittied? nay derided, mockt, and curſt:
To dye as a baſe Traytor, and a Thiefe,
The adulterator of his Soueraignes bed,
The poyſon of the *Atrides* family,
And ſcandall of his iſſue, ſo to dye?

Egi. *Egiſtus* will preuent, he by this hand
Muſt fal, 'fore whom all *Aſia* could not ſtand.

Ceth. The banquet is broke vp, ſleep cals to reſt,
And mid-nights houre for murther, ſtill ſhowes beſt.

Exit.

Loud muſicke. Enter Egiſtus *with his ſword drawne, hideth himſelfe in the chamber behind the Bed-curtaines: all the Kings come next in, conducting the Generall and his Queene to their Lodging, and after ſome complement leaue them, euery one with torches vſhered to their ſeuerall chambers, &c.*

Aga. Methinkes this night, we *Clitemneſtra* meete,
At a new bridall; all Attendants leaue vs,
Wee now are onely for bed-priuacies.

Cli. Great ſir, I that ſo long haue bin your widdow,
Will be this night your hand-mayde.

Aga. You told me, Queene,
Oreſtes was a cunning horſe-man growne:
It pleaſde me much to heare it.

Cli. *Greece* reports
No Centare can ride better.

Aga. And young *Electra*,
In all th' indowments that may beſt become
A Princeſſe of her breeding, moſt compleate.

Cli. It was in your long abſence, all my care
(Being my charge) that you at your returne
Might finde them to your wiſhes.

Aga. Thankes for that.

Cli. How cunningly he ſeemes to carry it!

But we muſt finde preuention.
Aga. Who's without there?
Cli. Why ſtarted you?
Aga. Not all the *Aſian* Legions, no not *Hector*
Arm'd with his bals of wild-fire, had the power
To ſhake me like this tremor: Is our Pallace
Leſſe ſafe in *Greece*, amidſt our ſubiects here,
Then were our Tents in *Aſia*?
Cli. Where, if not here in *Clitemneſtraes* armes,
Can ſafety dwell?
Aga. And faire Queene, it ſhould be ſo.
Cli. But why ſir caſt you ſuch ſuſpicious eyes
About your Chamber? are wee not alone?
Or will you to the priuate ſweetes of night,
Call tell tale witneſſe?
Aga. Now tis gone agayne. Shall we to reſt?
Cli. So pleaſe you royall Sir.
Aga. How hard this Doune feeles, like a monu-
ment
Cut out of marble. Beds reſemble Graues,
And theſe me-thinkes appeare like winding ſheetes,
Prepar'd for corſes.
Cli. Oh how ominouſly
Doe you preſage: you much affright me ſir
In this our long-wiſht meeting.
Aga. All's ſhooke off,
I now am arm'd for pleaſure: you commended
Late one *Egiſtus* to me, prithee Queene
Of what condition is he?
Egiſt. Tyrant this.
Cli. And I am thus his fecond.
They both wound him, at which there is a greate thunder crack.
Aga. Treaſon, murder, Treaſon:
This ſhowes, we Princes are no more then men.
Thankes *Ioue*, tis fit when Monarches fall by
Treaſon,
Thunder to all the world, would ſhow ſome reaſon.
he dies.

Egi. The deede is done, lets flye to ſome ſtrong
Cittadell,
For our more ſafety.
Cli. Hee thus made diuine:
Now my *Egiſtus*, I am ſoly thine. *Exeunt.*

A noyſe of vproare within. Enter all the Kings with other Seruants halfe vnready, as newly started from their Beds. Oreſtes, Hermione, Pillades, Electra, *&c.*

Mene. What ſtrange tumultuous noyſe is this ſo late,
To rouſe vs from our beds?
Pyr. Prodigious ſure,
Since 'tis confirm'd by Thunder.
Oreſt. In mine eares
Did neuer ſound ſeeme halfe ſo terrible.
Hel. Nor to your eyes, as this ſad obiect is,
See great *Atrides* groueling.
Ceth. What damn'd Villaine
Was auther of this proiect?
Omnes. Horrid ſight.
Ore. Reſt you amazed all, as thunder ſtruke,
And without ſence or motion Apoplext,
And onely heare me ſpeake: *Oreſtes*, he
Who as if marbled by *Meduſaes* head,
Hath not one teare to fall, or ſigh to ſpend,
Till I finde out the murderer, and on him
Inflict remarkable vengeance: for I vowe
Were it my father, brother, or his Queene,
Hadſt thou my weeping ſiſter hand in it.
If hee? whom equall, (if not rankt aboue)
I euer did, and ſhall loue *Pylades*?
Wert ſhe whoſe wombe did beare me, where I lay
Full nine moneths bedded ere I ſaw the Sunne,
Or the moſt abiect Traytor vnder Heauen,
Their doomes were all alike, and this I vowe.
Now you whom this ſilent and ſpeechleſſe King

Hath oft commanded, this now ſenceleſſe braine
As oft directed, this now ſtrengthleſſe hand
More oft protected in a warre, that ſhall
Be to all times example : Lend your ſhoulders
To beare him, who hath kept you all in life,
This is a blacke and mourning funerall right,
Deedes of this nature muſt be throughly ſearcht,
Nay be reueng'd : the gods haue ſayd tis good,
The morning Sunne ſhall riſe and bluſh in blood.

They beare him off with a ſad and funerall march, &c.

Explicit Actus quartus.

Actus Quintus : Scæna prima.

Enter Pyrhus, Hermione, Therſites, *and* Synon.

Pyr. Sweete Lady, can you loue ?
Her. Forbeare my Lord,
Can ſuch a thing as loue be once nam'd here,
Where euery Marble that ſupports this roofe,
In emulation doth vye teares with vs ?
Nay where the wounds of ſuch a mighty King
Haue yet ſcarſe bled their laſt.
Pyr. Tuſh faire *Hermione*,
Theſe fights that ſeeme to Ladies terrible,
Are common to vs ſouldiers ; when from field returning
All ſmear'd in blood, where Dukes and Kings lie ſlaine,
Yet in our Tents at mid-night it frights not vs
From courting a ſweete Miſtreſſe.

Syn. Hee ſayth right,
And note of this how I can poetiſe:
This his great father of his Loue deſir'd,
When from the ſlaughter of his foes retyr'd
Hee doft his Cuſhes and vnarm'd his head,
To tumble with her on a ſoft day bed:
It did reioyce *Briſeis* to imbrace
His bruiſed armes, and kiſſe his blood-ſtain'd face.
Theſe hands which he ſo often did imbrew
In blood of warlike *Troians* whom hee ſlew,
Were then imploy'd to tickle, touch and feele,
And ſhake a Lance that had no print of ſteele.
Ther. Continue in that veine, I'le feed thy Muſe
With Crafiſh, Praunes and Lobſters.
Her. You brought theſe of purpoſe to abuſe mee.
Pyr. Peace *Therſites*,
And *Synon* you no more.
Syn. Wee ſee by *Agamemnon* all are mortall,
And I but ſhew his niece *Hermione*
The way of all fleſh.
Ther. Tis an eaſie path,
(The Mother and the Aunt haue troad it both)
If ſhee haue wit to follow.

Enter Vlyſſes, Menelaus, Diomed *with others.*

Mene. If it be ſo, *Egiſtus* is a traytor,
And ſhee no more our ſiſter.
Vlyſ. Tis not poſſible
A Queene of her high birth and parentage
Should haue ſuch baſe hand in her husbands death,
Her husband and her ſoueraigne.
Dio. Double treaſon,
Could it be proou'd againſt her.
Men. It appeares
So farre againſt humanity and nature
We dare not once ſuſpect it, but till proofe
Explaine it further, hold it in ſuſpence.
Vlyſ. Oh but their ſuddaine flight and fortifying.

Mene. Theſe are indeed preſumptions, but leaue that
To a moſt ſtrict inquiry euen for reuerence
Of Maieſty and Honour to all Queenes,
For loue of vs becauſe ſhee was our ſiſter,
Both for *Orestes* and *Electra's* ſake
Whoſe births are branded in ſo foule a deede,
Till wee examine further circumſtances
Spare your ſeuerer cenſures.
Vlif. Tis a buſineſſe
That leaſt concernes vs, but for Honours ſake
And that hee was our Generall.
Mene. What, princely *Pyrhus* courting our faire daughter?
Her. Yes ſir, but in a time vnſeaſonable
Euen as the ſuite it ſelfe is.
Mene. All delayes
Shall be cut off and ſhe be ſwayd by vs.
Theſe Royall Princes ere they leaue *Mycene*,
Shall ſee theſe nuptiall rights ſolemnized,
Weele keepe our faith with *Pyrhus*.
Pyr. Wee our vowes
As conſtant to the bright *Hermione*.
Firſt ſee the royall Generall here interr'd
And buried like a ſouldier, 'tis his due:
To queſtion of his death concernes not vs,
Wee leaue it to Heauens iuſtice and reuenge.
The rights perform'd with faire *Hermione*,
Then to our ſeuerall Countries each man poſt,
Captaines diſperſe ſtill when the General's loſt.

Exeunt.

Enter Cethus, Oreſtes, *and* Pylades, *diſguis'd.*

Ore. *Egiſtus*? and our Mother?
Ceth. Am I *Cethus*,
Are you *Oreſtes*, and this *Pyllades*,
So ſure they were his murderers: this diſguiſe
Will ſuite an act of death, full to the life

Hee ſtands vpon a ſtrict and ſecure guard,
I haue plotted your admittance, it will take
Doubt not, it cannot fayle, I haue caſt it ſo.
Ore. As ſent from *Menelaus*?
Ceth. Whoſe name elſe
Can breake through ſuch ſtrong guards, where feare and guilt
Keepe hourely watch?
Ore. It is enough, I haue't,
And thou the faithful'ſt of all friends deare *Pillades*,
Doe but aſſiſt mee in my vowed reuenge
And inioy faire *Electra*.
Pyl. Next your friendſhip
It is the priſe I ayme at, I am yours.
Ceth. What ſlip you time and opportunity,
Or looke you after dreames?
Ore. I am a wake.
And to ſend them to their eternall ſleepe.
In expedition there is ſtill ſucceſſe,
In all delayes defect: the traytor dyes
Were hee in league with all the deſtinies.
Exe. Pilad. Oreſt.

Ceth. And tis a fruitfull yeare for villany,
And I a thriuing Farmer. In this interim
I haue more plots on foote: King *Menelaus*
I haue incenc'd againſt proud *Diomed*,
Pyrhus againſt *Oreſtes*, hee 'gainſt him,
Vlyſſes without parralell for wit
Againſt them all: ſo that the firſt combuſtion
Shall burne them vp to aſhes. Oh *Palamides*,
So deare was both thy loue and memory,
Not *Hellen* by her whoredome caus'd more blood
Streaming from Princes breſts, then *Cethus* ſhall
(Brother) for thine vntimely funerall. *Exit.*

Enter Egiſtus, Clitemneſtra *with a ſtrong guard.*

Egiſt. Let none preſume to dare into our preſence
Or paſſe our guard, but ſuch well knowne to vs

And to our Queene.
Guard. The charge hath paſt vs round.
Egiſt. When ſinnes of ſuch hye nature 'gainſt vs riſe,
Tis fit wee ſhould be kept with heedfull eyes.
Cli. Preſume it my *Egiſtus*, we are ſafe,
The Fort wherein we liue impregnable:
Or ſay we were ſurpris'd by ſtratagem,
Or ſhould expoſe our liues vnto the cenſure
Of Law and Iuſtice, euen in theſe extreames
There were not the leaſt feare of difficulty.
Egiſt. Your reaſon Madam.
Cli. Whom doth this concerne
But our owne blood? ſhould *Pyrhus* grow inrag'd,
I haue at hand my neece *Hermione*
To calme his fury: what doth this belong to
Vlyſſes, or *Ætolian Diomed*?
Are they not ſtrangers? If it come in queſtion
By *Menelaus*, is hee not our brother?
Our ſiſter *Hellen* in his boſome ſleepes,
And can with him doe all things, feare not then,
Wee are euery way ſecure.
Egiſt. Oh but *Oreſtes*
His ey's to mee like lightning, and his arme
Vp heau'd thus, ſhewes like *Ioues* thunder-bolt
Aym'd againſt luſt and murder.
Cli. Hee's our ſonne,
The filiall duty that's hereditary
Vnto a mother's name preuents theſe feares:
Electra's young, and childiſh *Pilades*
Swai'd by his friend: It reſts, could we but worke
Hellen and *Menelaus* to our faction,
Egiſtus ſhould be ſtated in *Mycene*,
Wee liue his Queene and Bride.
Egiſt. Feare's ſtill ſuſpicious.

Enter one of the guard.

Guard. A Letter ſir.

Egi. From whence?
Guard. Tis ſuperſcrib'd from the great *Spartae's*
King,
And the Queene *Hellen.*
Egi. Who the meſſenger?
Guard. Two Gentlemen who much importune
you
For ſpeedy anſwer.
Egi. Bidde them waite without,
Now fates proue but propitious, then my king-
dome
I ſhall preſume eſtabliſh't.
Cli. There's no feare,
Oreſtes once remoou'd, and that's my charge
Either by ſword or poyſon.
Egi. See faire Queene,
Reade what your brother writes, by this we are
Eternis'd in our happineſſe, and our liues
Rooted in ſweete ſecurity.

The Queene reades.

Cli. Wee not ſuſpect you in our brothers death,
A deede too baſe for any Noble breſt.
Therefore in this neceſſity of ſtate,
And knowing in this forced vacancy
So great a kingdome cannot want a guide:
The ſoueraignty we thought good to conferre
On *Clitemneſtra*, or what ſubſtitute
Shee in her beſt diſcretion ſhall thinke fit,
The vnited Kings of *Greece* haue thus decreed.

Your brother Menelaus.

Egiſt. We are happied euer.
Cli. A ioy ratified,
And ſubiect to no change.
Egiſt. Call in the meſſengers,
Oreſtes and *Electra* once remoou'd,

Wee haue no riuall, no competitor,
Therefore no iealouſie at all.
Cli. None, none.
The gods haue with theſe Kings of *Greece* agreed
In his ſupplanting and inſtating thee,
Thee my moſt deare *Egiſtus*.

Oreſtes *and* Pyllades *diſguiſed are conducted in.*

Egiſt. You the men?
Ore. Thoſe, whom the *Spartan* King made ſpeciall choice of
To truſt this great affaire with.
Egiſt. And y'are welcome,
But are you men of action . ſuch I meane,
As haue beene Souldiers bred, whoſe eyes inur'd
To ſlaughter and combuſtions : at the like
Would not change face, or tremble?
Pil. They that to ſee
Legges, armes, and heads ſtrowed on *Scamander* Plaine,
Kings by the common ſouldiers ſtew'd in goare,
And three parts hid with their imboweld Steedes,
Shadowing their mangled bodies from the Sunne,
As if aboue the earth to bury them :
They that to ſee an *Aſian* Potentate
Kil'd at the holy Altar, his owne blood
Mixt with his ſonnes and daughters, Towers demoliſht
Cruſhing whole thouſands, of each ſexe and age
Beneath their ruines : and theſe horrid ſights
Lighted by ſcathe-fires, they that haue beheld
Theſe and more dreadfull obiects ; can their eyes
Moue at a priuate ſlaughter?
Cli. Y'are for vs,
Will you for hire, for fauor, or aduancement,
(Now warres are done) to be made great in Court,
And vndertake that one man eaſily ſpar'd

Amongſt ſo many millions (now ſuruiuing)
That ſuch a creature, no way neceſſary
But a meere burden to the world wee liue in,
Hee might no longer liue?
Ore. But name the man,
And as I loue *Egiſtus*, honour you
And al that glory in ſuch noble deeds,
Be what hee will; hee's loſt.
Egiſt. *Oreſtes*, then?
Ore. Is there none then the world ſo well may ſpare
As young *Oreſtes*? Hee to doe't?

Hee kils Egiſtus, *firſt diſcouering himſelfe.*

Egiſt. Vaine world farewell,
My hopes withall, no building long hath ſtood
Whoſe ſleight foundation hath bin layd in blood.
Cli. I'le dye vpon his boſome.
Ore. Secure the Fort my deare friend *Pillades*,
And to your vtmoſt pacifie the guard:
Tell them we are *Oreſtes* and their Prince,
And what wee did was to reuenge the death
Of their dead Lord and Soueraigne.
Pil. Sir i'le doe't. *Exit.*
Cli. Oh mee, that thinking to haue catcht at Heauen,
Am plung'd into an hell of miſery.
Egiſtus dead? what comfort can I haue,
One foote Inthron'd, the tother in the graue.
Ore. Can you find teares for ſuch an abiect Groome,
That had not for an husband one to ſhed?
Oh monſtrous, monſtrous woman! is this carrion,
Is this dead Dog, (Dog ſaid I?) nay what's worſe,
Worthy the ſigh or mourning of a Queene,
When a King lies vnpittied?
Cli. Thou a ſonne?
Ore. The name I am aſham'd of: oh *Agamemnon*,

How ſacred is thy name and memory!
Whoſe acts ſhall fill all forraigne Chronicles
With admiration, and moſt happy hee
That can with greateſt Art but booke thy deeds:
Yet whilſt this rottenneſſe, this gangreen'd fleſh
Whoſe carkas is as odious as his name
Shall ſtinking lie, able to breede a Peſt,
Hee with a Princeſſe teares to be imbalm'd,
And a King lie neglected?

Cli. Baſtard.

Ore. If I be,
Damn'd be the whore my Mother, I, I am ſure
Nor my dead father had no hand in it.

Cli. Oh that I could but lengthen out my yeares
Onely to ſpend in curſes.

Ore. Vpon whom?

Cli. On whom but thee for my *Egiſtus* death?

Ore. And I could wiſh my ſelfe a *Neſtors* age
To curſe both him and thee for my dead father.

Cli. Doeſt thou accuſe mee for thy fathers death?

Ore. Indeede 'twould ill become me being a ſonne,
But were I ſure it were ſo, then I durſt;
Nay, more then that, reuenge it.

Cli. Vpon mee?

Ore. Were all the mothers of the earth in one,
All Empreſſes and Queenes caſt in one mould,
And I vnto that one a onely ſonne,
My ſword ſhould rauiſh that inceſtuous breaſt
Of nature, and of ſtate.

Cli. I am as innocent of that blacke deede,
As was this guiltleſſe Gentleman here dead.

Oreſt. Oh all you powers of Heauen I inuocate,
And if you will not heare me, let Hell do't:
Giue me ſome ſigne from eyther feinds or angell,
I call you both as teſtates.

Enter the Ghoſt of Agamemnon, *poynting vnto his wounds: and then to* Egiſtus *and the Queene, who were his murderers, which done, hee vaniſheth.*

Godlike ſhape,
Haue you (my father) left the Elizium fieldes,
Where all the ancient Heroes liue in bliſſe,
To bring your ſelfe that ſacred teſtimony,
To crowne my approbation: Lady ſee.

Cli. See what? thy former murder makes thee mad.

Oreſt. Reſt Ghoſt in peace, I now am ſatisfied,
And neede no further witneſſe: ſaw you nothing?

Cli. What ſhould I ſee ſaue this ſad ſpectacle,
Which blood-ſhootes both mine eyes.

Oreſt. And nothing elſe?

Cli. Nothing.

Oreſt. Mine eyes are clearer ſighted then, and ſee
Into thy boſome. Murdreſſe.

Cli. How?

Oreſt. Inceſtuous ſtrumpet, whoſe adulteries,
When Treaſon could not hide, thou thoughtſt to couer,
With moſt inhumane murder.

Cli. Meaning vs?

Oreſt. Then, monſter, thou didſt firſt inſtruct mine hand,
How to write blood, when being a Wife and Queene,
Thou kildſt a King and husband, and haſt taught
Mee being a ſonne, how to deſtroy a mother.

He wounds her.

Cli. Oh moſt vnnaturall.

Oreſt. That I learnt of thee.

Cli. Vnheard of cruelty, but heauens are iuſt,
And all remarkeable ſinnes puniſh with marke,
One miſchiefe ſtill another doth beget,
Adultery murder: I am loſt, vndone. *Shee dyes.*

Oreſt. Being no wife, *Oreſtes* is no ſonne.

Enter Cethus *and* Pillades *with the guard.*

Pil. The guard all ſtand for you, acknowledging *Oreſtes* Prince and King.

Oreſt. I now am neither.

Ceth. What obiect's this? Queene *Clitemneſtra* ſlaine?

Pil. I hope no ſonnes hand in't.

Oreſt. *Oreſtes* did it,
The other title's loſt.

Ceth. All my plots take
Beyond my apprehenſion.

Pil. This is an age
Of nothing but portents and prodigies.

Oreſt. The fathers hand as deepe was in her death
As was the ſonnes, hee pointed, and I ſtrooke:
Was hee not then as vnkind to a Wife,
As I was to a Mother?

Pil. Oh my friend,
What haue you done?

Oreſt. There is a *Plaſma*, or deepe pit
Iuſt in the Center fixt for Parricides,
I'l keepe my Court there, and *Erinnis*, ſhee
In ſtead of *Hebe*, ſhall attend my Cup,
Charon the Ferri-man of Hell ſhall bee
My *Ganimed.*

Pil. The Prince is ſure diſtracted.

Ceth. New proiect ſtill for me.

Oreſt. I'le haue a guard of Furies which ſhall light mee
Vnto my nuptiall bed with funerall Teades,
The fatall ſiſters ſhall my hand-maides bee,
And waite vpon the faire *Hermione*,

Ceth. *Hermione*? ſhee is betroth'd to *Pyrhus*,
And (mourning for your abſence) all the way
Vnto the Temple ſhee will ſtrowe with teares.

Oreſt. Ha? *Pyrhus* rape my deare *Hermione*?
Hee that ſhall dare to interpoſe my purpoſe,
Or croſſe mee in mine Hymineall rights,
I'le make him lie as flat on the cold earth
As doth this hound *Egiſtus*.
Ceth. And I would ſo.
Oreſt. Would? nay I will, his father woare a ſmocke,
And in that ſhape rap't *Deiadamia*.
Hee ſhall not vſe my Loue ſo, oh my Mother;
Friend take that obiect hence.
Ceth. But you *Hermione*.
Oreſt. My hand's yet deepe in blood, but to the wriſt,
It ſhall be to the elbowe: gods, nor men,
Angels, nor Furies ſhall my rage withſtand,
Not the graue Honour of th' aſſembled Kings,
Not Reuerence of the Altar, nor the Prieſt:
No ſuperſtition ſhall my fury ſlay,
Till *Pyrhus* from the earth be ſwept away. *Exit.*
Ceth. *Pillades* attend your friend.
Pil. Hee's all my charge,
My life and his are twinnes.
Ceth. Their mines are countermin'd, *Cethus*, thy fall
Is either plotted, or to blowe vp all. *Exit.*

Enter Synon *and* Therſites.

Syn. My head akes brother.
Ther. What a batchiler,
And troubled with the *Spartan* Kings diſeaſe?
Syn. No, there's a wedding breeding in my braine,
Pyrhus the Bride-groome: thou ſtrange creature woman,
To what may I compare thee?
Ther. Canſt thou deuiſe ought bad inough?

Syn. Tis ſayd they looke like Angels, and of light ;
But for the moſt part, ſuch light Angels prooue,
Ten hundred thouſand of their honeſties
Will ſcarce weigh eleauen Dragmaes.
Ther. *Clitemneſtra*,
And *Hellen* for example.
Syn. Young *Hermione*
Hath face from both.
Ther. The ſharpe ſhrewes noſe, they ha'te hereditary.
Syn. *Therſites*, I commend that fellowes wit
Proffred a wife young, beautifull and rich,
Onely one fault ſhe had, ſhe wanted braine :
Who anſwered in a creature of that ſexe,
I nere deſire more wiſedome, then to know
Her husbands bed from anothers.
Ther. I commend him,
But tis not in th' *Atrides* family,
To finde out ſuch a woman.

An Altar ſet foorth. *Enter* Pyrhus *leading* Hermione *as a bride*, Menelaus, Vliſſes, Diomed. *A great trayne*, Pyrhus *and* Hermione *kneele at the altar.*

Syn. See now the ſacred nuptiall rights proceede,
The Prieſts prepare the Alter.
Pyr. *Hymen* to whom my vowes I conſecrate
As all my loue. To thee *Hermione*,
Whom in the preſence of theſe Argiue Kings,
I heare contract, be thou auſpitious to vs :
This flamming ſubſtitute to *Saturnes* ſonne,
Within whoſe ſacred Temple wee are rooft,
And before all theſe high Celeſtiall gods
And goddeſſes, in whoſe eyes now we kneele :
Eſpecially you *Iuno* Queene of marriage,

And faire *Lucina*, who haue child-births charge,
Your fauours I inuoake : Let your chaſt fires
Drye vp this Virgins teares : make her ſo fruitefull
That in her iſſue great *Achilles* name
And fame withall, may liue eternally.
Proceede Prieſt to your other Ceremonies.

Enter Oreſtes, Cethes, *and* Pilades, *with the guard, all their weapons drawne,* Oreſtes *runnes at* Pyrhus.

Oreſt. *Priam* before the holy Alter fell,
Before the Alter bid thy life farwell :
Reſcue *Hermione.*
Pyr. *Achilles* ſome
Cannot reuengeleſſe dye, then witneſſe all,
Blood muſt flow high where ſuch great Princes fal.
Pil. *Oreſtes* is in danger.
Mene. Saue Prince *Pyrhus.*
Cethus *whiſpers with* Diomed.
Ceth. This plot was layd
Both for your life and Kingdome.
Dio. *Menelaus* : ſhall neuer beare it ſo.
Vlyſ. Fy *Therſites,*
Thy ſword againſt me,
Ther. Curſe vpon all whoores.

A confuſed ſcuffle, in which Oreſtes *kils* Pyrhus : Pyrhus, Oreſtes : Cethus *wounds* Pillades, Diomed, Menelaus, Vliſſes, Therſites, &c. *All fall dead ſaue* Vliſſes, *who beareth thence* Hermione : *Which done,* Cethus *riſeth vp from the dead bodies and ſpeakes.*

Ceth. What all aſleepe? and are theſe goſſiping tongues,
That boaſted nought ſaue Warre and Victory,
Now mute and ſilent? Oh thou vgly rogue,
Where's now thy rayling? and thou parracide,

Thy madneſſe is now tam'd, thou need'ſt no chaines
To bring thee to thy wits, darkneſſe hath don't.
This *Diomed*? who dar'd to encounter *Mars*,
And ſayd to wound faire *Venus* in the hand:
Where's your valour now? *Ægiale*,
Vnleſſe (as ſome ſay) ſhe be better ſtor'd,
Is like to lye without a bed-fellow:
Riſe *Pillades*, and helpe to wake thy friend,
What doth your friendſhip ſleepe now? *Menelaus*
Hellen's with a new ſweete-heart ith' next roome,
Wilt thou ſtill be a Cuckold? winke at errors
As pandors do and wittoles? *Cethus* now
Be crown'd in Hyſtory for a reuenge,
Which in the former World wants preſident:
Methinks, as when the Giants warr'd 'gainſt heauen,
And dar'd for primacy with *Ioue* himſelfe:
Hee darting 'gainſt their mountaines thunder-bolts,
Which ſhattred them to peeces: the warre done,
I like the great Olimpicke *Iupiter*,
Walke ore my ruines, tread vpon my ſpoyles
With maieſty, I pace vpon this floore
Pau'd with the trunkes of Kings and Potentates,
For what leſſe could haue ſated my reuenge?
This arch-rogue falne amongſt them? he whoſe eies
Had the prepoſterous vertue to fire *Troy*,
Now is thy blacke ſoule for thy periuries
Swimming in red damnation.

Synon *who had before counterfeited death, riſeth vp, and anſwereth.*

Syn. Sir, not yet,
All pollicies liue not in *Cethus* brayne,
Synon hath ſhare, and know if thou haſt craft,
I haue reſeru'd ſome cunning: ſee my body
Free and vntoucht from wounds.
Ceth. Speake, ſhall we then

Diuide theſe dead betwixt vs, and both liue?
Syn. If two Sunnes cannot ſhine within one ſpheare,
Then why ſhould two arch-villaines? thou haſt diſcouered
Proiects almoſt beyond me, and for which
I haue ingroſt a mortall enuy here,
I will be ſole, or none.
Ceth. Ceaſe then to be,
That I may liue without Competitor.
Cauſe *Synons* name be rac'd out of the World,
And onely mine remembred.
Syn. Thine's but frailty,
My fame ſhall be immortall: made more glorious
In treading vpon thee, as thou on theſe;
Stoope thou my Vnderling.
Ceth. I ſtill ſhall ſtand
Rooted.

They fight and kill one another.

Syn. And yet cut downe by *Synons* hand.
Ceth. I am now duſt like theſe.
Syn. One ſingle fight
Ends him, who millions ruin'd in one night.

Enter Hellena, Electra, *and* Hermione.

Her. Can you behold this ſlaughter?
Hel. Yes, and dye
At ſight of it: for why ſhould *Hellen* liue?
Hellen the cauſe of all theſe Princes deaths;
Ceaſe to lament, reach me my Glaſſe *Hermione*,
Sweet Orphant do; thy fathers dead already,
Nor will the fates lend thee a mother long.

Enter Hermione *with a looking glaſſe, then exit.*

Thankes, and ſo leaue me. Was this wrinkled forehead
When 'twas at beſt, worth halfe ſo many liues?

Where is that beauty? liues it in this face
Which hath ſet two parts of the World at warre,
Beene ruine of the *Aſian* Monarchy,
And almoſt this of *Europe*? this the beauty,
That launch'd a thoufand ſhips from *Aulis* gulfe?
In ſuch a poore repurchaſe, now decayde?
See fayre ones, what a little Time can doe;
Who that conſiders when a ſeede is ſowne,
How long it is ere it appeare from th' earth,
Then ere it ſtalke, and after ere it blade,
Next ere it ſpread in leaues, then bud, then flower:
What care in watring, and in weeding tooke,
Yet crop it to our vſe: the beauties done,
And ſmel: they ſcarſe laſt betwixt Sunne and Sunne.
Then why ſhould theſe my blaſtings ſtill ſuruiue,
Such royall ruines: or I longer liue,
Then to be termed *Hellen* the beautifull.
I am growne old, and Death is ages due,
When Courtiers ſooth, our glaſſes will tell true.
My beauty made me pittied, and ſtill lou'd,
But that decay'd, the worlds aſſured hate
Is all my dowre, then *Hellen* yeeld to fate,
Here's that, my ſoule and body muſt diuide,
The guerdon of Adultery, Luſt, and Pride.

She ſtrangles herſelfe.

Enter Vlyſſes.

Vlyſ. In thee they are puniſht: of all theſe Princes,
And infinite numbers that oppoſed *Troy*,
And came in *Hellens* quarrell (ſaue my ſelfe)
Not one ſuruiues, (thankes to the immortall powers)
And I am purpoſde now to acquire by Sea,
My Kingdome and my deare *Penelope*,
And ſince I am the man ſoly reſeru'd,
Accept me for the Authors Epilogue.
If hee haue beene too bloody? tis the Story,

Truth claimes excuſe, and ſeekes no further glory,
Or if you thinke he hath done your patience wrong
(In teadious Sceanes) by keeping you ſo long,
Much matter in few words, hee bad me ſay
Are hard to expreſſe, that lengthned out his Play.

Explicit Actus quintus.

Here ends the whole Hiſtory of the deſtruction of Troy.

FINIS.

FIN DES

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

The Golden and *Silver Ages* were printed for the Shakeſpeare Society in 1851, with an Introduction and Notes by Mr. Payne Collier. A promiſe was held out that the *Brazen* and *Iron Ages* ſhould follow; but this has never been fulfilled. The deſign which the Author entertained, but was never able to carry out, of collecting the five plays into one volume, is therefore now accompliſhed for the firſt time.

Page 1.

The Golden Age; or the liues of Iupiter and Saturne, with the deifying *of the Heathen Gods.*

Some copies of the original quarto have "defining;" and this ridiculous blunder has been perpetuated by Mr. Collier, who ſeems only to have conſulted a ſingle copy. It is a fact well-known to ſtudents of the Elizabethan drama that different copies of the ſame edition of a play often contain important variations in the text. The preſent reprint has been made from one copy, and corrected by two others.

The abſurdity of the error in queſtion, and the obviouſneſs of the correct reading ſufficiently appear in the two opening lines of Homer's firſt ſpeech, with which the play begins:

> "The Gods of *Greece*, whoſe deities I rais'd
> Out of the earth, gaue them diuinity," &c.

PAGE 12.

to make your Craers *and Barkes*
To paſſe huge ſtreames in ſafety

A cray, crayer, or crare, is a ſmall ſhip or craft of burden. The word occurs in *Cymbeline*, on which ſee Mr. Collier's note in his Shakeſpeare, vol. viii. 220.

PAGE 14.

Or elſe all generative power and appetite
Depriue *me:*

i.e., take away from me. "Depriue" is uſed in this ſenſe by many other authors of the time. In Beaumont and Fletcher's *Maid in the Mill* (act iv. ſc. 3) is a line of a ſimilar conſtruction to that in our text—

"But hung at the ear, *deprives* our own ſight."

In the firſt act of Hamlet, and by Heywood himſelf in the fifth act of this play, the word is uſed in its ordinary modern acceptation.

PAGE 16.

Enter Sibilla *lying in child-bed.*

Saturn and all his followers go out, and then the ſcene, in the ſimplicity of our early ſtage, is ſuppoſed to repreſent Sibylla's chamber, a bed, no doubt, with the mother in it, having been thruſt upon the ſtage for the purpoſe. So in *A Woman kilde with Kindneſſe* (vol. II. p. 154) we have "Enter Mrs. Frankford, *in her bed.*" Near the end of Act IV. of the play before us occurs a curious and appoſite ſtage-direction, where the four Beldams draw Danae, in her bed, upon the ſtage, and afterwards leave her, as if ſhe were in her chamber. The bed is afterwards withdrawn, with Jupiter and Danae in it.

PAGE 19.

Wee'l ſend the King, and with ſuch forged griefe,
And counterfet *ſorrow ſhadow it.*

Mr. Collier points out that the metre of the ſecond line is evidently defective, and ſuggeſts "counterfeited" as probably the

correct reading; though he has not ventured to introduce this emendation into the text.

PAGE 20.

Lend me your hands to guide me on your *way.*

Mr. Collier reads "the way" and ſuggeſts "my way" as an alternative reading. We are by no means ſure that he is right in either.

PAGE 23.

we by the helpe
Of theſe his people, haue confin'd *him hence.*

i.e., driven him from theſe confines.

PAGE 29.

Enter Iupiter like a Nimph, or a Virago.

A virago, in the time of Heywood and earlier, was a term uſed to denote a maſculine-looking woman: it now generally means a woman who brings her maſculine qualities into action. [See the following Note.]

PAGE 30.

And for my ſtature, I am not yet of that Giant ſize, but I may paſſe for a bona Roba, *a* Rounceual, *a* Virago, *or a good manly Laſſe.*

A *bona roba* was a very common term for a woman of the town. (See notes to Chapman, vol. I. p. 344.) A rounceval muſt have meant a ſort of female warrior; perhaps from Roncevalles, where Orlando was defeated and killed. Coles makes *rounceval* equivalent to *virago.*

PAGE 31.

You neuer ſhall with hated man attone,

i.e., agree, or be *at one* with him.

PAGE 37.

Whilſt I the foes of Tytan paſh *and kill.*

The verb *to paſh* means to ſtrike down and break to pieces, and in this ſenſe it occurs in many authors of Heywood's time. Thus Marlowe in his *Tamburlane* has theſe lines :—

" Zabina, mother of three braver boys
Than Hercules, that in his infancy
Did *paſh* the jaws of ſerpents venomous."

It occurs again in *The Silver Age*, in ſeveral places.

PAGE 41.

This Gigomantichia *be eternis'd*

Qy, *Gigantomachia*? unleſs we are to ſuppoſe that Enceladus in ſpite of his ſuperhuman ſtrength, was no "ſchollard," and miſpronounced the word !

PAGE 43.

On thee the baſis of my hopes I erect.

Mr. Collier ſuggeſts "reſt" as the word probably written by the poet ; and as ſuiting the meaſure better, and the ſenſe at leaſt as well.

Ib.

Hyperion *and* Ægeon *with the reſt.*

Here we ſee Heywood, though well read, accenting *Hyperion* as repeatedly by Shakeſpeare, and by better ſcholars than either.

PAGE 46.

I haue done my meſſage ſo cleanly, that they cannot ſay, the meſſenger is be-reau'd *of any thing, &c.*

Mr. Collier ſuggeſts that perhaps we ought to read *berayed*, in the old ſenſe of the word, inſtead of " bereaved."

PAGE 48.

d'on *your armes*

So etymologically printed in the old copy; but generally *do on* is reduced to one word, *don*, without any apoſtrophe. In the ſame way, doff is d'off, or do off.

PAGE 52.

Iet all raryeties
Showre downe from heauen a lardges, that theſe bridals
May exceede mortall pompe.

Mr. Payne Collier reads "let all *the deities*," &c., and he calls the reading of the old copy nonſenſe. I am not at all ſure that he is right in this emendation, for ſee page 56, where Jupiter ſays :—

"all our Court *rarities*
Lye open to your royal'ſt entertainment.

Ib.

corſiue
Worſe then the throwes of child-birth.

i.e. *corroſive*, as in *The Thracian Wonder* (act I, ſc. 2) :—
"Think what a *corſive* it would prove to me."

PAGE 59.

Thy durance here
Is without *limit endleſſe.*

The old copies read "with;" but the emendation is ſo obviouſly required both by ſenſe and metre that I have ventured to introduce it into the text.

PAGE 60.

As I can beare a packe, ſo I can beare a braine.

"To bear a brain" was a proverbial expreſſion. It appears by Henſlowe's Diary, p. 155, that Dekker wrote a play in 1599, with the title of "Bear a Brain."

PAGE 62.

looking vpon three *ſeuerall iewels.*

Mr. Collier reads "their." "Three," he ſays, "muſt be a miſprint, as Jupiter has, at all events, given them *four* ſeveral jewels —one to each."

PAGE 71.

Farewell good Minevers.

Poſſibly the Beldams wore *minever*, a ſpecies of fur, on their dreſſes; or perhaps the Clown calls them after the name of a well-known character.—COLLIER.

PAGE 72.

Faire Læda daughter *to King* Tyndarus.

She was the *wife* of Tyndarus, and daughter of Theſpius. Heywood is elſewhere not always quite correct in his mythology.

PAGE 75.

Our eyes halfe buried in our quechy *plots.*

Quechy, or queachy, which may have ſome relation to *queaſy*, is an old word for wet, marſhy, ſwampy.

Ib.

And Saturne ſhall to after ages be
That ſtarre, that ſhall infuſe dull melancholy.

As he had previouſly propheſied, *ſuprà* p. 16:—

"*Saturns* diſturbance to the world ſhall be
That planet that infuſeth melancholy."

PAGE 87.

If I *can proue by witneſſe that rude practiſe*

Mr. Collier (very unneceſſarily, we think) alters "I" to *you.*

PAGE 89.

Or is he of that ſlauiſh *ſufferance.*

Other copies read "*ſluggiſh* ſufferance."

PAGE 89.

to ſee thee die
My ſettled loue will not endure: but worſe
Then death can bee, we doome *thy inſolence;*

Here Mr. Collier's note only ſerves to darken and confuſe what is perfectly intelligible. "The meaning," he ſays, "is not very clear; but taking 'doom' as it ſtands in the old copy, to be the true reading,' [who that reads the context and the previous ſpeech can doubt it?]' it ſeems to be, 'We doom thy inſolence to what can be worſe than death. Poſſibly," he adds, "we ought to ſubſtitute *deem* for 'doom!'"

PAGE 92.

Hath caſt *him both of* ſtile *and kingdome too.*

For "ſtile" Mr. Collier has ſubſtituted "ſtate;" but is ſilent reſpecting the reaſon or authority for the alteration. Reſpecting the word "caſt" he ſays: "So the old copy, which there ſeems no ſufficient reaſon to alter; but the true reading, nevertheleſs may be *eaſed* [eaſt]."

PAGE 93.

To expoſe *their fury, and their pride reſtraine.*

Mr. Collier reads "*oppoſe.*"

PAGE 98.

By vertue of thy *raies.*

Mr. Collier reads "*her rays.*"

PAGE 99.

By Joſua Duke vnto the Hebrew Nation.
(*Who are indeede the Antipodes to vs*)

A ſingular anachroniſm and miſrepreſentation of geographical poſition, apparently for the ſake of connecting ſacred and profane hiſtory in the minds of the auditory.

PAGE 101.

Muſt giue to *King Creon.*

In this hemiſtich the prepoſition is ſurpluſage; but, being inſerted in the old copy, we do not omit it: Heywood probably wrote, "Muſt give King Creon," the line being completed by the firſt words of Alcmena's ſpeech, "All my oriſons."

PAGE 110.

Glad to vnfold.

Mr. Collier reads "*enfold.*"

PAGE 121.

But let him ſeat him on the loftieſt ſpire
Heauen hath: or place me in the loweſt of *hell.*

Mr. Collier omits "of," which, he ſays, "is clearly too much, both for the ſenſe and metre, and muſt have been accidentally inſerted." This is not to us by any means ſo "clear" as it ſeems to be to Mr. Collier.

PAGE 122.

The Thunderer thunders.

The old copy reads, "The Thunderer, Thunderers." We have adopted Mr. Collier's emendation.

PAGE 123.

Of yon adultereſſe and her mechall *brats.*

"Mechal" is wicked: it occurs again in our author's *Challenge for Beauty* (Vol. v. p. 75):—

" her owne tongue
Hath publiſh't her a *mechall* proſtitute."

PAGE 125.

Yong Ipectetes, *whom Amphitrio owes.*

So ſpelt in the old copy, where a name of four ſyllables is required for the meaſure; but the real name ſeems to have been Iphiclus, or Iphicles.

PAGE 141.

take your place
Next you *Alcides.*

"So the old copy; and as it may poſſibly be right, we make no change, though it ſeems more proper to read 'Next *to* Alcides." So Mr. Collier; but has he not created a difficulty where none exiſts.

PAGE 143.

This Centaure-match, it ſhall in ages,
And times to come, renowne great Hercules.

Of the firſt line the ſenſe is complete, though not the metre. It would be eaſy to rectify the latter by reading "after ages," as in the paſſage at page 75 of this volume, noted *anteà* p. 438; but we prefer a ſtrict adherence to the ancient text, though poſſibly defective, to mere conjectural emendations.

PAGE 157.

Theſe phangs ſhall gnaw vpon your cruded *bones.*

The preciſe meaning Heywood attached to the word "cruded" ſeems doubtful. Baret, in his "Alvearie" (1580) tells us, that to "crud" is to coagulate; but that ſenſe will hardly ſuit the paſſage, and it is only another form of *curd.* "*Cruded* bones" may be, Mr. Collier thinks, a miſprint for *cruſhed* bones.

PAGE 158.

till our club
Stickle *amongſt you.*

To "ſtickle" generally means to ſeparate combatants, and *ſticklers* were ſometimes taken for arbitrators, or judges. In *Troilus and Creſſida* (act v. ſc. 9) Achilles ſays:—

"The dragon wing of night o'erſpreads the earth,
And, ſtickler-like, the armies ſeparate."

In the inſtance before us, Hercules was about to uſe his club as a ſtickler between Theſeus and Cerberus, to part them.

PAGE 159.

Danae *ſpare your tubs.*

Mr. Collier reads "Danaids." "All the daughters of Danais,

excepting Hypermneſtra, were condemned to the puniſhment in hell of filling veſſels, out of which the water ran as faſt as it was poured in."

PAGE 159.

My vaſſaile Furies with their wiery ſtrings.

Mr. Collier thinks that "ſtings" might ſuit the ſenſe better; but he has not altered the text.

Ib.

Il'e ding *thee to the loweſt* Barathrum.

To ding down was formerly not an uncommon phraſe; it is from the Anglo-Saxon, in which language "to ding" means to beat or ſtrike down.

PAGE 166.

certaine Tranſlations of Ouid . . . . . , they were things which out of my iuniority and want of iudgment, I committed to the view of ſome priuate friends, but with no purpoſe of publiſhing, or further communicating them.

Some paſſages from theſe tranſlations were afterwards inſerted by Heywood in his ΠΤΝΑΙΚΕΙΟΝ: or *Nine Bookes of Various Hiſtory Concerning Women*, Lond. fol. 1624.

PAGE 201.

And yet farewell

After extracting ſome ſcenes from *The Brazen Age*, Charles Lamb ſays:—"I cannot take leave of this drama without noticing a touch of the trueſt pathos, which the writer has put into the mouth of Meleager, as he is waſting away by the operation of the fatal brand, adminiſtered to him by his wretched mother. . . . . What is the boaſted 'Forgive me, but forgive me' of the dying wife of Shore, in Rowe, compared with theſe three little words?"

PAGE 209.

Phrixus . . . . .
And his faire ſiſter Helles, *being betraid*
By their curſt ſtep-dame Ino, fled from Greece,
Their Innocence pittied by Mercury,
He gave to them a golden-fleeced Ramme,

Which bore them ſafe to the Sygean ſea,
Which ſwimming, beauteous Helles *there was drown'd,*
And gave that ſea the name of Helleſpont, &c.

In Heywood's pageant, *Londini Status Pacatus* (1639), Medea is made to tell the ſame ſtory in other words :—

"the Ram
Vpon whoſe back Phrixus and Helle ſwam
The Helleſpont : ſhe to her laſting fame
(By being drown'd there, gave the Sea that name :)
But Phrixus ſafely did to Colchos ſteere
And on Joves Alter ſacrificed there
The golden Beaſt."

All this was brought in to celebrate the greatneſs of the "Worſhipfull Society of Drapers," at whoſe charges this pageant was produced.

PAGE 212.

Shall the Buls toſſe him whom Medea loues

The ſtory of Jaſon and Medea is thus briefly alluded to by Heywood in his pageant entitled *Londini Status Pacatus*, or *Londons Peaceable Eſtate* (1639) :—"*Jaſon* ſignifieth *ſanans*, or healing ; *Medea, conſilium*, or Counſell : he was the ſon of *Æta*, his Father was no ſooner dead but he left the Kingdome to his brother *Pelias*, who ſet him upon an adventure to fetch the golden Fleece from *Colchos:* to which purpoſe he cauſed the Argoe to be built, in which ſixty of the prime Princes of Greece accompanied him ; whom *Medea* the Daughter of (the) King of *Colchos* courteouſly entertained with all the reſt of the *Argonauts:* and being greatly inamoured of him, and affraide leaſt he ſhould periſh in the attempt ; knowing the danger he was to undergoe, upon promiſe of Marriage, ſhe taught him how he ſhould tame the Brazen-footed Bulls, & to caſt the Dragon that watched the Fleece into a dead ſleepe : which hee did, and by ſlaying him bore away the prize."

PAGE 253.

I that Buſiris *ſlue,* Antheus *ſtrangled,*
And conquer'd ſtill at thy vnkinde beheſt
The three-ſhapt Gerion, *and the dogge of hell,*
The Bull of Candy, *and the golden Hart,* &c.

In his *Apology for Actors* (Lond. 1612), Heywood ſays :—"A

deſcription is only a ſhadow, received by the eare, but not perceived by the eye; ſo lively portrature is meerely a forme ſeene by the eye, but can neither ſhew action, paſſion, motion, or any other geſture to moove the ſpirits of the beholder to admiration. But . . . . to ſee as I have ſeene, Hercules, in his owne ſhape, hunting the boare, knocking downe the bull, taming the hart, fighting with Hydra, murdering Geryon; ſlaughtering Diomed, wounding the Stymphalides, killing the Centaurs, paſhing the lion, ſqueezing the dragon, dragging Cerberus in chaynes, and laſtly, on his high pyramids writing *Nil ultra*, Oh, theſe were ſights to make an Alexander!"

PAGE 384.

Heu fuge, nate Dea, teque his pater eripe flammis, &c.

Theſe five lines are from Virgil's Æneid, ii. 289—295:—"Alas, flee, goddeſs-born, and eſcape, father, from theſe flames. The enemy holds the walls; Troy from its very ſummit is ſinking into ruins . . . . Troy entruſts to you her rites and her houſehold gods; theſe take to ſhare your deſtinies, for theſe ſearch out the mighty city, which you ſhall ſet up at laſt, when you have wandered over all the ſea." They were probably noted by Heywood in the margin againſt the ſpeech in which they are paraphraſed, and got inſerted into the body of the text through the blundering ignorance of the printer.

PAGE 406.

HER. . . . . .

Hath beene ſo mighty to reuenge the wrongs, &c.

The opening words of Hermione's ſpeech (conſiſting of half a line, or perhaps a line and a half), have ſlipt out in the old copies, and it is now impoſſible to ſupply them except by conjecture.

It may be mentioned that the ſtories of Juno, of Venus, of Ceres, Proſerpine, Atalanta, Hellena, Medea, Heſione, and Ægiſtus and Clitemneſtra, are told in proſe at more or leſs length in Heywood's *Nine Bookes of Various Hiſtory Concerning Women*, Lond. fol. 1624, pp. 5, 8, 16—18, 227, 259, 404, 423, 430, 435.

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